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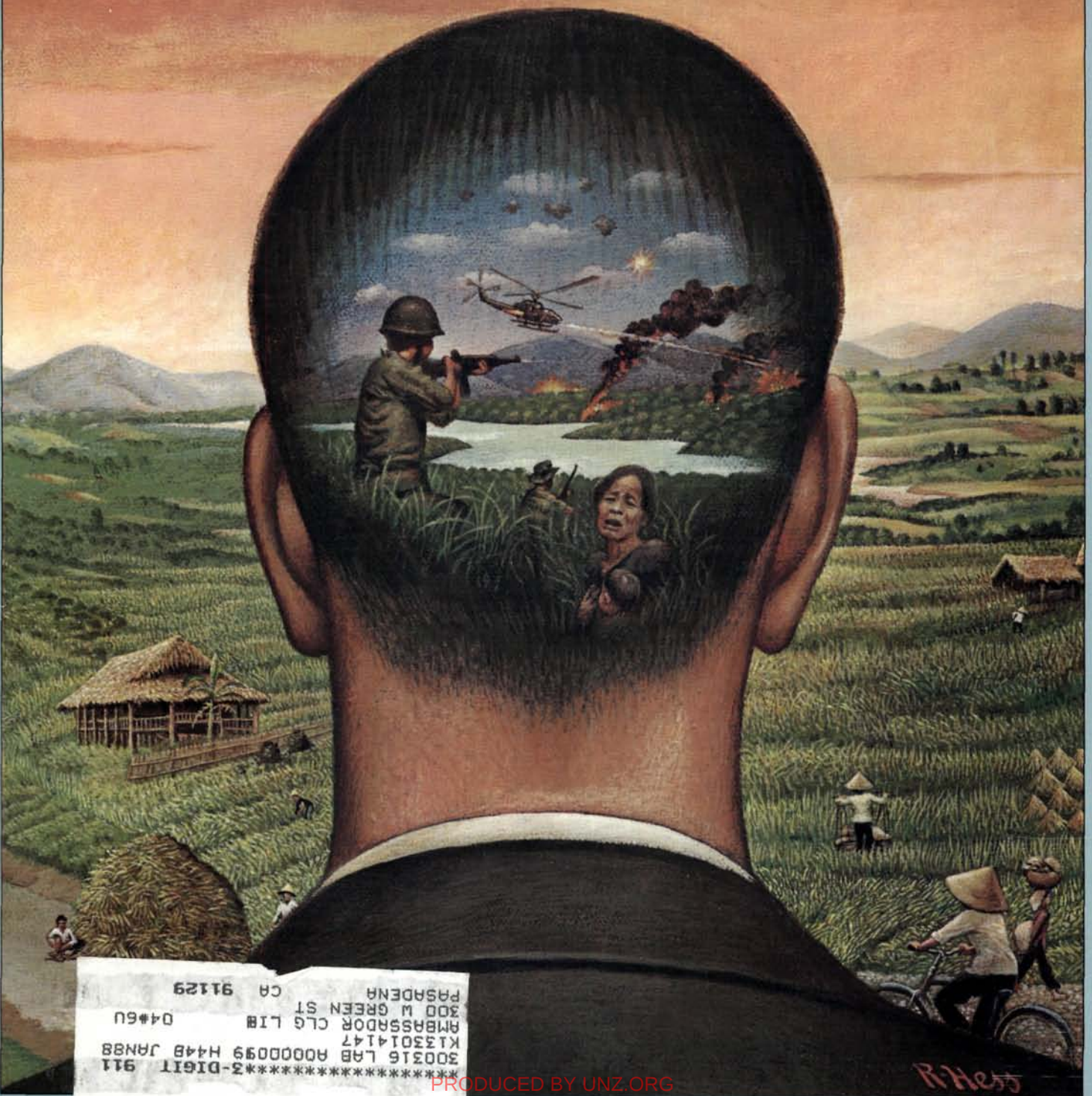
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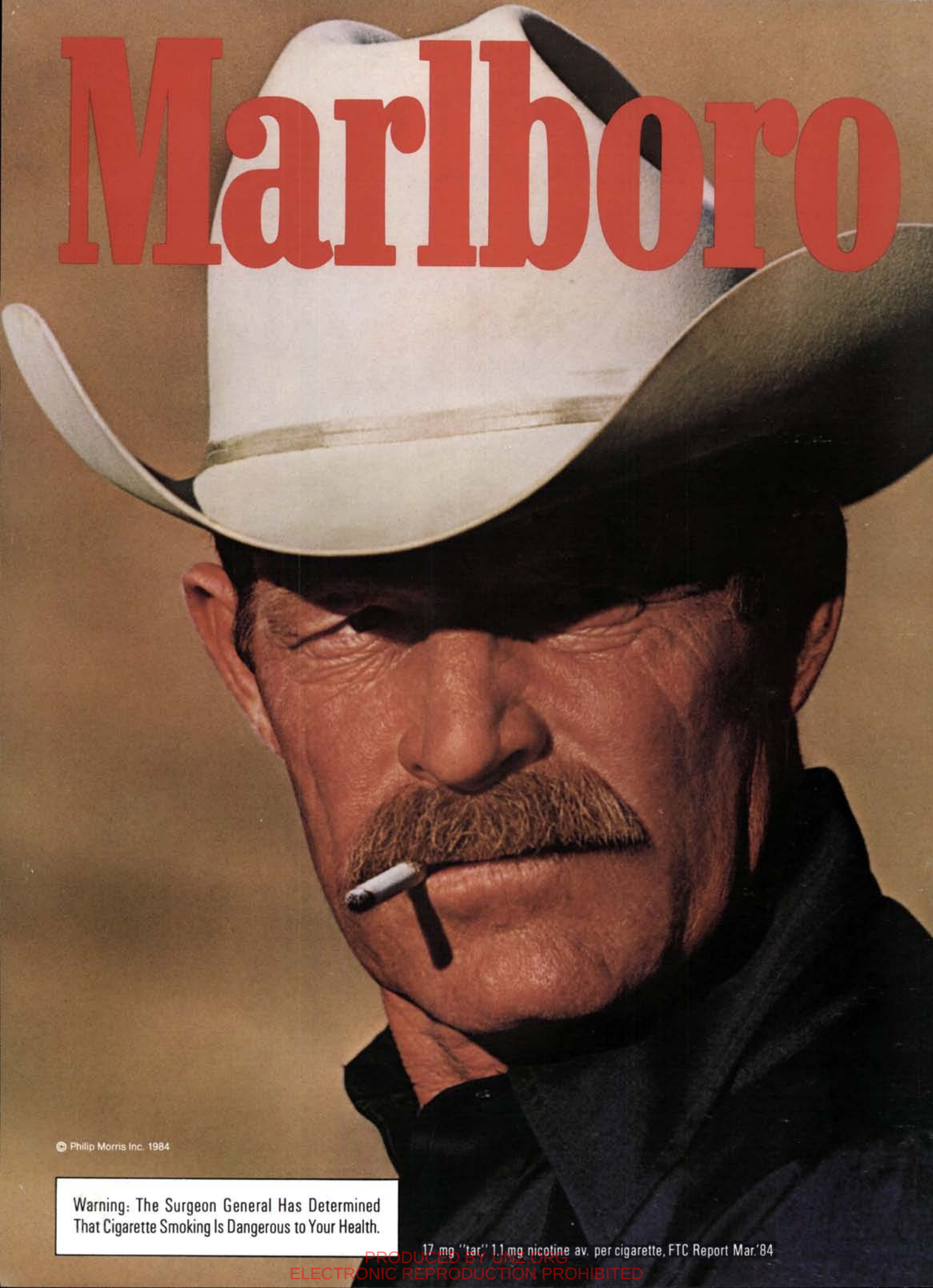


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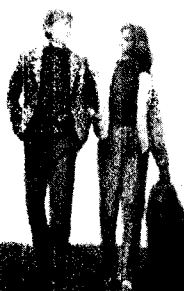
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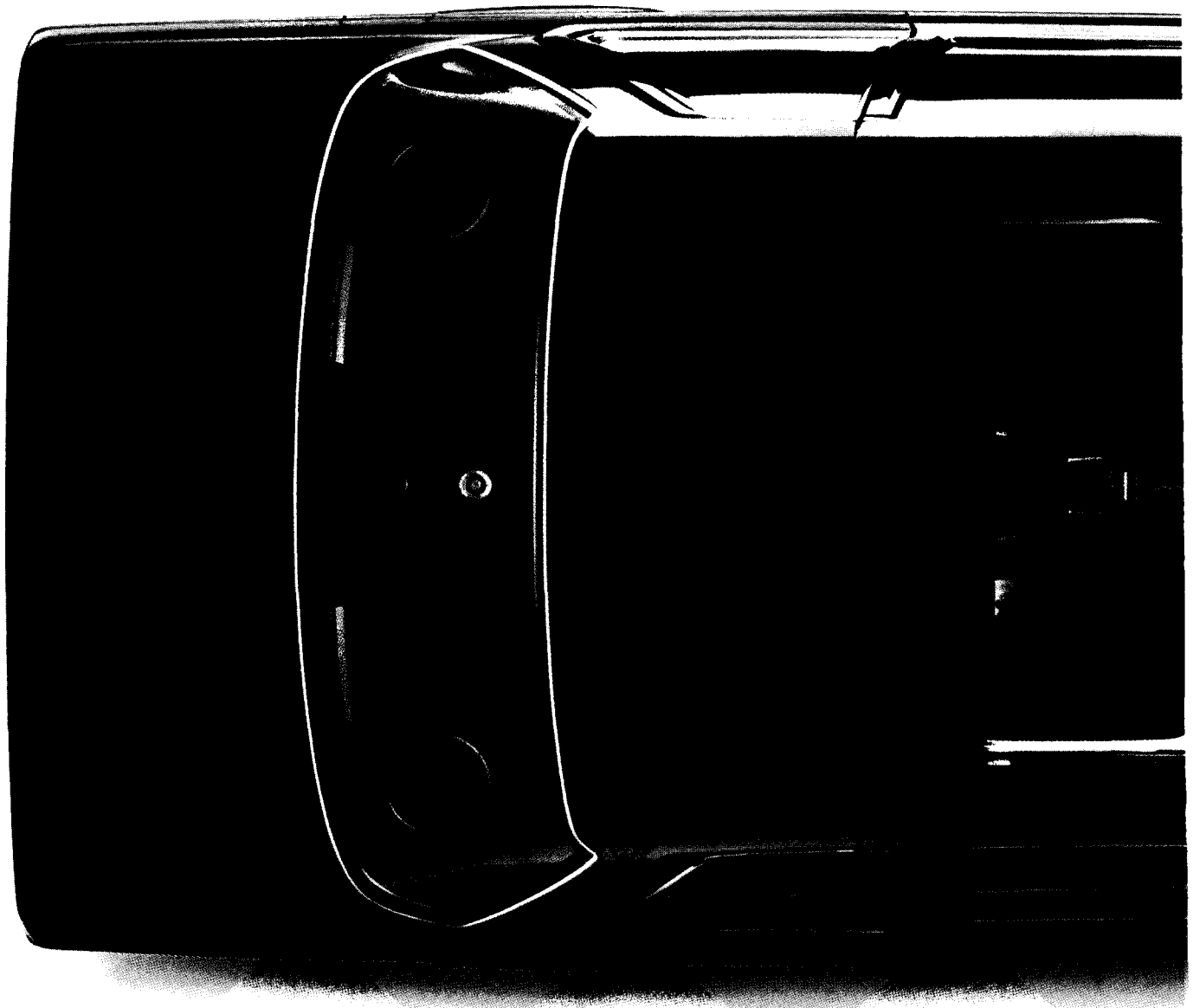
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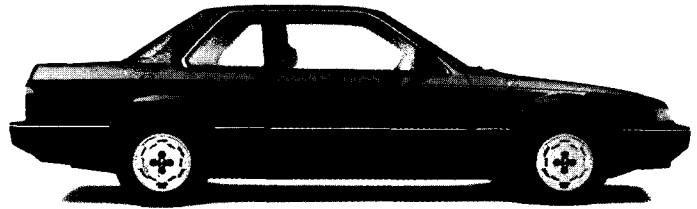


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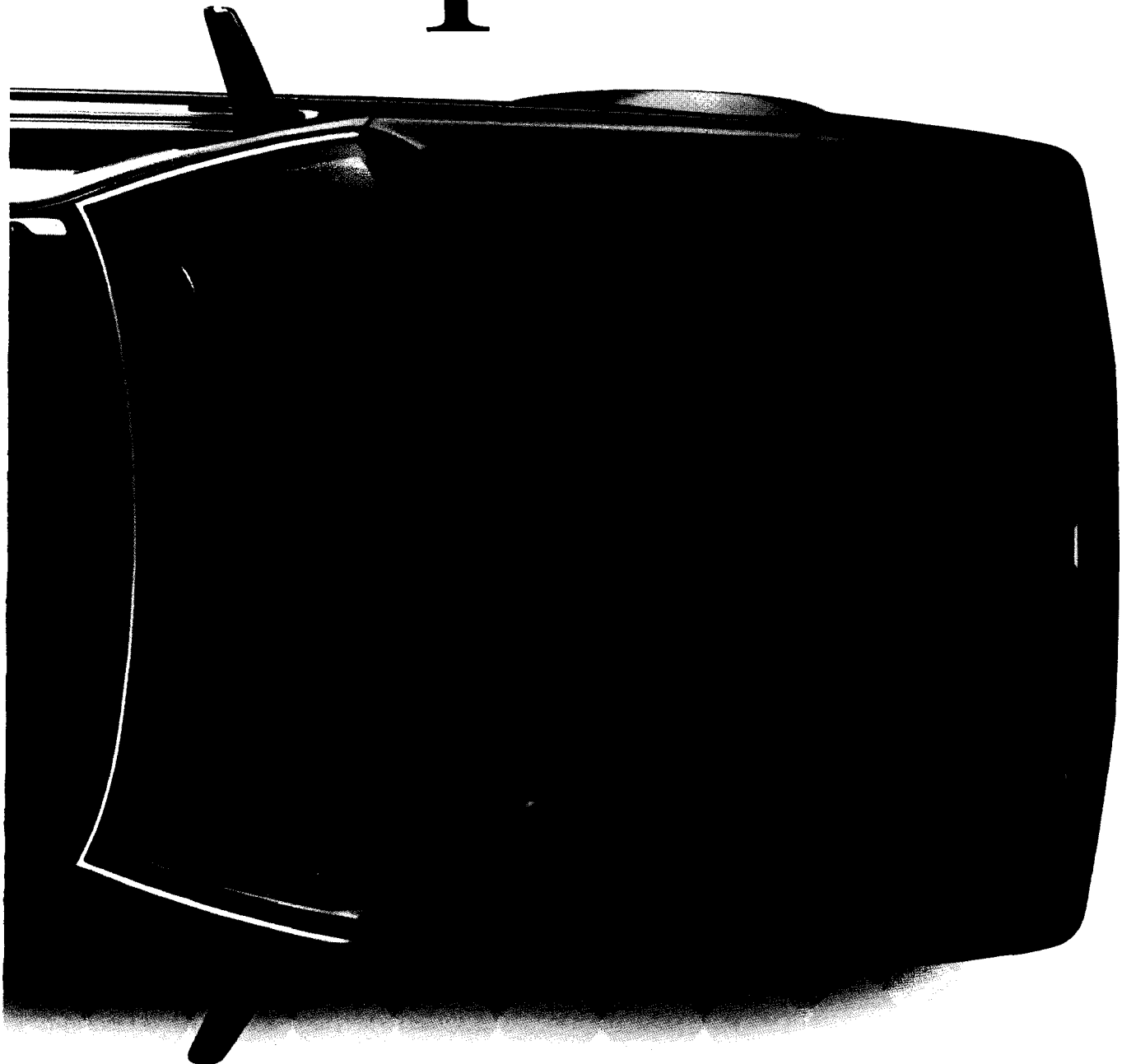
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE BABY DOE QUANDARY

As the mother of a severely handicapped child and as a medical writer specializing in perinatal issues, I found Nat Hentoff's "The Awful Privacy of Baby Doe" (January *Atlantic*) illogical, misleading, and offensive.

Hentoff supports the new law that mandates life-sustaining procedures for virtually every sick or impaired newborn, no matter how devastating the affliction or how cruel the treatment. Hentoff suggests that handicapped babies need this "protection" from selfish parents bent on infanticide. He insinuates that parents who opt for nontreatment do so merely to rid themselves of a retarded child and retain control over "their own bodies."

Ten years ago my husband and I participated in a life-or-death decision concerning our gravely ill and premature son, and I have spent the past decade counseling and interviewing hundreds of parents and physicians involved in similar decisions. I can assure Mr. Hentoff that if selfishness were the motivation, parents would simply abandon their infants to be treated and institutionalized. Instead, some parents—often at great personal risk and expense—have refused to allow treatment they felt was worse than death.

Department of Health and Human Services guidelines to the law Mr. Hentoff supports explicitly state that "quality of life" considerations (such as the suffering of the child and the family) cannot affect treatment decisions. If a life *can* be saved, it *must* be saved. According to these guidelines, even a terminally ill infant must be given corrective surgery. An example provided is that of an infant dying of Tay-Sachs disease who also has a correctable lethal anomaly. The lethal anomaly must be corrected so that the baby can be "saved"—for a slow, agonizing death from Tay-Sachs in the ensuing months.

The only babies to be spared treatment fall into two essentially meaningless categories—infants who are "irreversibly comatose," a condition nearly impossible to diagnose in newborns, and babies who will die *immediately*, not months or years from now, even if they are treated. But with respirators and oth-

er life-sustaining technology, doctors can keep almost any baby alive for weeks, months, or years. Some survive; others eventually die. The only way to find out which ones are viable is to give everyone maximum treatment. The designation "babies born dying" is not as clear-cut as Hentoff naively assumes.

Hentoff also mistakenly implies that certain other gravely impaired infants need not be treated. He refers to infants with only brainstem function and babies with Lesch-Nyhan syndrome. In fact no such exceptions are mentioned in the law, nor should they be if quality of life cannot ever be a consideration. After all, with treatment some of these infants can survive for decades.

Hentoff's primary concern—that handicapped infants be treated humanely—is a commendable one. Unfortunately, he offers the wrong solution to the wrong problem.

HELEN HARRISON
Berkeley, Calif.

Nat Hentoff's lengthy views of the Baby Doe dilemma are particularly shortsighted and unrealistic, despite his claims of conscientious research.

In his opening paragraphs Hentoff reports that the surgery required to correct Baby Doe's esophagus was "routine." This is a gross understatement. The defect itself, esophageal atresia, is rare, which should give a clue that surgical repair is not "routine" by any stretch of the imagination. Esophagoplasty is serious surgery, fraught with uncertainties, and often requires several stages of repair. The correction never allows the esophagus to perform in an entirely normal manner, and lifelong swallowing and regurgitation difficulties are often the rule. In a Down's-syndrome child these problems are further complicated by poor muscle tone (hindering chewing and swallowing) and an increased susceptibility to infection. Baby Doe's parents disallowed treatment not because "they did not want a retarded child," as Hentoff states, but because they believed it to be the most loving, compassionate, and merciful thing to do in light of the facts of their infant's *total* condition and prognosis.

Four years ago my son Brian was born with the same defects as Baby Doe—



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Down's syndrome and a missing esophagus. Out of love and a belief that death is not the end of all things, my husband and I made the same decision that Baby Doe's parents did—no heroics. Authorities at the hospital would not permit our choice, a court order was sought, and our baby became a ward of the state. Brian endured a number of operations and procedures, along with a related host of chronic, painful maladies. He was tied down hand and foot for weeks on end as stomach acid oozed from an opening in his neck. His reconstructed esophagus was never functional. The early intervention programs that normally can do much to maximize the potential of a Down's-syndrome child could never progress, because Brian was ill so much of the time. He died at twenty-six months of age, after a particularly gruesome final ordeal. During the last weeks of his life he was blind and probably deaf, and he had severe, diffuse brain damage, intermittent kidney failure, internal bleeding, and an overwhelming infection throughout his body.

At his birth Brian's "right to life" was successfully "protected" by the "system." When it had been determined by

others that he should live, and would have some kind of "quality" life, any real or implied rights to mercy, dignity, and humane treatment were apparently forfeited. This is what would have been in store for Baby Doe, in all probability, had he lived.

SUSAN C. WEST
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Nat Hentoff's article on Baby Doe reveals a lamentable lack of impartiality regarding spina bifida and its outcome. *With* surgery some children with spina bifida may grow up to be bright, productive adults. However, the remainder do *not*, in spite of extensive surgery. Glossed over in the article are the innumerable repeat operations carried out on these children. It is not unusual for these patients to end up with several shunts to relieve spinal-fluid pressure, and this is merely the beginning of a long series of operations with potential complications from surgery and anesthesia. These cases provide teaching material for the residents training in many of the medical centers involved, with the result that surgery is frequently more prolonged than need be. To see one of

these children die, as I have, at fifteen years of age, after a nine-hour "corrective" surgical marathon, raises the question of how often the parents are truthfully informed of the interminable path of surgery and pain that lies ahead. Too frequently, in their desire to hear only the good news, parents clutching at every straw are left with the impression that surgery can work miracles. This impression can be reinforced by those with a vested interest in performing the surgery.

D. F. McLAUGHLIN, M.D.
Park Ridge, Ill.

Nat Hentoff calls my formula $[QL = NE \times (H + S)]$ "a means test for deciding which infants shall continue to live."

My formula is not a means test and was actually conceived as something very different from a means test. I introduced it ten years ago, at an interdisciplinary conference on "Decision-Making and the Defective Newborn" at which I had been asked to discuss bifida and other severe abnormalities. My remarks, as subsequently published in the conference proceedings, included the

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statement "Certainly one cannot use such a formula to determine whether an infant should live or die, but it clearly points out that compensatory mechanisms may be brought into play by an advocate for a handicapped child in order to improve his quality of life."

In a subsequent article in the *Hastings Report*, published by the Hastings Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences, I wrote, "I do not propose this formula as a method of calculating the numerical value of human life. Nor do I propose it as a guide to a definition of humanhood or personhood, or as a way of assigning points to decide whether life saving efforts should be made or discontinued in a particular case. . . . The (QL) formula identifies, in broad terms, those factors which affect quality of life."

I believe that consideration of such factors is not only relevant but necessary to medical decision-making. The formula is not a means test but rather a means of focusing on a truth so obvious that many overlook it—that the quality of life of most mentally and physically impaired individuals of any age (not just newborn infants) is largely determined by what their families and society at large choose to do or not do.

ANTHONY SHAW, M.D.
Director, Dept. of Pediatric Surgery
City of Hope National Medical Center
Duarte, Calif.

Nat Hentoff replies:

To Helen Harrison: The parents are agonized, not selfish. And in that state decisions cannot always be made clearly. Since the infant cannot plead for itself but is in any case entitled to due process, the infant must be accorded under the law a chance for life.

Helen Harrison interprets the guidelines under which the new law will operate (and they have not yet been made final) a good deal more stringently than the language requires. All medical groups except for the AMA stayed in the negotiations that led to the law because they felt the language did not take away all medical discretion.

It is true that under the law if a baby can live for a few years or longer, compassionate care has to be given to it—including the correction of painful conditions that can be corrected. The alternative would be to let the baby die.

Some babies are indeed "born dying"—for instance, infants with severe congenital heart defects that are beyond

the reach of any known corrective surgery. Since the law has yet to be applied, we do not know what we will learn from it and what revisions will be necessary. But handicapped infants finally are acknowledged as having rights of their own.

Susan West appears to believe that the Bloomington baby required complex major surgery. In fact the procedure he needed in order to receive sustenance directly was not rare and has a greater than 90 percent rate of success. His esophagus was not missing; it was malformed. Nor were the severe aftereffects described by Susan West likely to have occurred in this case. Specialists in this kind of surgery have told me that if Baby Doe had been allowed to grow up, he wouldn't have known he had ever been operated on. The new law would have allowed him to grow up.

Dr. McLaughlin's appraisal of the effects of spina bifida is much more pessimistic than that of a number of surgeons with extensive experience in its treatment. But he does concede that *some* children "may grow up to be bright, productive adults." I have met and corresponded with a number of such adults, and a majority of them say that when they were in the nursery, physicians told their parents to let them die because their "quality of life" in the years ahead would be dismal. They tell me they are grateful to their parents for rejecting that well-intentioned but, as it turned out, quite inaccurate advice.

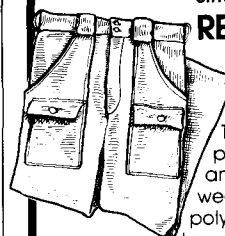
If Dr. Shaw's formula is not a means test to determine which handicapped infants are to live and which are not, why does he feel the need to keep explaining what he originally intended? I do not doubt his intentions, but, as pointed out in my article, the formula is seen by some doctors to be a way of sorting out the affordable-quick from the soon-to-be-dead. In the formula if contributions from home and society to the nurture of a handicapped child are likely to be minimal, the child flunks. But if the family can afford what the child costs, then the child scores high, whether or not society contributes. This is a means test.

LANGUAGE AND ECONOMICS

Robert Kuttner's tale "The Poverty of Economics" (February *Atlantic*) describes my essay "The Rhetoric of Economics" as anti-mathematical. It is supposed to have argued that "econom-



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ics is adrift in metaphors that have no application to empirical reality but that are taken literally, because they happen to be in the language of mathematics." The mistake is interesting, because, like most intellectuals, Kuttner takes as given the dualism between humanism and mathematics that my article attacks. The dualism led him to get its point exactly backward.

The point was that economics is indeed adrift in metaphors, but these *are* the "empirical reality," being the worlds we make by our talk. The serious issue in economics is not between mathematical and verbal talk (two languages of metaphor) but between useful and useless talk.

Kuttner thinks that my article is attacking metaphors, such as "economic theories of the family which consider children to be material goods." On the contrary. The article attacks the notion that we can talk literally about empirical reality—in the mirror-of-nature way that Kuttner appears to have in mind. As a wild-eyed, fire-breathing Chicago economist (and father), I think the children/goods metaphor is just swell, and view many of Kuttner's favored metaphors—such as class struggle—as unhelpful. Anyway, once the issue is raised this way, we can go on conversing, in a literary fashion, about the goodness and badness of the metaphors. Believing that we can do without rhetoric and speak "literally" makes it impossible to confront the useful issues.

I and other economists, whether we have had Differential Equations 151 or no, agree with Kuttner that the conversations of economists are often useless and are getting worse. Among the more useless of these conversations, though, is the one that begins with someone who has not smelt the mathematical flowers of our civilization: "Dammit, you math types talk funny."

DONALD N. MCCLOSKEY
James F. Murray Professor of Economics
Iowa City, Iowa

Robert Kuttner replies:

Despite repeated disclaimers in his essay and in his letter to *The Atlantic*, Professor McCloskey indeed offered serious criticisms of the methodological habits of his profession. That he gives aid and comfort to non-economist critics like me should not cause him to recant now.

I quite agree with him that the issue is not whether economic inquiry should be in the language of mathematical or liter-

any metaphor but whether the discourse is useful or useless. Of course economics will be heavily mathematical, but will it be empirical? As McCloskey wrote, economists "often do not recognize the tacitness of economic knowledge and therefore teach by axiom and proof instead of by problem-solving and practice." Exactly. And again, "Not all regression analyses are more persuasive than all moral arguments; not all controlled experiments are more persuasive than all introspections. Economic intellectuals should not discriminate against propositions on the basis of race, creed, or epistemological origin. There are some subjective, soft, vague propositions that are more persuasive than some objective, hard, precise propositions."

There seem to be two Professor McCloskeys. One candidly criticizes economic reasoning within the family; the other loyally defends it against uncensored attack by outsiders. My respectful citation of his essay may have been professionally inconvenient, but it wasn't mistaken.

THEATERPHOBIA

David Denby's mournful article "Stranger in a Strange Land," in the January *Atlantic*, both irritated and saddened me. A professional critic should realize that any "performance" is artificial in some way and demands certain acts of imagination by the viewer if he is to be emotionally involved. Ballet and opera are extreme examples of this, and Mr. Denby apparently enjoys these. However, his saturation with filmed drama apparently has so skewed his ability to imagine that he cannot adjust to the different demands of the live theater.

CHARLES L. LEVESQUE
Meadowbrook, Pa.

When David Denby says that Sam Shepard's *True West* is "not seriously about anything," I have to object. *True West* is about a lot that is serious. It's about the despoliation of America by her men, macho and otherwise. It's about a mother coming home, finding her sons and the mess they've made of things, and saying she's leaving, she can't live in the horrendous situation they've created.

Why did they do it? That's another matter. Maybe only a woman can see the serious meaning of this play.

ELISABETH M. PHILLIPS
New York, N.Y.

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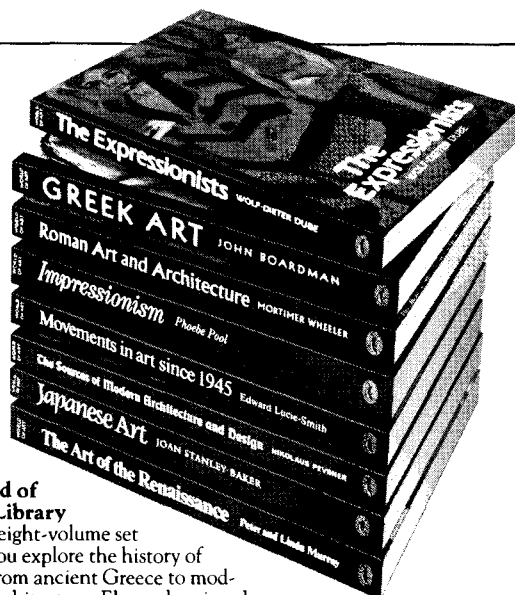
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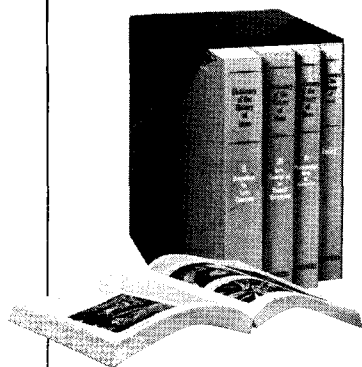
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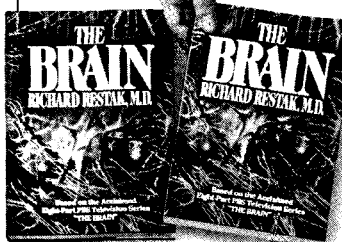
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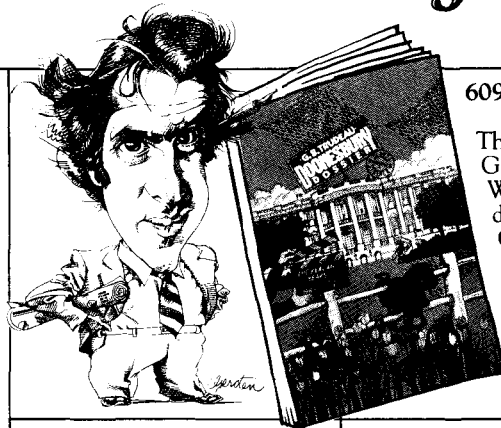
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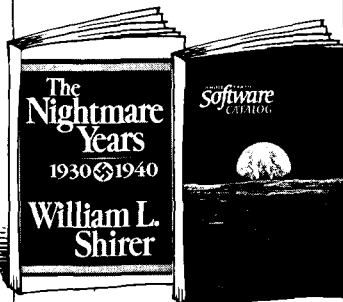
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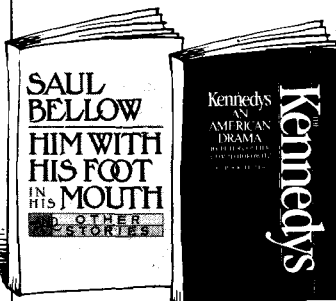
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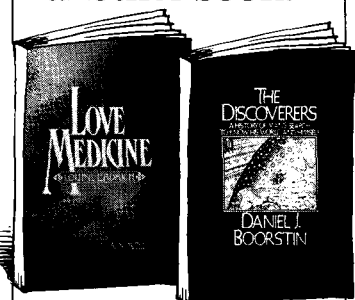
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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES EARTH COOKIE

Does Paul Bunyan play golf?

ON OCTOBER 17, 1984, at five o'clock in the morning Rick Timm ate a bowl of Wheaties and then climbed into his Chevrolet pickup truck for the thirty-mile drive from Okanogan (pop. 2,500), Washington, to his father's ranch, on the banks of the Columbia River, not far from Grand Coulee Dam. There, at the bunkhouse, he joined his brother, Peter, for a cup of coffee. The pair then set out for a high plateau to round up grazing cattle.

Rick Timm says that shortly after dawn, while driving a herd of Herefords from a harvested wheat field, he noticed ten of his father's cows "rubbing their heads on something."

The "something," upon investigation, turned out to be a flat-bottomed, right-side-up slab of earth, about two feet thick, with a tousled, pear-shaped crown of mowed grain and wild grass. It was ten feet long at its longest point and almost eight feet wide at its widest. Its rim, Timm recollects, was smooth-walled, as if it had been defined by a giant pear-shaped cookie cutter. The earth cookie, which weighed at least two tons, lay intact upon the ground. It had not been there five weeks earlier, on September 10, when the brothers Timm had last been on the plateau, bringing in the wheat.

Where had the earth cookie come from? Seventy-three feet to the southwest, in the middle of a gently sloping hollow, the Timms discovered a hole. It was about two feet deep, ten feet long at its longest point, and almost eight feet wide at its widest. Its rim was smooth-

walled, as if it had been defined by a giant pear-shaped cookie cutter. The bottom of the hole was flat. Fingernail-sized dribblets of clay lay on the ground in an arc between the cookie-cutter crater and the cookie-cutter slab. The torn—not cut—root systems of hole and cookie matched.

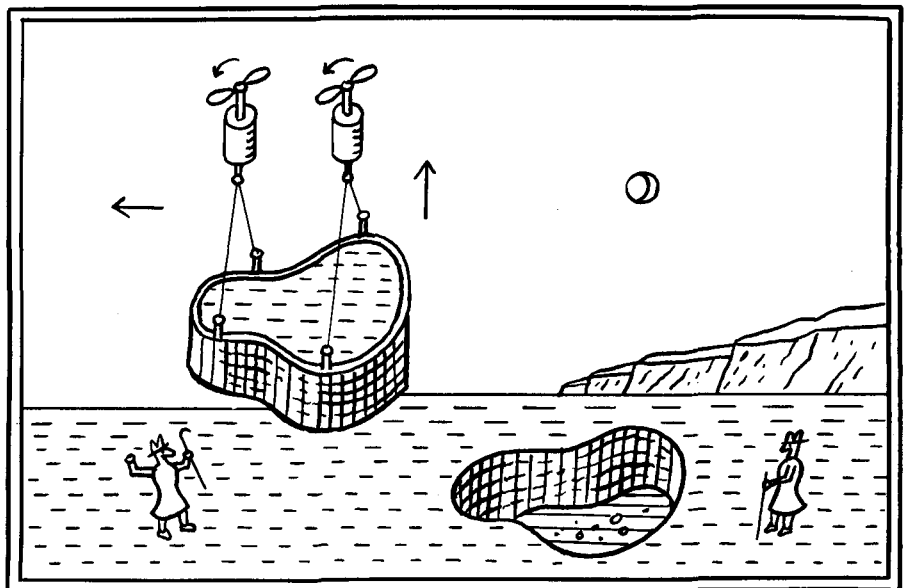
Word of the phenomenon began to spread. There is no telephone at the ranch, but back in Okanogan, Rick Timm told his brother-in-law, Einar Nelson, what he had found. Nelson told his wife, Janet. Janet told her sister, Sally Timm Azzano. Sally Timm Azzano told William Utterback, a geologist for the Colville Confederated Tribes (whose 1,011,495-acre reservation envelops the Timm demesne). Utterback, who picks Jonathan apples in Azzano orchards every fall, drove up to the plateau on October 22. He returned the next day with Robert Bianchi and Gregory Behrens, geologists with the Bureau of Reclamation at Grand Coulee Dam.

"At first people thought we were pull-

ing a joke," Rick Timm recalls. But Robert Bianchi, after visiting the site, dismissed the possibility of a hoax. For one thing, he explains, "if it were a prank, it would not have been done in the middle of nowhere." The earth cookie lies in an area known locally as Haystack Rocks, 2,360 feet above sea level and three miles from the nearest house or paved road. The ground around the hole, consisting of impressionable clay silt, had not been violated by machinery of any kind.

An earthquake measuring 3.0 on the Richter scale had shaken Okanogan County at 8:24 A.M. on October 9. Behrens speculates that seismic waves from the tremor might have collided, thereby "focusing" surface undulations beneath a certain point and popping out a clump of earth above. Incidents of this sort are reported to have occurred in Riobamba, Ecuador, in 1797; Assam, India, in 1897; Messina, Italy, in 1908; and Imaichi, Japan, in 1949.

Utterback discounts the earthquake



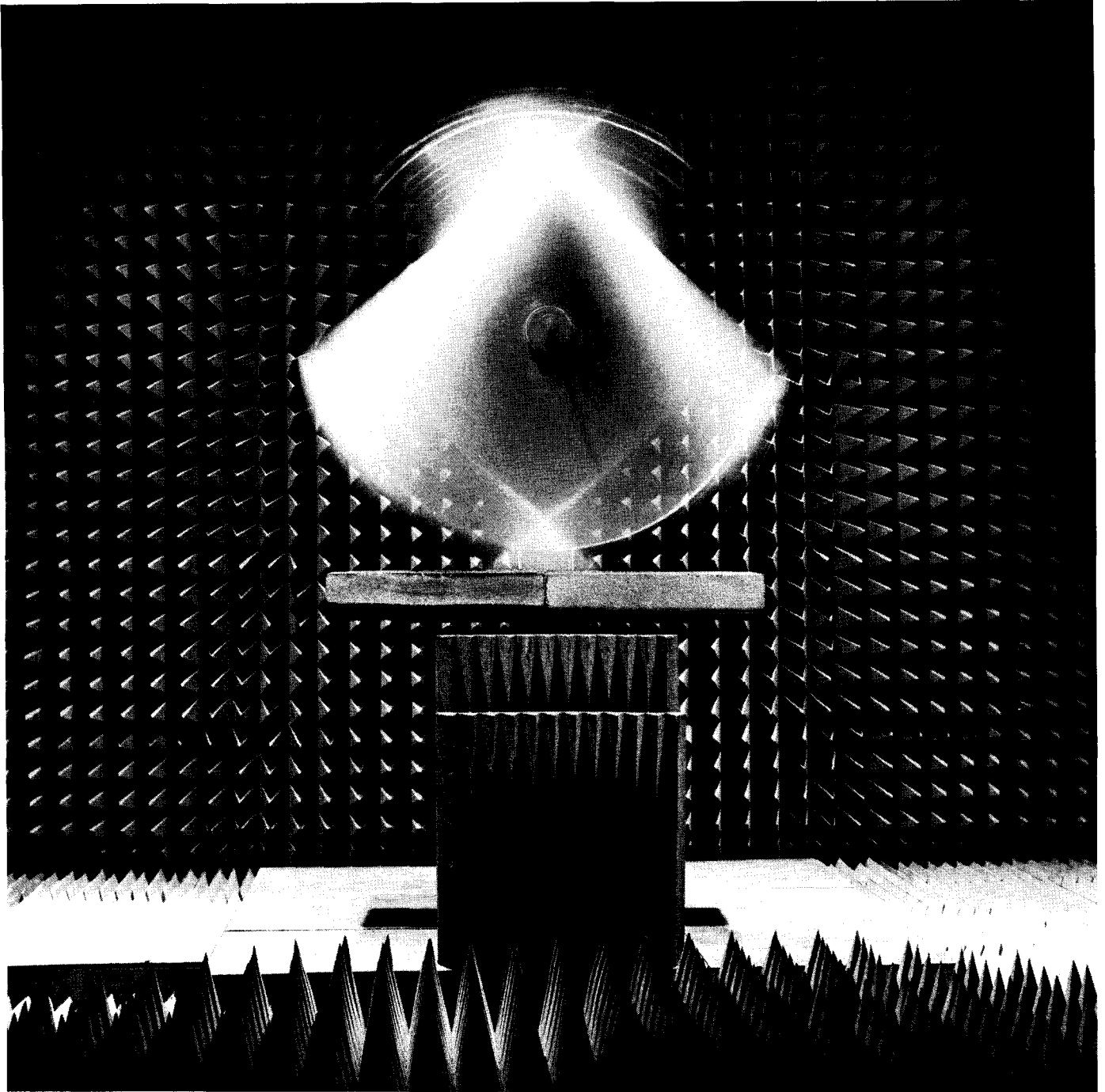


Photo by Cheryl Rossum

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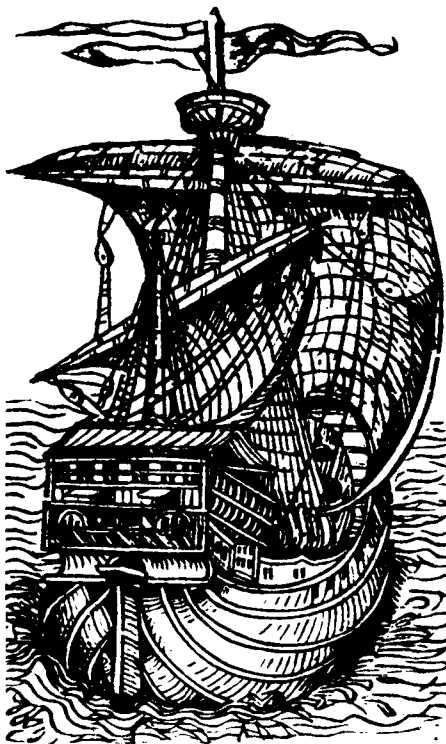
At first glance, a kinetic sculpture. On closer examination, a radar jamming antenna undergoing testing in a special echo-free chamber at Northrop Corporation's Defense Systems Division in Rolling Meadows, IL. Northrop is one of the world's largest manufacturers of radar jamming systems to protect aircraft, and their pilots.

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conjecture. Yes, tremors have on occasion sent people, boulders, and sod spouting into the air. But "no way," he contends, could an earthquake have displaced the chunk of earth seventy-three feet *laterally*. Utterback subscribes instead to the so-called hovercraft hypothesis—the notion that some kind of airborne vehicle, with tines like those on a forklift, hoisted the slab from its resting place, "perhaps as a secret test of a new military device." (Okanogan County lies within striking distance of two Air Force bases, Fairchild and McChord.) Utterback does not rule out the possibility that extraterrestrials were involved.

ON OCTOBER 24 John Andrist, the publisher of the *Omak-Okanogan County Chronicle*, and his wife, Mary Koch, the paper's news editor, became the first members of the press to view the earth cookie. Andrist, who admits to "no mystical reaction," ran Mary Koch's story on page one of the October 31 edition of his weekly, where it came to the attention of Maureen Ramos's class of gifted sixth-graders at Jefferson Elementary School in Spokane, 110 miles to the east. On November 2 a gifted twelve-year-old, Jessica Bowers, alerted the Spokane office of the United States Geologic Survey, which in turn requested assistance from the Survey's Denver bureau. Meanwhile, the sixth-graders launched a probe of their own, interviewing scientists and conducting classroom experiments with water, magnets, and clay. On Friday, November 23, a story about the earth cookie made page one of the *Seattle Times* (EERIE FORCE UP-ROOTS GIANT DIVOT) and was picked up by the Associated Press. A report went out over the AP wire the next day. The following Wednesday, November 28, three USGS geologists—James Whipple, of Spokane, and Robert Schuster and Alan Chleborad, of Denver—spent two hours examining the earth cookie, now heavily trampled by cows and journalists and covered with six inches of fresh snow. Whipple, Schuster, and Chleborad were joined by Utterback and Behrens, by Bonnie Bunning, a geologist with the Washington Department of Natural Resources, in Olympia, and by Janet Hohle and Donald Aubertin, geologists employed by the Colville Confederated Tribes. The group analyzed a selection of soil samples and detected no irregularities. They discussed various hypotheses but were satisfied by none.

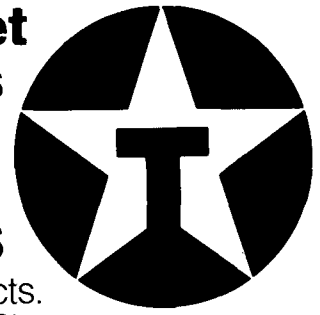
Donald Aubertin could cite instances of lightning displacing plugs of turf but never a chunk as large as the earth cookie. Besides, he observes, "there were no burn marks." Robert Schuster toyed with the idea of a methane explosion. The problem, he concedes, is that an explosion would have left a mess of dirt. "That the earth did not break, I cannot understand," Schuster says. Bonnie Bunning theorized that a meteor entering the atmosphere and then exploding close to the ground could create an up-draft that would suck loose the earth directly below. Had such a cataclysm occurred on the Timm ranch, however, it would have disturbed adjacent rocks and weeds. No such disturbance, Bunning points out, appears to have taken place.

One plausible solution to the puzzle, the "ice raft" surmise, has since been put forward by Gerald W. Thorsen, a colleague of Bonnie Bunning's at the Department of Natural Resources. The pear-shaped rupture, Thorsen says, lay at the center of a kettle, a shallow depression formed eons ago when soil slowly settled above a melting mass of buried glacial ice. In spring the kettle fills with water and becomes a pond. Thorsen suggests that after a shower followed by a cold snap a layer of ice might have formed over a patch at the bottom, where the runoff would have pooled. If heavier rains subsequently created a deeper pond, the ice, being less dense than water, could have floated to the surface, carrying the frozen earth cookie with it. The buoyant earth cookie, nudged by the winds, might then have drifted seventy-three feet to the edge of the depression, shedding the trail of clay dribblets along the way. There, on the sometime shore of a perishable pond, the Timm brothers found it. By then, of course, the water was gone.

Thorsen's theory is elegant and compelling. Unfortunately, data obtained by Mrs. Ramos's sixth-graders indicate that the temperature in the Grand Coulee region dipped below the freezing mark on only two days between September 10 and October 17, and then only briefly. The area received a total of only 0.77 inches of rain in September and October, which is considerably less than Phoenix, Arizona, receives in an average two-month period. According to the National Weather Service, Phoenix is the driest major city in the United States.

For the time being, the earth cookie must be numbered among the ranks of unexplained natural phenomena—a

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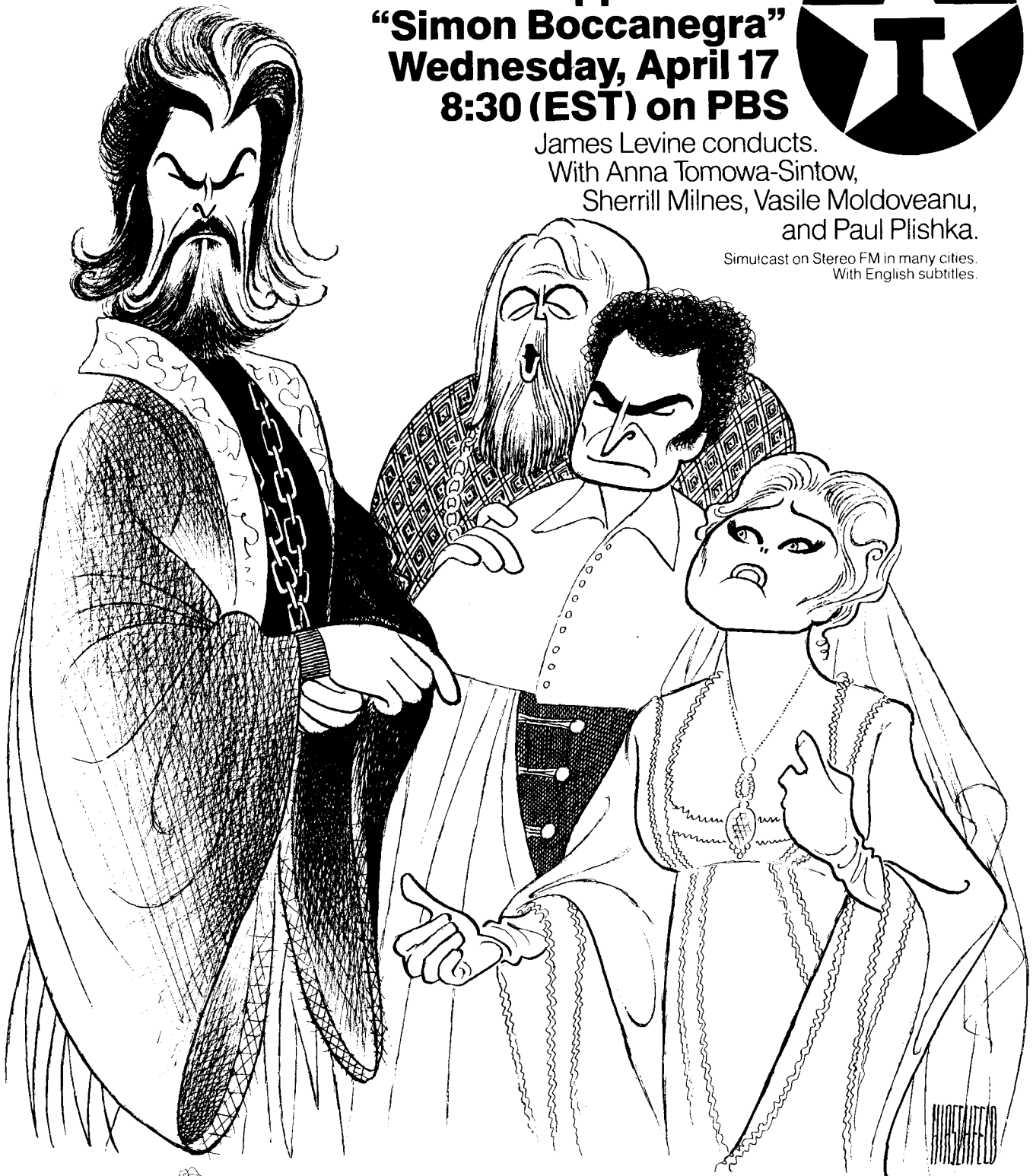


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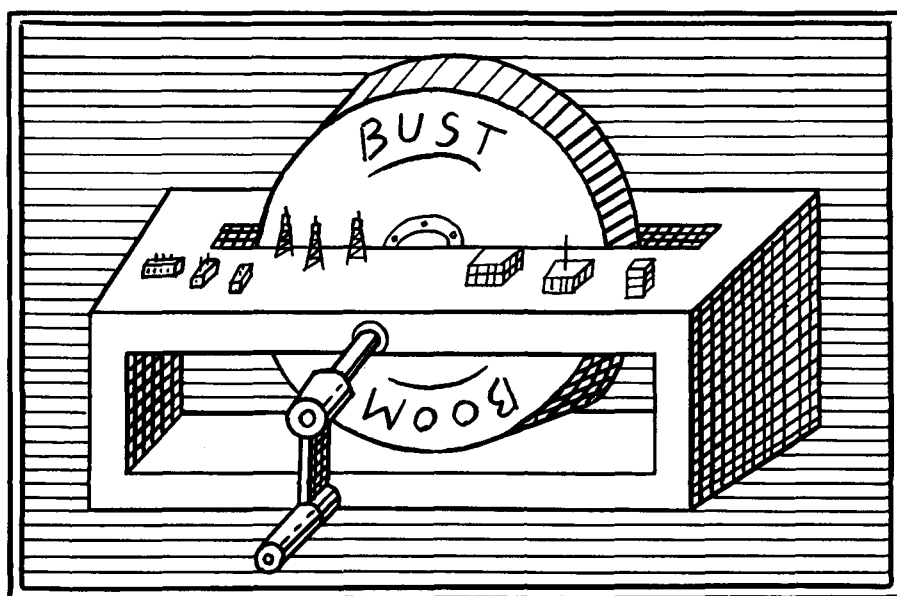
large and distinguished company. Our planet, it would seem, is fertile and variegated when it comes to such things. It makes a habit of caprice. In 1983 sea-shells from the Philippines (family *Columbellidae*, genus *Pyrene*) rained down one afternoon on lawns and flower beds in Dilhorne, England. A year later, in Duncan, British Columbia, a burning mass plummeted from the evening sky, hardened on a roadbed, and then melted away. Frog falls, temperature flashes, whirlwind pranks, cloudless rain—occurrences like these are common. In the four published volumes of the encyclopedic *Catalog of Geophysical Anomalies*,

William Corliss cites thousands of such cases, with or without explanation.

Corliss plans to publish another twenty-one volumes of his catalog, and the earth cookie will surely find its niche in one of them. Perhaps by then the mystery of its origins will have been solved. Although the USGS has decided to spend no more time on the earth cookie, the gifted sixth-graders at Jefferson Elementary School are still on the case. We may be hearing from them yet.

—Cullen Murphy

Cullen Murphy is a senior editor of *The Wilson Quarterly*.



GRAND JUNCTION CAN'T WIN FOR LOSING

*In western Colorado prosperity comes
and goes, and the moving vans
line up behind*

DURING THE past few years there has come into being an archetype of the dying American town, usually a mid-western town where a big manufacturing plant has laid off most of its workers or even closed. There is, though, another kind of dying town in this country right now, one that has not received much notice. Just as the golden years of prosperity have ended in the industrial Midwest, so they have ended in those parts of the West and Southwest where oil and gas are produced. At the peak of the good times, in 1981, a giddy sense of

boom as destiny pervaded life along a broad swath of the country from, say, Morgan City, Louisiana (a major point of embarkation for offshore oil rigs, and the place where Jack Henry Abbott was apprehended), northwest to Casper, Wyoming, in the Rocky Mountain Overthrust Belt. In Houston, the unofficial capital of the region, there was talk that a thousand people a week were moving to town, and a much-cited emblem of the zeitgeist was a sign on a freeway that said BUSINESS CARDS IN EIGHT HOURS.

When oil prices began to drop, in the spring of 1982, the boom economy went into a slide that continues, less precipitously, today. House prices plummeted; office towers were left nearly vacant; state and local services were cut back; banks were taken over and auctioned off by the government.

A good candidate for hardest-hit town in the West would be Grand Junction, Colorado. In 1980 the Exxon Corpora-

tion bought a majority interest in an oil-shale mining-and-refining operation outside the hamlet of Parachute, Colorado, in Garfield County, just over the line from Grand Junction's county, Mesa. Exxon began a vast synthetic-fuels project; of its \$5 billion budget, \$250 million was to be spent to build a 3,200-acre, 8,000-housing-unit company town called Battlement Mesa. Grand Junction, forty-five miles away and, with 30,000 people, by far the largest town in western Colorado, was already booming from oil drilling and coal mining. Now it began to see itself as the Houston of synthetic fuels. On one of my visits to Grand Junction this past fall and winter a banker told me that in 1981 and part of 1982 Exxon had pumped a million dollars a day through the Grand Junction economy; the administrator of Mesa County ruefully showed me a story that had run in the Mesa County *Daily Sentinel* early in 1981 under the headline 1.7 MILLION PEOPLE TO REGION.

On May 2, 1982, a day now known in Grand Junction as Black Sunday, Exxon announced that it was pulling out. Oil from shale, being expensive to produce, is profitable only when the price of oil is high. In 1981 the spot-market price of a barrel of Saudi light crude hit \$39, and there was talk of its going to \$50 or even \$100. Exxon had been counting on a price of at least \$30. That spring the price began to fall. Today it's \$28.

The poignant stories that immediately appeared in the press were about Parachute, where 2,000 people had been laid off and T-shirts that said EXXON SUCKS ROCKS could be seen all over town. In Grand Junction the mood remained optimistic, owing to the notion that destiny and the free-enterprise spirit, rather than Exxon, were propelling the town. A new airport was being built to support all the business traffic that still seemed sure to come. On Horizon Drive, the road from the airport to town, two large new office complexes and a number of hotels—a Hilton, a Holiday Inn, a Rodeway Inn, and a Ramada Renaissance, among others—were either going up or about to go up, all with the help of tax-free industrial-revenue bonds granted by the city. Farther in toward town on Horizon Drive work was starting on an eight-story luxury condominium project. West of town Mesa Mall, also backed by industrial-revenue bonds, was being completed. The biggest bank in town, First National, was building a new headquarters. The county was



Jackie West (white coat), Industrial Safety Engineer, and other Sun employees who are volunteer firefighters in Marcus Hook, Pa.

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building a new bridge over the Colorado River. Out-of-town finance companies and law firms were opening Grand Junction offices. The school district had just finished building five new schools.

These more or less official manifestations of optimism were accompanied by myriad unofficial manifestations: the thousands of people who came to town, the hundreds who decided to take a flyer with their life savings in order to ride the boom to riches, the dozens of little real-estate developments that sprang up throughout the thirty-mile-long valley in the middle of which Grand Junction sits. Without anyone's noticing, it had become impossible for Grand Junction simply to return to what it had been before the Exxon project had come along. People had bet so heavily that they would be taking a long, sweet ride on the economy that the degree of prosperity they had had in 1979 would in 1982 have meant ruin. The banker's optimistic loan would go sour. The carpenter who had moved his family from 500 miles away would be out of work. The doctor who had put his nest egg into building a couple of new homes "on spec" would be unable to sell them. The town had in effect raised the ante on itself.

IN GRAND JUNCTION 1982 was a year of decline slow enough that it was possible to believe that Exxon's departure was only a setback, rather than a disaster. But 1983 was worse: the decline continued, and at a steeper angle. The oil-and-gas business was in bad shape. So was coal mining. The Stouffer Corporation, after carefully considering Grand Junction as a location for a big new frozen-foods plant, announced that it had picked Springerville, Utah, instead. In May the town was shocked to learn that Robert Quimby, the president of the First National Bank and the husband of a former mayor, had killed himself. It was rumored that he had been under intense pressure from his superiors in the bank's holding company because of loans made during the boom which had since gone bad; whether or not that explained the suicide, the timing contributed to the spooked feeling in the town. In June the Colorado River flooded, and there was footage on national television of parts of Grand Junction under water. In the fall a proposed tax increase to improve the county schools lost by a three-to-one margin.

And 1984 was much worse than 1983. The most dramatic sign was the number

of foreclosures on home mortgages. In Mesa County in 1981 there were 107 foreclosures; in 1982, 157; in 1983, 465. Last year there were 1,042, and another forty or fifty were recorded this past January only because there hadn't been time to process them by the end of December. Within four years the mortgages on one out of every twenty houses in the county were foreclosed—financial ruin on a scale not seen in most midwestern steel towns. By the end of 1984 the assets of the two biggest banks in town were down by a third from their peak, in the spring of 1982. Retail sales in the county were down by more than a third, and stores were closing nearly every week. The number of building permits issued was half what it had been two years earlier. Over an eighteen-month period four junior high school students committed suicide, the last of them on the day before the current school year began.

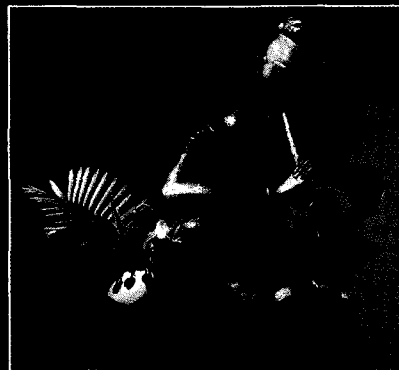
In 1984 the new hotels and office parks had occupancy rates below 50 percent. The number of boardings at the new airport declined steadily. The number of oil and gas rigs running in the county, once 350, dropped to thirty. On Main Street buildings that had recently housed the biggest stores—Penney's, Sears, and Montgomery Ward—remained unoccupied. There were 3,000 properties for sale in the valley, and the number of real-estate agents fell from 750 in 1982 to 450 by the end of 1984. Nine of the twelve mortgage-company offices in Grand Junction shut down in the first nine months of 1984. First National scaled its new headquarters down from eight stories to four. An 18 percent decline in Grand Junction's sales-tax revenue led the city to cut its staff and put off the construction of a new recreation center. The county restructured the repayment schedule on its bonds and in 1984 did no maintenance work on the roads. In November of 1984 the unemployment rate for Colorado as a whole was 5.5 percent; for Mesa County it was 9.5 percent, having risen a full point in October alone.

Even those people who still had their jobs were in a state of constant anxiety. Nearly all the homeowners in the valley had seen the value of their houses decline by 50 percent within two and a half years—a crushing loss for the many people who had bought during the boom, and a ride down the roller coaster for anyone who had owned the same house for many years and had seen its value double practically overnight. Everybody

knew somebody with a commercial loan or a mortgage who was behind at the bank and getting by on good will and the hope that things would turn around soon. Life was filled with reminders of the bust. Nearly everything new in the valley had an eerie, half-deserted look. The paper seemed to bring more bad news daily: in December and January alone Safeway closed three of its five supermarkets in the valley, a small refinery laid off twenty-six employees, and Union Carbide laid off fifty. Another local burgher, the chief financial officer of a rehabilitation center, killed himself. A real-estate flyer I picked up had headlines like MUST SELL NOW, TIMES ARE TOUGH, PRICE REDUCED! and NO DOWN NO QUALIFYING NO CREDIT CHECK. Exxon was becoming a distant memory, its departure nearly three years in the past—and still the economy seemed to be just slipping away. When would it stop? At the end of 1984 the most cheerful thing that one city official could say to me was, "I'm usually a pessimist, but I really think we're pretty close to the bottom!" This sentiment seemed to represent the most optimistic position that anyone in Grand Junction was willing to take.

GRAND JUNCTION was founded in 1881 by George Crawford, who plied a trade peculiar to the American West—that of the professional founder and promoter of towns. The Colorado River was then called the Grand, and the Grand Valley was a treeless desert. Unlike most towns in the East, Grand Junction was started first and then given a reason to exist through assiduous hustling. People were enticed to the town from distant points by means of propaganda, the railroad was given eighty acres of the town's land outright and a half-interest in the rest as an inducement to send a line through, and irrigation projects were undertaken to create the possibility of agricultural development. Also, there was one mineral boom after another in the area—gold, silver, gilsonite, coal, oil shale (the first shale boom was in 1910), and uranium. In 1946, following the passage of the Atomic Energy Act, the Atomic Energy Commission built a research complex in Grand Junction. The early and middle fifties were the peak years of the uranium boom, with Geiger-counter-toting prospectors combing the hills. The boom went bust in 1958, when federal uranium subsidies stopped. (Yet another

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of Grand Junction's tribulations today is that because local builders used tailings from the uranium mines as landfill, parts of the town are radioactive.)

The uranium bust is Grand Junction's point of reference for the oil-shale bust: it seems quaint and reassuring, the way most long-ago reverses that have been overcome do. We made it then, the reasoning goes, and we'll make it now. That's the way things have always been. (A historical film produced to commemorate the county's centennial is titled *The Boomers of Mesa County*.) The natural result of all of Grand Junction's experiences is a view of the local economy—and, by extension, of life—as wildly cyclical, with the ups and downs riding on long-shot promotional schemes, twists of fate, acts of God, faraway events, and even the weather.

When the gods are so fickle, what can a town do about bad times? Grand Junction's organized response has been pure, faith-healing boosterism. In conversation everyone looks to the Chamber of Commerce (and to its sister organization, the Mesa County Economic Development Council) to lead the town back to prosperity; 700 people showed up at a chamber meeting last summer. After the bust, the chamber hired a new president, who commissioned (for \$60,000) a report from the Fantus Company, a Chicago-based consulting firm that had evaluated Grand Junction for Stouffer and found it wanting. Working the other side of the street, Fantus wasn't much kinder. It put to rest one of Grand Junction's dreams of glory, which was that it could become a center of high technology. Undaunted, the chamber commissioned a sweeping "Grand Plan" for development and hired a different consultant to raise from local businesses the \$1.5 million needed to implement it.

The Grand Plan makes obeisance to diversification—to the painstaking development of an economic base, in the form of businesses to produce finished goods from local raw materials. But nearly every conversation one hears, after it runs through the part about not being dependent on one big, capricious industry anymore, turns to the possibility of a new boom. The feeling is that the relationship between the town's development efforts and prosperity is a lot like that between prayer and good fortune.

Grand Junction, people say, could steal the package ski tours bound for Vail and Aspen and Telluride away from the Denver airport. It could lure a really ma-

jor employer. It could become a mecca for retirees, who would find its mild climate, abundance of vacant houses, and large number of doctors and hospital beds attractive. Or perhaps synthetic fuels will come back. While I was in Grand Junction, people were following the machinations of a House-Senate conference committee in Washington, D.C., as it hammered out a budget resolution in the last days before adjournment. The House version of the resolution had invalidated letters of intent issued by the United States Synthetic Fuels Corporation which had pledged subsidies for two multi-billion-dollar oil-shale facilities, to be operated by the Union Oil Corporation, Occidental Petroleum, and Tenneco. Although the Colorado delegation—diehard supporters of synthetic-fuels subsidies—saved the letters in conference, the letters by themselves don't guarantee that the subsidies will ever be paid.

In general the federal government is a far more palpable presence in Grand Junction than it is in eastern towns. It makes itself felt less as an oppressor of the individual or a dispenser of social welfare or the defender of the nation than as another possible conferrer of a boom. Every day the paper carries news about some kind of program that might directly benefit western Colorado: subsidized Amtrak service, military bases, water projects, grazing lands.

AMID THESE ELABORATE, organized efforts to deal with the West's economic vagaries, most people respond to the booms and busts in a much simpler and more direct way: they move.

Census data show that Grand Junction has always had a high rate of in-and-out migration. There are a few prominent old families in town—one owns a savings and loan, another runs a chain of grocery stores—but for the most part, to qualify as deeply rooted in Grand Junction, one need not have been born there. It's enough to have moved in before 1950.

People streamed into town during the last boom, most of them having been a little down on their luck and having heard that there were good times, and hence opportunities, in Grand Junction. During the hottest years average personal income in Mesa County dropped steadily—in constant 1978 dollars it was \$8,900 in 1979, \$7,500 in 1980, and \$6,500 in 1982. For many of the new arrivals the lure was the hope of making money, rather than actual well-paid

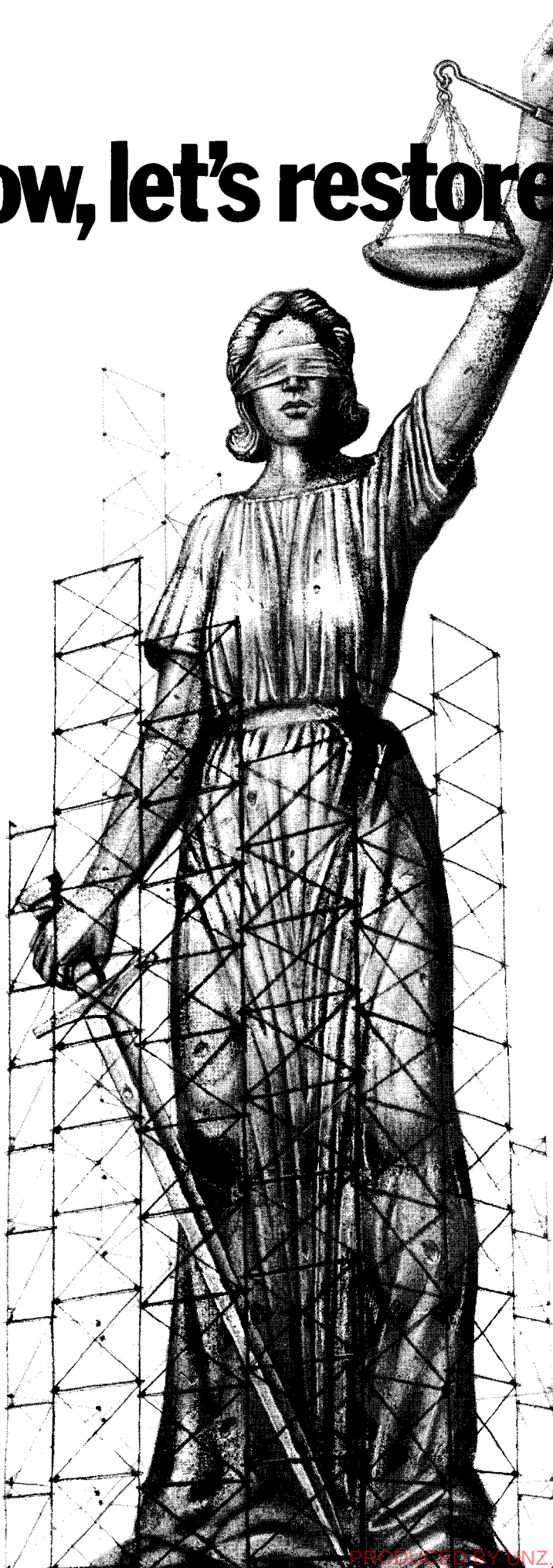
jobs. "If you screwed up in Denver or Salt Lake or LA, you'd come here," Mark Achen, the city manager, himself just moved from Gladstone, Missouri, told me. Almost all of the foreclosures in Grand Junction have been on second and third mortgages, indicating that the homeowners never really got their heads above water and were living on the easy credit that lenders made available during the boom because they too were hoping to cash in.

With the bust the county's population hemorrhaged. It peaked at about 95,000 in 1982; by mid-1984, the best estimates put it at 85,000, and the talk was that another 10,000 people would leave. The school system lost more than a thousand students between the fall of 1983 and the fall of 1984. Typically, the houses on which foreclosures were made were already vacant by the time the ax fell—the people had just picked up and left. Why not? I met a young man named Timothy Lee, who had been laid off by Safeway. He had bought his house for \$48,000 in 1982. He said, "Now I'd be lucky to get thirty—if I could find a buyer. Without a job, it's just a matter of time till they foreclose."

There are no satisfactory data on where all the people who left have gone; the most popular destinations seem to have been Denver, Phoenix, and Colorado Springs, which is enjoying a boom in high tech and defense contracting and construction. There is, however, some information on why people have left. In 1984 the school board surveyed 500 families that were leaving town and found that in fifty the parents were dissatisfied with their jobs, in 350 the parents were out of work because of the oil bust, and in another hundred the parents had moved to Grand Junction without jobs, had never found jobs, and were leaving without having jobs lined up anywhere else.

This kind of mobility is casually accepted as a way of life in Grand Junction. At the office of Club 20, a promotional organization for western Colorado, I talked to Bill Cleary, Club 20's president, and John Vanderhoof, a former governor of Colorado who lives in Grand Junction. Cleary's son had had to go to a suburb of Denver to find work. "My son left too," said Vanderhoof. "He was with Mountain Bell here, and he was lucky to be transferred to the boom in Denver. The migration comes, and . . ." He waved his hand vaguely rather than finish the sentence.

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Several times I heard people make impassioned, almost tearful defenses of Grand Junction and then say, well, of course, if things kept getting worse, they, too, would have to think about moving—often, moving again. Gary Carr, the community-relations director of the school district, had the most classically western life story that I heard: "My father was a contractor. I went to thirteen schools, all over western Colorado, eastern Utah, Nevada. That's a very prevalent way of life out here. My dad's rule was, anywhere within a 600-mile radius he'd bid a job, and then he'd decide where to go based on the schools. He built a uranium mill once in Mexican Hat, Utah, and there was no high school there, so we moved back to Delta, Colorado, without him. He built a gold mill in Carlin, Nevada, during that time. Then we moved to Rifle. Then to Moab. Then to Silt. Several families traveled with us. They'd pack everything in the pickup. No roots."

What keeps this life going is partly mass restlessness but also a constant hope for the big score—or, if not the big score, some kind of score. That's at the heart of the culture of the West, especially the energy-producing West. For most people the big score will never happen, but everybody knows of somebody to whom it *has* happened. What radical historians call the "false promise" of American life is the shaping force in this social order. The idea of the big score is what has left so many ugly, built-over-night, long-abandoned enterprises—from motels to silver mines to ski resorts to entire towns—all over the West. It's what makes western congressmen continually pressure the federal government to create construction projects and the like, which are in effect petri dishes for the boom culture.

At the same time it's what makes the pose of rugged independence from the government so appealing to westerners. Per capita federal spending in 1983, the most recent year for which the U.S. Bureau of the Census has figures, was higher in Colorado than in Michigan, Ohio, or Pennsylvania. Nevertheless, President Reagan's talk of prosperity, opportunity, and a smaller federal government seems to suit western ears. The states where Reagan drew more than 70 percent of the vote last fall were all in the Southwest and West—regions that, on the whole, are not booming. (Mesa County favored Reagan by more than 70 percent, even though he has been no

friend to synthetic fuels.) Since 1964, of the nineteen states between the 95th meridian and the West Coast, only Washington, in 1968, has given a Democratic presidential candidate a majority. Less government really isn't in the interest of westerners, and when it's presented to them in the form of cuts in the defense budget, Social Security, or pork-barrel projects, they don't want it. But the mythology of western independence is strong enough to affect the way people vote, and even the way they think about their lives.

BATTLEMENT MESA, Exxon's company town, is tucked, appropriately enough, into the slope of a huge mesa against which it looks pretty but insignificant. Across the interstate highway, along the far bank of the Colorado, sits the town of Parachute. Battlement Mesa is not finished—Exxon completed every building for which a slab had been poured before Black Sunday, and left the rest. What's there is sparsely populated, mostly by workers at Union Oil's shale project, nearby. Using the slogan "The Livable Mountain," Exxon is trying to market the development as a suburb of Grand Junction and of Glenwood Springs, which is forty-five miles away in the opposite direction. "Everywhere you look you'll see the grandeur of the West," the brochure says. That idea seems farfetched, but so, in hindsight, does the idea of a \$5 billion oil-shale operation here. Sensible plans do not seem to spring to mind in this country.

Between Parachute and Grand Junction the highway runs next to the river, along the foot of the mesa. Where the mesa ends is the town—village is more like it—of Palisade. It consists of a few blocks of houses in the middle of miles of peach orchards (whose owners insist on calling themselves "peach ranchers"). Palisade is eight miles from Grand Junction, and during the boom developers decided that it could be profitably incorporated into Grand Junction's future urban sprawl, so several shopping centers and subdivisions were constructed in the area.

John Tasker, the finance director of Grand Junction, lives in Palisade, and his description of the bust's effect on his neighborhood was interesting enough to make me want to go see it. He said, "On my street, let's see. One family came here from Wisconsin—he's with a radio station—and they went to Kansas City. One family went back to Texas. One, a

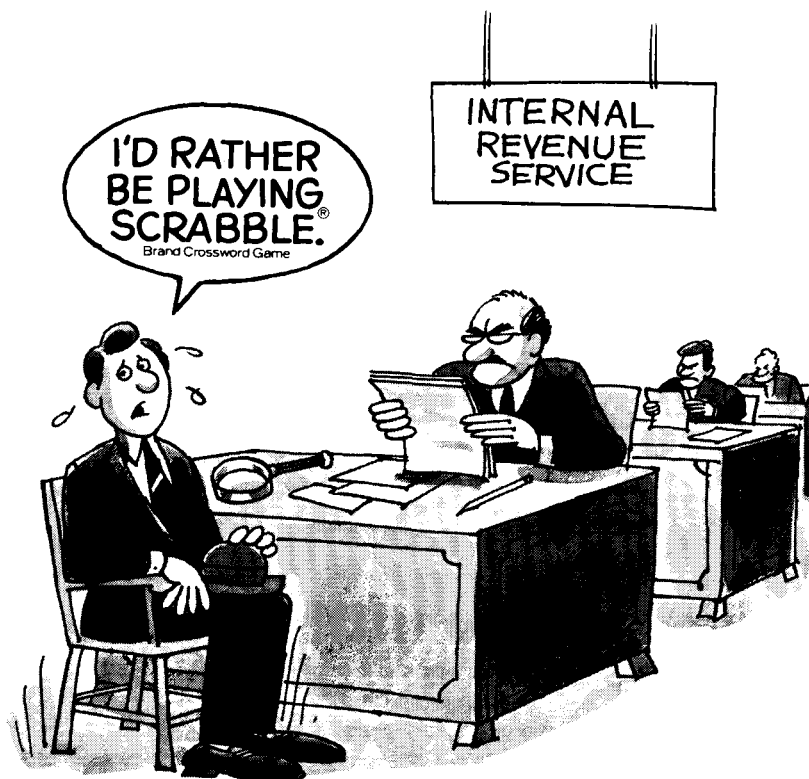


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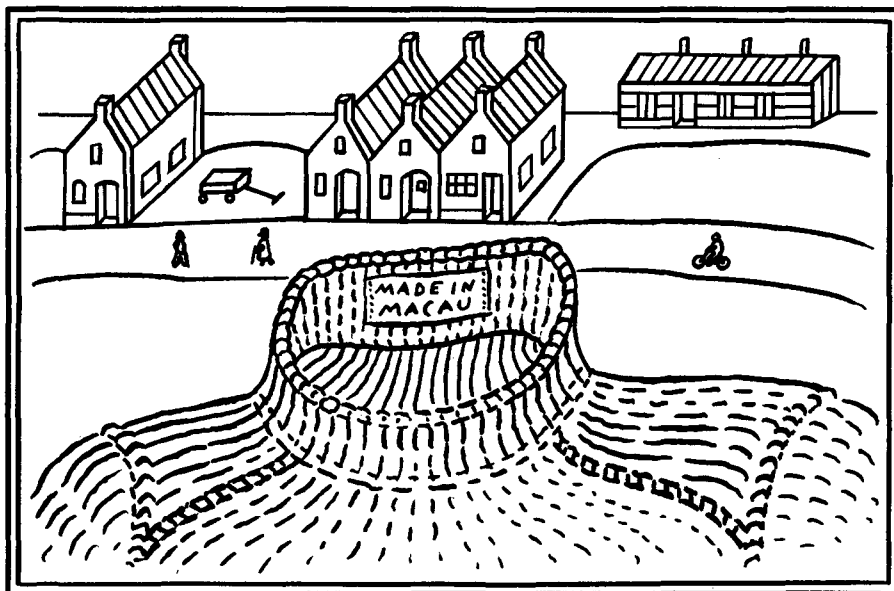
contractor, went to Colorado Springs. Another guy, a surveyor, came from California, and they moved to Houston. We had a couple that moved to Holyoke, Colorado—he was a propane-company driver who got laid off, and they moved back home. Another guy, who was a loan officer here, is a chef in Vail. The last house on my block—the guy makes microwave towers—they came from California; they're still here, but I think they're about to move to Salt Lake."

Tasker's street—Elberta Street, after the variety of peach—was one U-shaped block: a tiny development, the easternmost in the valley. The houses were two-story and had little Victorian touches (gables, porches, wooden fretwork) to make them look homey. The grass was

just starting to grow in on the front lawns and in the space between the sidewalk and the curb. There was a generous sprinkling of vacant lots, and some of the houses had FOR SALE signs out front. Just around the corner, beside a new house on a thoroughfare called 37.3 Road, a pickup truck sat, the motor running and the bed filled with boxes. In a way it was a stage set, this neighborhood—an outpost of suburbia in the middle of peach orchards and nearly overwhelmed by the looming backdrop of the mesa. Still, it looked as if it could have been home.

—Nicholas Lemann

Nicholas Lemann is a national correspondent for The Atlantic.



IRELAND

BETWEEN TWO ECONOMIES

Life in the Irish village where Moby Dick was filmed is pleasant but poor

SQUEEZED BETWEEN the estuary of the Blackwater River and the steep hill behind, squeezed too—harshly so—by human decisions of more recent vintage, the town of Youghal, in County Cork, Ireland, advertises as succinctly as you might wish the facts of life in a poor country in the middle of this decade. There's no need to go below the 50th parallel to encounter what are often sedately described as "problems of under-development."

It's not as though each time I go home there, the place hastens to disclose the changes in its fortunes. Seen in the pale morning light from across the river, the quays and gray stone houses surely look much as they did to Sir Walter Raleigh, who was mayor of Youghal in 1588; to Cromwell, who made the town the base for his rampages in 1650; to Michael Collins, who sheltered near there during the Civil War of 1922. From the middle distance, at least, Irish towns like Youghal do not conspicuously display the fingerprints of change, which is no doubt why John Huston and his film crew settled in Youghal for a few uproarious months in 1954 to re-create Melville's New Bedford for the film *Moby Dick*.

A thirty-five-year-old photograph of North Main Street looks very much like a seventy-five-year-old one of the same

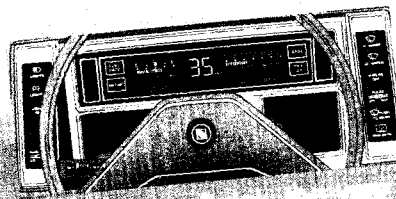
view, to either side of the great Clock Gate. When I was driven to parochial school in a trap in 1948, I can remember horse-drawn transportation outnumbered automobiles ten to one and knots of unemployed men lounged away their days in front of Farrell's grain store. But by the early 1960s the carts and traps were mostly gone and a prosperous Youghal was forced to import labor from the surrounding countryside. Amid the increasing (but still modest) affluence of Youghal's population of five thousand the town council faced a parking problem, and the odd BMW and even Mercedes announced the spending power and great expectations of a growing managerial class.

Today, a drive down North Main Street suggests that Youghal remains an emblem of this post-war boom, which, for Ireland, surged in the 1960s.

Just for an instant at the turn of this year Youghal seemed unchanged from those glory days. Home from abroad to visit the old place and the old folk, one is loath to dwell upon intimations of mortality creeping across the features of one's parents or one's town. But after a day I knew well enough that even if the three new little high-tech plants on the edge of town represented a reversal of the desperate crisis of four years ago, the situation was still pretty bad. "Youghal's fighting back," the locals said to me each day, but from the anxious way they put it I knew that for a time the place had been lying awfully still on the floor.

Enter Youghal along the Cork road from the west and you see on your left, just on the town's outskirts, the textile factory built in the 1940s to house Seafield Fabrics. There had been no substantial manufacturing employment in Youghal till it went up, just a poor retail economy—an economy that, after the British garrison had left, following the Treaty of 1921, had limped along on the tourists coming down in the summer from Cork and beyond to spend a day or a two-week vacation on the town's fine beaches.

"In 1946 I and some other young fellows agreed that we had our freedom, all right," Paddy Linehan, owner of the Moby Dick saloon and one of Youghal's better-known citizens, remembers, "but we didn't have freedom from want, from hunger, from unemployment, from malnutrition. There was tremendous emigration." So he and his fellows hunted about to try to get some investment in their town. They found out that a Cork



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man called Bill Dwyer was looking for some land for his weaving factory, and they made sure that Youghal offered Dwyer a hearty welcome. Up went Seafield Fabrics, and a few years later Blackwater Cottons, its subsidiary, went up alongside it. By the mid-1960s the two plants were employing 600 people between them. An enterprise started in the center of town by John Murray in the mid-1950s became the flourishing Youghal Carpets, employing 850 at its peak. Add in a work force of 120 at Murray's Kitchens and Youghal had nearly 1,500 manufacturing jobs for an employable 2,500 in the town. Small wonder that workers were being bused in from as far afield as the late Mayor Richard Daley's ancestral town of Dungarvan, fifteen miles east along the coast; that emigration came to a halt; and that, local history has it, there were only forty incorrigibly unemployed people in the whole place.

The Irish economy as a whole was changing gear from the protected, mostly agricultural system presided over by Eamon de Valera in the 1930s and 1940s. By the 1950s the long-range course was set: credits, tax breaks, and training grants to make Ireland alluring to foreign investors, particularly United States manufacturers looking for a base whence to attack European markets. From 1960 to 1973 manufactured exports increased fivefold and accounted for under half of all exports; by May of 1972 more than half the fixed assets of Ireland's industry and service firms were foreign-owned. So much for the nationalism of an earlier time: in the 1930s De Valera had put through a law limiting foreign ownership to 49 percent.

Those three high-tech firms, all of them U.S.-owned, came in 1981 as a glimmer of hope to a desperate town. For by then the town, like Ireland, was in deep trouble. Seafield had gone, along with Blackwater Cottons, and, worst of all, Youghal Carpets had closed down. The reasons were not hard to find; indeed, one of them nestled next to my neck after I bought a sweater in Merrick's clothing store. MADE IN MACAU, said the label. Youghal had got on the wrong end of what theorists of underdevelopment call the economics of comparative advantage—the comparative advantage of those sweater-makers in Macau being their ability to work for wages far lower than what the sad weavers and spinners of Youghal required to preserve life and limb.

Youghal had got on the wrong end too of the consequences of free trade. Ireland's entry into the Common Market, in 1973, rendered the local factories vulnerable to competition. Describing the low productivity and slack practices of Seafield Fabrics, Paddy Linehan reached for an image of Babylonian luxury: "They had *colored* toilet paper. It was like the Shah of Iran."

"It's very bad," said Tom O'Connell—or, in the Irish version of his name painted over the front of his shop, Thomas O'Conaill. Tom is on the left end of Youghal's political spectrum, a Labor town councillor, formerly in Sinn Féin. As we stood chatting by his shop counter, children and a surprising number of adults slipped in and out, buying tiny amounts of candy. Remembering how much candy the Irish eat, I joked to Tom that he must be getting a kickback from the local dentists. "It's one of the few little luxuries people can afford," he remarked. "Meat once or twice a week, maybe. No vacations. Remember, we lost not just the jobs in the factories but as a result also about 75 percent of the service jobs, in the shops and pubs. You couldn't give a pub away today in Youghal. People are barely existing."

A girl in her late teens, looking badly scared, came into the shop and muttered to Tom. He gave her a name and address and she trotted out, hauling her three-year-old after her. "The ESB has just cut off her electricity," Tom said, "and she's trying to find someone from St. Vincent de Paul. A lot of people are depending on charity." I could sympathize with the girl's problem with the Electricity Supply Board. Back in the 1960s, when the lights used to go off in our house outside Youghal, we used to run outdoors to see if there was a blackout at the Cunningshams' farm, half a mile away across the stream. If lights blazed at the Cunningshams', we knew the ESB was forcefully indicating its differences with us alone on the nature of consumer credit.

OVER AT THE Allied Irish Bank I had another illustration of Ireland's woes, as graphic as the label from Macau. I wanted seventy-five Irish pounds—or punts, as they are properly called. The cashier worked out that to get this sum I needed to write a check for \$77.96 on my own, New York branch of the Allied. The two currencies are at par; one dollar gets you one punt, meaning that the punt has halved in value against the dollar in the past five years.

This is very nice for a firm like Waterford Crystal, which exports to the United States, but not particularly helpful in paying dollar-denominated interest charges on Ireland's swag-bellied foreign debt. This debt in per capita terms is three times that of Mexico. In a leap familiar throughout the Third World it has gone from \$161 million in 1970 to about \$8 billion—more than half the country's GNP—in 1984.

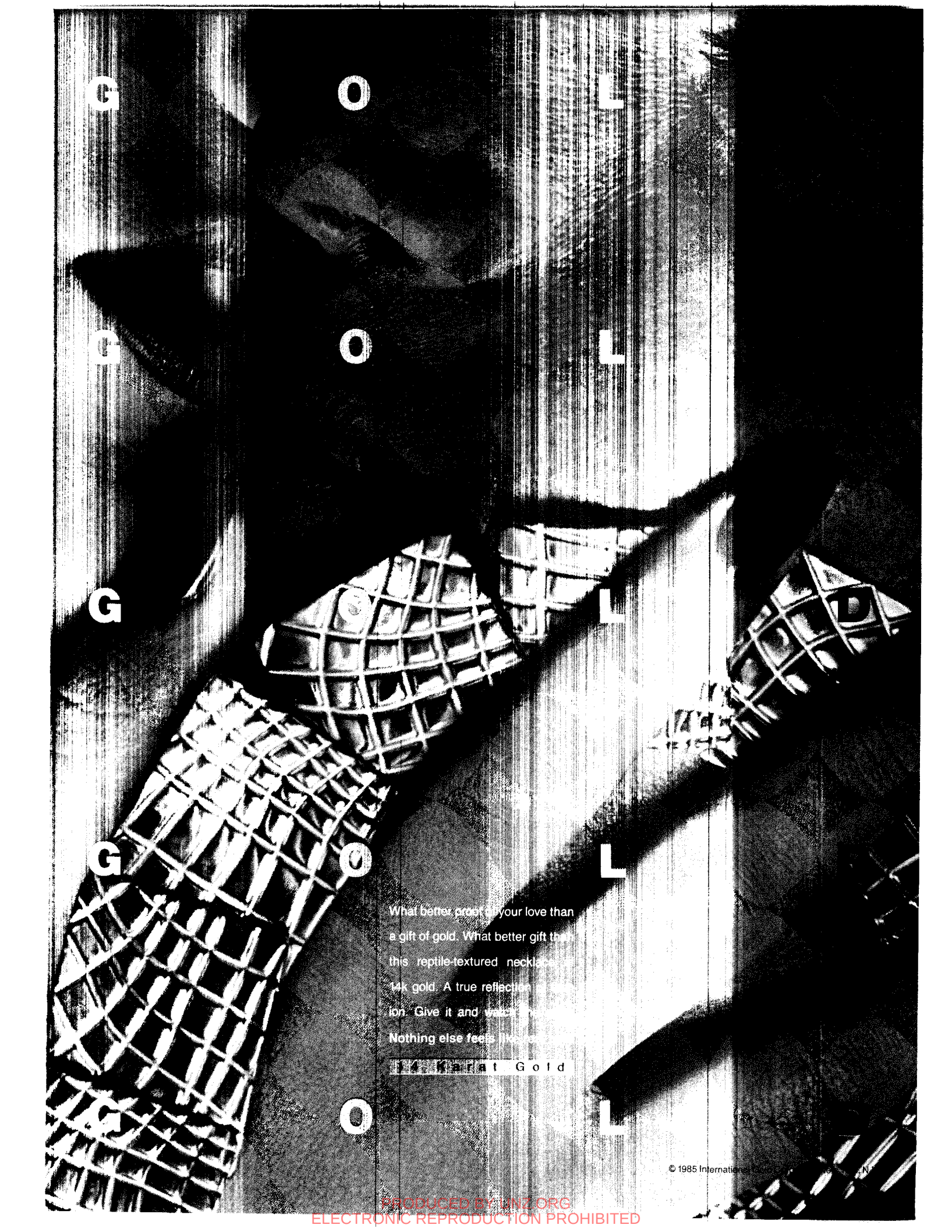
In absolute terms, of course, this sum doesn't look so huge these days, and international bankers and kindred purse-string minds seem to take a benign view of Ireland. "You Irish have got the economy of Jamaica and the credit rating of Holland," one such banker once remarked to a friend of mine, by which I suppose he meant that the all-important though unstated bottom line is that Ireland is white, English-speaking, and part of European culture. Bankers wouldn't admit it publicly, but they associate profligacy and possible default or debt repudiation with banana rather than potato-eating republics.

After a doleful chat with local bankers about high taxes, low land prices, and 17¼ percent interest rates on personal overdrafts, I headed off to see some of the few rays of light amid the darkness—salvation dressed as high tech.

Paddy Linehan says that when he became chairman of the Youghal Council, in 1980, he held an all-night prayer vigil on June 21 of that year. By May of 1981 three U.S.-owned firms were committed to setting up shop in Youghal. It's the kind of employment people mean when they use words like *post-industrial*. Doret and Bryant, the two factories alongside the main road to Waterford, just outside town, are small and clean and don't have smoke hanging over them. They make "documentation products" and rubber mouldings and employ about thirty people each.

Inside another tidy factory, looking like a health clinic up on top of Cork Hill, is Power Products, which employs 120 people in the manufacture of power converters for electronic equipment. Its parent company is in Fort Lauderdale, and it has a brisk thirty-five-year-old Irishman named Barry Kelleher as managing director.

It may be that in the wake of the Linehan-led prayers God was the ultimate sponsor of high-tech's arrival in Youghal, but Kelleher's account of why the men in Fort Lauderdale decided to set up an operation in Ireland left me in



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little doubt as to the executive agent. To firms like Power Products the Irish people, in the form of their vested instrument the Industrial Development Authority (IDA), offer 45 percent of the cost of setting up shop and also basic-training costs (including trips to the United States) and a waiver of corporate taxes on profits generated by exports. The gamble, as the economist Jeff Frieden describes it in his forthcoming survey of the Irish predicament, is with money borrowed abroad to give to the IDA, which in turn gives it to industrialists. The gamble may eventually pay off in cash terms by indirectly increasing government tax receipts from an enlarged wage bill, and it may pay off in balance-of-payments terms by increasing Irish exports. A further incentive to U.S. investors is that the Irish education system offers a bountiful supply of technically well-trained graduates prepared to start off at \$10,000 a year, less than half the opening price for their American equivalents. From Youghal the U.S. firm has a springboard into European markets, without the ball and chain of the strong-dollar costs of a purely domestic U.S. operation. And none of the software and manuals generated in the United States has to be translated.

There's a catch of sorts, at least as far as any thirty-five- or forty-year-old person who used to work at Youghal Carpets, earning \$200 a week, is concerned. The jobs at a plant like Power Products tend to go to the school-leavers and preponderantly to women, and the pay is about half what the old factories used to offer top-scale workers. As Tom O'Connell put it, "These new companies want seventeen-year-olds, new and fresh, and they want them for ten years. The thirty-five-year-old is obsolete." I've heard the same thing from unemployed steelworkers in the Mahoning Valley, all washed up at forty. It makes for a lot of stress around the house when the wife, the younger sister, or the daughter is the one bringing home the wage.

This shift in wage scales points up the great problem for any Irish government. (There have been four governments since 1977, all vainly struggling with crisis, three duly turfed out after inevitable failure.) To keep exports competitive, wages have to be low, lest the guest company take off for Portugal or Greece or even Morocco, which is itself trying to join the Common Market. But the lower the wages the less the inhabitants of Youghal can afford to buy clothes in

Merrick's, or drink in Paddy Linehan's bar, or eat candy from Tom O'Connell's shop, and the more the domestic economy stagnates. As Tom said, "There'll be a lot of window shopping this year." This is not surprising, since real unemployment in Youghal approaches 50 percent—even allowing for the "foxers," or that substantial part of the Irish population that at one time or another works off the books, in the underground economy.

I WALKED OUT TOWARD the Strand, where the old villas and lodging houses have names like Railway View, in honor of the invention that gave them their nineteenth-century prosperity. Tourism kept Youghal going in the old days, and the people of Youghal know well enough that even if new plants are coming in on the urging of the IDA (two more, making floppy disks and nappies for old folks, are on the way), they may in the end go the way of the textile factories. But people will always want to go on holiday. Youghal is remembering how to be a tourist resort. A "draft development plan" has reviewed Youghal's historical and picturesque assets: thirteenth-century church, fifteenth-century Tudor house, Cromwell's arch, the old town walls. For years many Irish people thought (correctly) that if accurately deconstructed, the "picturesque"—whether it was a color-washed cottage or a venerable shopfront—spelled poverty. Thus they rejoiced in pebble-dash bungalows and plastic shop signs. But tourists do not always appreciate the aesthetic properties of upward mobility from nineteenth-century squalor. The draft plan says somberly, "We in Ireland have a great tradition of very good handpainted signs, but, unfortunately, many new signs are brash, gaudy, and in poor taste. It is vital to remember that an otherwise very good shopfront or commercial premises can be completely ruined by brash, vulgar signs; therefore, stringent controls should be given to the size, colour, texture, and position of all these signs." So much for leprechaun schmaltz. This is a town that has to lure subsidiaries from the factories on Boston's Route 128 and tourists from the Ring of Kerry.

I wandered along the promenade in the company of some of the town's unemployed, who have little else to do with themselves each day. There on my right was Perks' Amusements, where as a fifteen-year-old I had helped run a local version of Bingo, tossing tennis balls

into a rack. In my day the big prizes were worth \$5 or \$10.

I went in, and Sal Perks Tivy, who, along with her husband, Phil, has taken the place over from her father, Jumbo, said that it's now a matter of \$1,000 prizes and that the Bingo boards are of course electronic. No more Showboat Saturday Night Dance, either. Bands cost too much, and people have television these days anyway. Sal went on to describe Youghal's Walter Raleigh Potato Festival, designed to extol Sir Walter's importation of the sacred tuber to Youghal four hundred years ago.

On my way home I gave a lift to an earnest young man from Dungarvan who was studying marketing at University College Cork. The Irish, he said, were short of good marketeers of their produce. He said some friends of his had emigrated to Australia.

That evening I went to the Choucas Restaurant, outside Youghal, which had been opened in the late 1970s to cater to the new managerial class. As I ate the exquisite Breton cooking of chef-proprietor Raymond I listened to his wife, Kendra, spiritedly explain the grotesque horrors and injustice of the "value-added" sales tax, and, more generally, the rising cost of getting by.

It was my last evening in Youghal and the sixth day straight that I had not heard the North mentioned even once, nor any politician referred to without uniform derision.

Later, an old friend from Galway, who had laid aside a turbulent political life in favor of white-collar stability, did at last mention the North in the course of a succinct résumé of the Irish situation: "In less than twenty years we've seen capitalism promise much and then fail; looking North, we've seen the nationalist mythology of Finn MacCool and Patrick Pearse end with little old ladies being blown up in shopping malls; the old ruling ideology of church and state has gone. The kids are all well educated and there's no hope for them. In the old days they didn't know it and now they do."

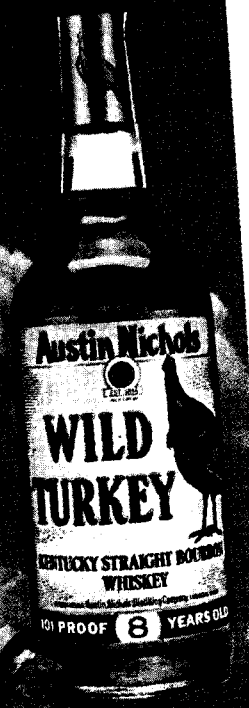
No one is painting nationalist slogans on Youghal's new plants. The *fin de siècle*, this time around, is no time for dreaming. Be thankful to have a plough, and let the stars look after themselves.

—Alexander Cockburn

Alexander Cockburn is a columnist for The Nation and The Wall Street Journal, and he contributes to numerous publications.

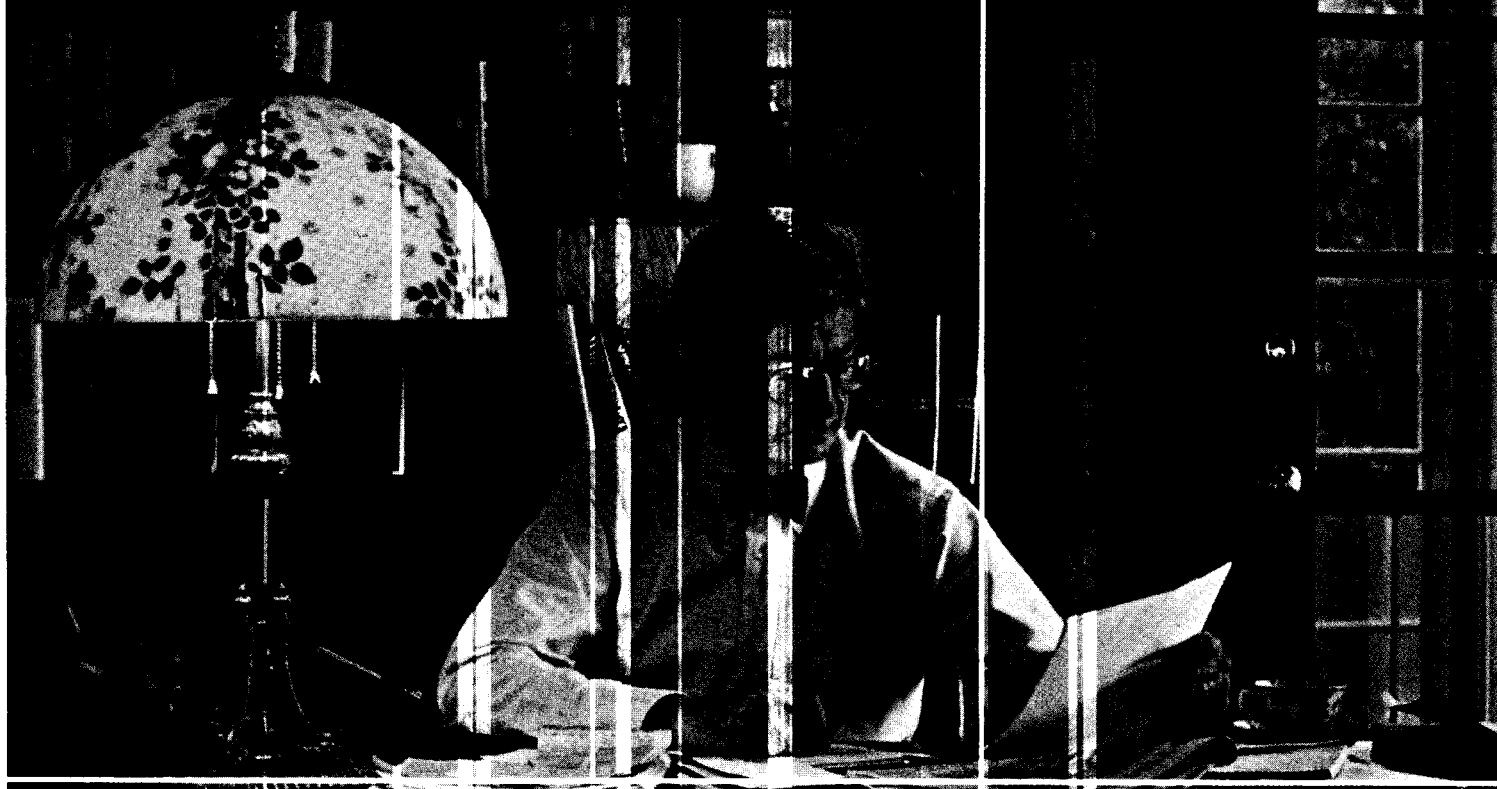


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with Raymond Moley's first "Perspective" column in 1937. And continuing through the years with voices as calm as Walter Lippmann and as impassioned as Stewart Alsop.

In addition, Newsweek introduced the first newsweekly columns on business, economics and sports, the first column

authored by guests and the first signed criticism of the arts.

Will and Greenfield have garnered top honors. Both are Pulitzer Prize winners. And both have been notable figures in the National Magazine Awards.

In fact, Newsweek staffers have won over 600 awards for excellence in journalism. More

than any other newsweekly.

Which brings us to our point: when a magazine starts striving for excellence, where there's a Will, there's a way.

Nobody gets you into
the news like
Newsweek

ONLY HUGH

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

OUT OF 104 people in town here, just one's not famous: Hugh Ode.

Hugh says he doesn't mind; he says he wouldn't want the life of a Michael Johnson.

"Of a who?" we ask.

"You know. The one they set fire to. Radio musician."

"Jackson?"

"No, I know it's Michael something."

"Michael Jackson."

"I wouldn't want all the screaming."

Hugh, he's something. Just takes not being famous in his stride. *People* magazine was going to do a story about Hugh: "One in a Hundred—A Town's Sole Non-Celeb Knows Who He Is." But Hugh said no, he wouldn't be interviewed.

Different ones are famous for different things. Ordway Peary, you know, the ball lightning picked him up and flung him through a window of First Redeemed Church into Bethany Sweal's open coffin while she was being funeralized, which of course made her famous, too, but she didn't get any chance to enjoy it, even though Ordway startled her out of what it transpired must've been just a catalytic state, I think they said it was. They never did find out how she got into it. But even though Ordway startled her out of it, well, put yourself in her shoes. When she came to, in a casket with a man who looked familiar but was sooty all over and had his clothes, eyebrows, and hair singed off and little bits of stained glass and lilies stuck to him, why she had a heart attack and died. Bethany, you know, never married.

Ginger Creekmore, last year when she was nine, was the one wrote a letter to the President saying she knew he had the interests of the Free World at heart in some cute way. I forget how she worded it, but he

read it out loud on national TV and praised her by name, and then she got interviewed and said she wanted to grow up and be the person who operates the electric chair some day, so I guess the press had a heyday with that. You know how the press will do.

Mavis Dews, she was on *The \$25,000 Pyramid* with that one that plays the secretary on Bob Newhart, used to. When he was the psychopath. Now I guess he runs a hotel. Mavis said "Bosoms" as the answer to two different questions, I forget what the questions were, and it went over right well.

Talk about psychopaths, Vaughn and Marge Ogle actually had to start seeing one, they got so famous. They had some kind of marriage, I forget what it was called exactly, but it involved their birds some kind of way. It was quite the news when it came out on Charles Kuralt. Had parrots and, oh, cockertoos, cockerteels, all these different cockerbirds, and they would communicate through them, see, and started offering courses in it. But then so many people, instead

of writing in, just showed up in their cars looking for personal counseling, *honking*, at all hours. It put so much pressure on Vaughn and Marge's marriage—well, they weren't married, for one thing. That came out. When they went on Donahue. Marge blurted that they weren't even interested in each other, hardly. They just both liked birds. She said the birds weren't all that interested in Vaughn, either, because he yelled and was too picky. Vaughn got all upset and said she was always trying to turn the birds against him.

Then come to find out Miz Wygrand was a folk artist, with her little figurines she makes with lard and putty and beef gristle and blow-in cards. Those are the little subscription cards that drop out of magazines all the time. She don't *take* any magazines, either—except, well, now *Art in America* ever since she was in it. But she always just hung around the post office and picked up the cards, and we always thought—well, we'd say, "She's harmless." Now they've got her in a museum in Toronto.

Earl and Ora Whisenant, they're the ones had the tag sale where somebody bought as a Egyptian mummy what turned out—no, I guess it was the other way around. It was *sold* as a bundle of antique shirtwaists. And then later it was appraised as a Egyptian mummy. Had just been down in their basement, all these years. Off in a corner.

So of course anyway we have a local roast every week. "We all knew Terrine before she was famous and I want to say she hasn't changed a bit. Course I don't know why she had to go and have a phone put in just so she could then turn around and unlist it."

She did, too. Terrine Pharr. She's the one—you must've seen her getting worked over by

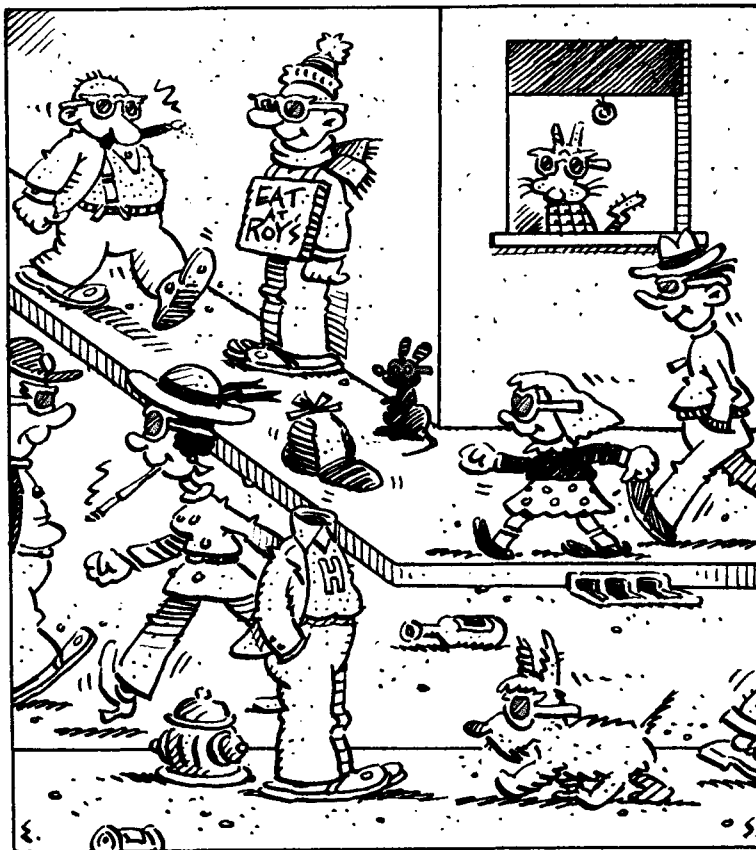
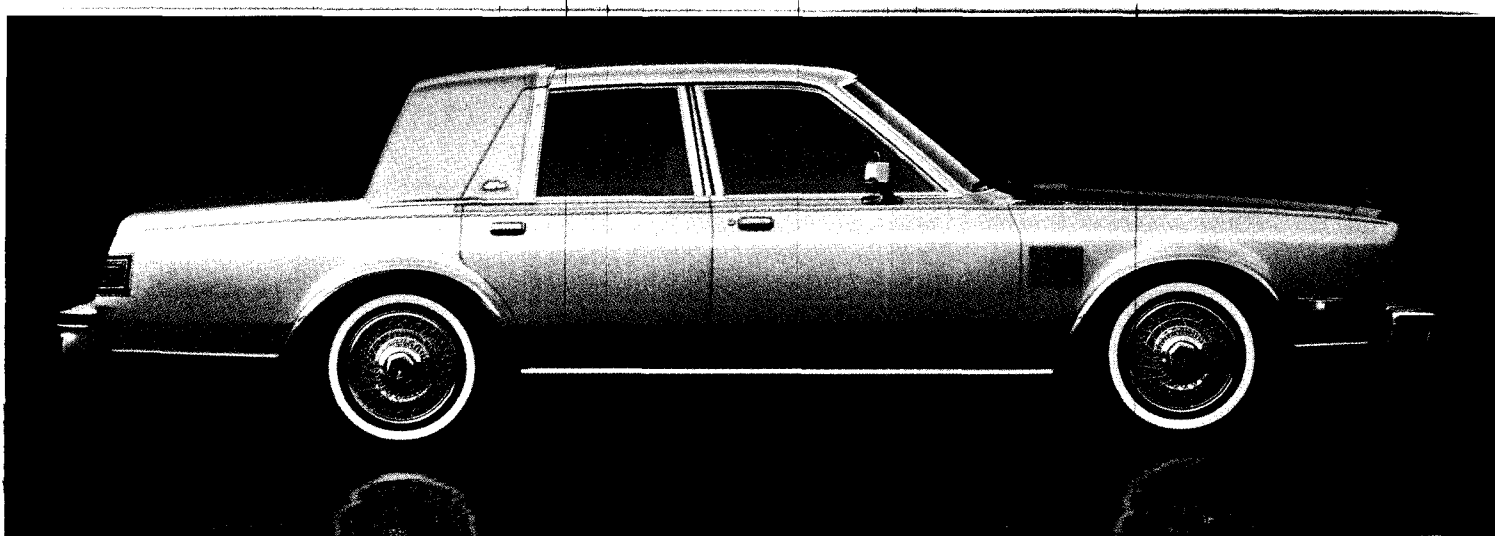


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THE DUSE ENCHANTMENT

(or, how her heart caught fire
over a Sambuca Romana.)

When they met, she was at the height of her powers, an actress adored, even worshiped, by all Italy. He, rising poet, novelist, journalist, was the pampered son of a wealthy landowner. Together, Eleonora Duse and Gabriele D'Annunzio were a memorable conflagration.

Both, it is said, were habitués of a certain Roman cafe. There D'Annunzio was introduced to the potent seduction of Sambuca Romana, Rome's remarkable liqueur distilled from berries of the wild elderbush. Its suavity and elegance appealed to his poet's sense of form; his ardent nature responded to the fire at its center.

It was on a warm evening in June that Duse and her coterie arrived at the cafe just as D'Annunzio's liqueur had been served. One of his friends insisted that he meet the great actress, taking him to her table. The full force of her beauty was overwhelming. Impetuously, he drew up a chair and fell deep into conversation.

As they talked, he toyed with his glass, dropping roasted coffee beans into it one by one until three floated there. Pausing to light a cigarette, he held the match for a moment close to the liqueur. A blue flame danced over its surface, matching the flame born at that instant in the hearts of poet and actress.

Thus began a relationship that for six years inspired them both: him to write plays for her to perform; her to performances of incandescent radiance.

As for Sambuca Romana Con Mosca, the drink the poet created, the taste is history.



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Ted Koppel—the one that adopted her father, changed his name legally, and then married him. You'd have to know Terrine; it wasn't anything like it looked. She just loves going through channels. Soon as she got it into her head that a private citizen could file a writ and all, why it was Katy bar the door. She had her dad incorporated, too, and registered as a flag of convenience. She sat next to Hugh Oge at one roast and he said, "Just don't declare me a national monument or nothing, Terrine, 'cause I don't want to be always shooing squirrels off my head."

Ed Liveright, now . . . What is it again that Ed is famous for? I believe it was *Ed* that was sold, as the Egyptian mummy. No, because he won't go in anybody's basement. He's got a fear of depths.

IDECLARE, IT'S getting hard to keep people straight. I used to know everybody in town and didn't have a second thought about it, but now that you've seen so many of them on TV, why I'll see somebody I've known for thirty years and say to myself, "Isn't that . . . ?" You know. I don't remember whether I know them or just know who they are. If you was to run Claus V. Bulow past me right now I'd have to stop and think whether I know him from seeing him on Merv or from having him sell me Red Wing shoes in specially narrow sizes out of his house. I have the narrowest feet, for a heavysset man; my whole family do.

And Worley Belt, he does quite a business in outsizes with those Red Wings. He doesn't look anything like Claus Bulow; I'm just using him as an illustration of how you'll get confused. Worley's not famed for his shoes. He was on *20/20* concerning his own German dirigible that he was constructing off to one side of his house. Course we had to zone him out of that. Took it up before the commission, zoned him out of any lighter-than-air construction on his property. Hate to zone a man's land out of anything, but Worley wouldn't use helium, like normal people, he had to use hydrogen, for historical accuracy. And us sitting there in the shadow of it trying on shoes. We let him inflate it that one time, for the show, and be John Brown if it didn't blow sky high. Great TV, oh, yeah. "But Worley," we said, "something like that is great TV *once*."

At the roasts, though—matter of fact, we roasted Hugh Oge one time. Forgot

he wasn't famous. He went along with it. Just requested no remarks about his baldness. We go through the jury rolls alphabetically—well, reverse-alphabetically, because Fielder Yerkes is so old we wanted to make sure we got him in. It's his house, you know, where the face of Gene Rayburn showed up in the wood grain when he sanded down his porch door.

We don't roast Ordway Peary, because he don't want to hear about anything hot. Since the lightning. He was the one, remember, I told you was flung by the lightning? Into Bethany Sweal's arms? That's how they knew for sure she must've been brought back to life, because they had to prize him out of her grasp. Though I think frankly Ordway trades on his fame. Without bragging about it in detail, cause then he'd have to talk about the lightning. He don't want any mention of anything bright *or* hot. Course he will say *that* quite often.

You'll say something about the shooting stars being so bad this year and Ordway'll say, "Whoa. I'm going to have to ask you to change the topic. I don't want to hear *nothing* about anything that bright and hot." And he'll look off into the distance. Ordway I think is one person who it went to his head.

The rest of us take it right well, don't make a big deal of it, you know. We have a celebrity picnic every year; Hugh Oge gets to come as somebody's guest. And he will, too; he's used to being around us—you know, it's nothing for him where he's got to be pointing people out. Ordway, now, he'll get kind of obvious about standing a long way from where the wienies are being cooked.

Ordway, of course, he was one of the most dead-set ones of us against Worley Belt's zeppelin. Ordway'd go from house to house and wouldn't even say, "After all I've been through." He'd just look off into the distance and say he felt it especially incumbent on him to raise certain issues.

That's something a lot of us have wrestled with—whether we ought to speak out, you know, on things like, oh, crises of the world. Just because a man's got national attention for being glued to the floor of his rocks-gems-and-minerals shop by holdup men—taking Kaymore Dark for example. They used that Super Glue, you know, he like to never got up *off* that floor; he did three interviews while he was stuck there. Just because a man's a household name for being glued

to his floor or whatever, don't by virtue of that make him an expert on the deficit, say.

But some of us feel like, well, maybe we have a responsibility to speak out when it's something that affects every generation. Earl Whisenant started a petition to outlaw social studies in the nation's schools. I didn't sign it, because I didn't think I ought to influence people to say to themselves, "Well, he's on TV," just because I'm on TV, "I guess I ought to sign too." It's something I've thought a lot about.

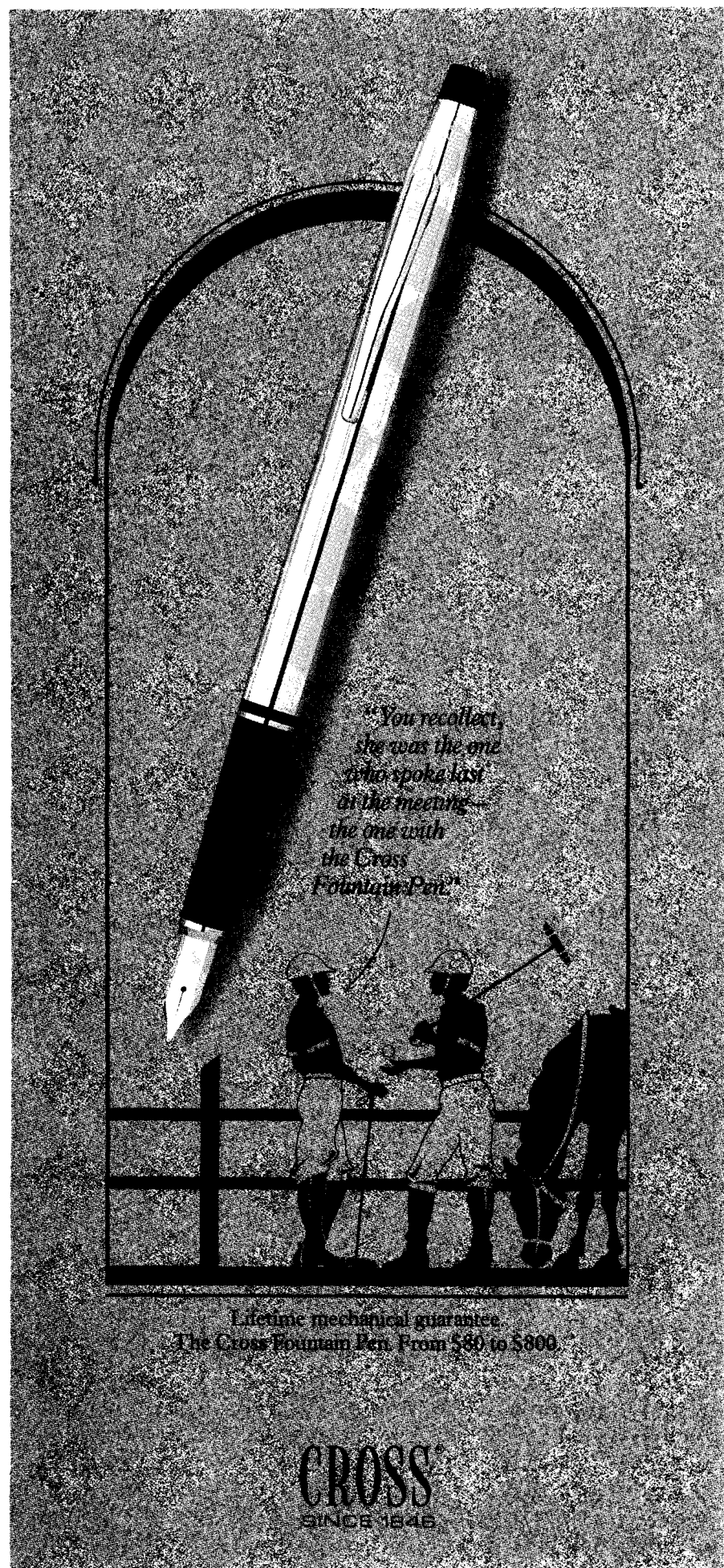
How I got my show was, the cable was out here filming a movie based on one of us, I forget which one, and the producer, Barry, and I got talking. He said he was looking for fresh faces, people that hadn't been in whitener commercials or on *The Salt of the Earth Show* or anything. And I hadn't. And his eyes lit up, because, the way he put it, "The thing is, you *look* like you haven't."

So, well, I guess they built the whole concept around me. *Nobody Special*. I'm the host, and our staff goes far and wide to find guests that maybe aren't fabulous, maybe didn't ever do anything all that incredible, maybe wouldn't ever be picked out of a crowd, but that's the point. People are getting back to the basic values now. People want to know there are average people out there: it's reassuring. People look at our show and say, "What business has *that* character got being on TV?" And seems like it gives them a lift.

And, of course, well, it's made a difference in my life. I can pick up *Us* magazine and feel like a part of it now. I tried to get Hugh O'ge to do a spot on the show, but he said, "No, I just couldn't handle the pulling on my coat-tails. Everybody getting my reaction to this, that, and the other. Breaking into my trailer home wanting to know what I'm really like."

Then too there are some in town who maintain Hugh isn't doing anything more in this world than just biding his time. Particularly since he started building that—well, to hear Hugh tell it, he's not building anything, he's just puttering. We don't really know what it is. But it's taking shape. And the zoning commission's getting concerned. "If you ask me," Worley Belt was saying the other day, "it's a ark." □

Roy Blount, Jr., a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*, is the author of *One Fell Soup* and *What Men Don't Tell Women*.



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she was the one
who spoke last
at the meeting—
the one with
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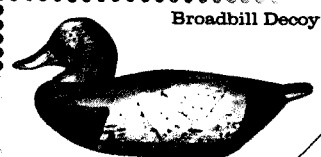
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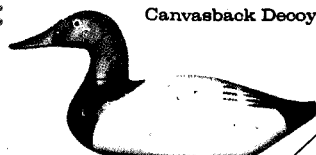
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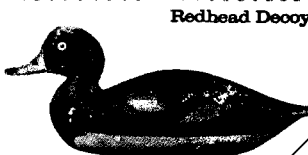
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Twenty years of Western assistance have done little to help, and much to harm, the Africans' ability to feed themselves

WHEN FOREIGN AID FAILS

BY JACK SHEPHERD

DURING THE PAST FEW months Americans have witnessed an enormous outpouring of emergency food aid into Africa. But while relief workers toil in the dusty feeding camps of that beleaguered continent, bureaucrats in Western capitals are asking questions that reach far beyond the current starvation to the basic issue of Africa's survival. Some of these questions are troubling:

Has aid from the West been wasted on ill-conceived projects that have largely failed?

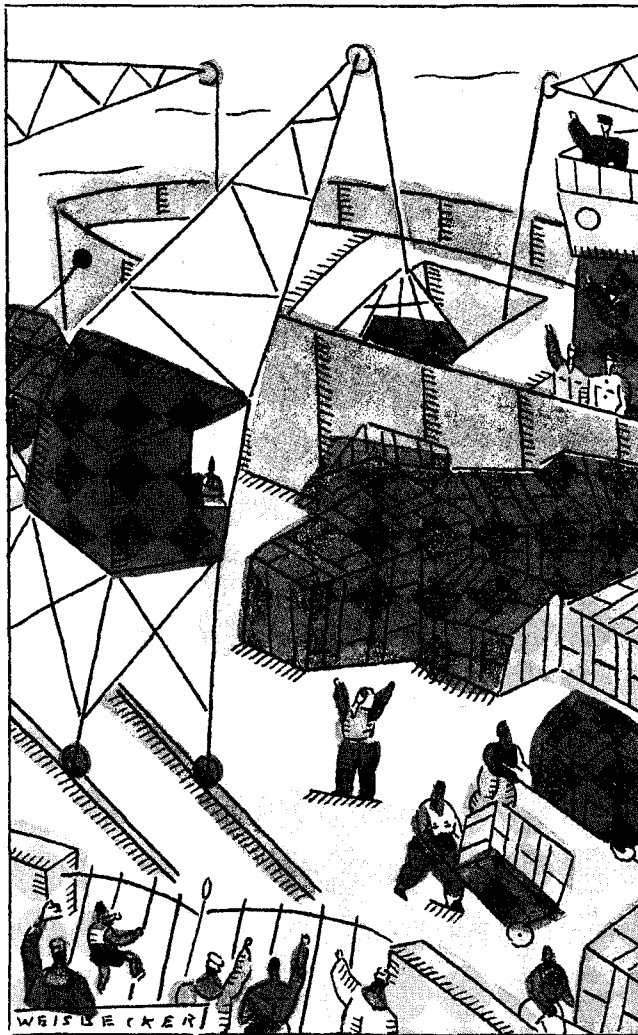
Has this aid actually contributed to—or even worsened—the problems it was intended to alleviate?

If past projects have failed, what kind of long-term development assistance should Africa receive?

The answers to these questions carry profound implications. They will lead to policies that will in turn determine how fast, and in what manner, Africa recovers.

They will shape the levels of support the World Bank, the United States, and other international donors will give to African development projects that are intended to help Africa's farmers return to their land and grow their own food. And they will affect the internal economic and political policies of at least twenty-six African nations that now need emergency food aid and long-term assistance.

Everyone agrees that Africa is in immediate peril. Some 150 million Africans—perhaps one person in every three below the Sahara—are in dire need of emergency food. Five million African children died from hunger-related causes in 1984, and millions of Africans face permanent physical and mental damage from chronic malnutrition. In



most sub-Saharan nations emergency food aid will be needed throughout this year to combat what is being called the worst famine of the century.

Everyone also agrees that African nations and relief organizations must start working together to create the conditions for the recovery of Africa's land, agriculture, and people. But the United States and the international development agencies don't agree with Africans or with each other about what has caused Africa's plight, or on what should be done about it.

Most Africans claim that the causes are external to Africa: the low prices for the continent's export crops (such as coffee, tea, cocoa), the high cost of imported energy (up 757 percent between 1960 and 1978), and the increase in Africa's debt from \$5.7 billion in 1970 to more than \$51.3 billion by 1983. The gap between Africa's export revenues and

its import expenditures reached \$10.7 billion in 1983, and the outflow for repayment of debts is now greater than the inflow of loans. According to the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund (and others), Africans must continue to grow cash crops in order to earn foreign exchange that will enable them to repay their debts. But the falling prices of cash crops—prices that, Africans claim, are controlled by Western markets—restrict Africa's ability to repay debts and to import necessary items like food.

The World Bank, the IMF, international relief agencies, and most Western governments, including the United States government, say that conditions *inside* sub-Saharan Africa cause the problem. They cite policies of many Af-

rican governments which, by holding down food prices in the cities, favor the urban consumer over the rural producer; the lack of incentives to peasant farmers; and a fragile and deteriorating natural environment. Also, the population growth rate in sub-Saharan Africa averages 3.2 percent per year and has reached 4.1 percent in Kenya, the Ivory Coast, and Botswana (those countries' populations will double in seventeen years), and the area's rural-to-urban migration rate is eight percent a year. As a result, whereas in 1950 only three African cities had populations of more than 500,000, now twenty-nine cities are that large and several have more than a million inhabitants. This urbanization has also changed African eating habits; city dwellers have come to prefer imported wheat and rice to traditional foods like yams, cassava, and millet.

ON ONE KEY ISSUE, HOWEVER, DONORS AND AFRICANS do agree: the aid provided during the past two decades has helped little, and the existing aid programs need reappraisal. Before the colonial period African agriculture was geared to self-sufficiency in food production. Most societies fed themselves, although famines were not unheard of; the first recorded famine in Ethiopia, for example, occurred in the ninth century. But when hunger came, people dipped into reserves or migrated. African farmers, tilling fragile and easily destroyed soils, also practiced terracing, crop rotation, green manuring, and mixed farming.

During almost a century of colonial rule African agriculture was transformed. Colonial governments favored large-scale plantation operations that produced cash crops for the benefit of the colonial power. Independent African farmers got pushed onto marginal land or, more often, into soil-poor native reserves; some had to work on the large cash-crop farms or in town. Still, many African nations were self-sufficient with respect to food, or were even exporting food, in the early 1960s.

With independence, however, African governments promoted industrialization at the expense of food production, while continuing the colonial pattern of producing cash crops to earn foreign exchange. Food imports increased in the two decades after most of Africa became independent, and as world prices for cash crops fell and populations grew rapidly and debts rose, many new African governments found themselves struggling to feed their people.

During the 1970s African governments inaugurated a range of projects aimed at increasing domestic-food production. The ones most widely favored—funded by the United States Agency for International Development (USAID), the World Bank, and other international agen-

cies—were large, mechanized, and highly capitalized. Moreover, investment in food production often favored crops consumed by people in the cities: wheat, rice, and sugar.

A vast portion of the aid went to what some donors now admit were "easy options"—projects that drew on donor expertise and promised a rapid rate of return. Some of the schemes involved tractors, chemical fertilizers, irrigation, and large-scale state farms. Money also went into highly visible projects such as highways, hospitals in urban areas, and convention halls. But deep plowing and the use of chemical fertilizers did not increase yields, and perhaps even threatened an African farming system that had evolved over centuries. The Green Revolution, so successful in parts of Asia, did not transplant well to Africa, with its fragile soils, variable climates, and need for irrigation. Irrigation projects tended to produce a great deal of food but at a cost of \$20,000 a hectare, and sometimes they drew off farm labor better used elsewhere, or spread schistosomiasis and other waterborne diseases. Furthermore, as the London-based organization Earthscan recently reported, irrigated land in Africa becomes barren when it accumulates salt or when poor drainage leads to waterlogging. Earthscan's study concluded that for every acre successfully irrigated during the 1970s in Africa, another acre of farmland became useless and was abandoned.

A sampling of major agricultural projects might include a scheme started at Mopti, along the Niger River, in West Africa, nine years ago. A capital-intensive irrigation project, it was designed to increase rice production. But production fell, from fifty bags per hectare to fifteen bags, because of an infestation of wild rice and the low resistance of imported rice seeds to irregular and inadvertent flooding.

In Tanzania a Canadian-aided wheat scheme begun in 1970 has cost some \$44 million. Sixty thousand acres of land were taken from a pastoral people, the Barbaig, who were pushed onto marginal areas that have by now been overgrazed by their cattle. Moreover, according to a report quoted by Colin Hines and Barbara Dinham in *The Ecologist*, "Technology being applied to these large-scale fully mechanized operations is alarmingly similar to the technology used in western Canada which contributed to the catastrophic soil erosions (dust bowls) of the 1930s." The Tanzanian farms were laid out prairie style, and rainstorms cut huge gullies through the fields.

During the 1970s the Sudan started up several sugar operations, with the hope of exporting sugar to richer Arab neighbors. Two small operations have been successful, but four others are bogged down in technical and managerial problems and cost overruns. One of the largest sugar operations in the world got under way in 1974 in Kenana. The cost had been estimated at \$150 million; the final bill for the start-up was \$613 million. The scheme called for a forty-megawatt electrical station, a network of conduits and canals up to twenty miles long, a pumping station to lift the Nile waters 150 feet from the canals to the fields, and a factory to crush 170,000 tons of sugarcane a day. Roads and

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transport were also needed to move the sugar a thousand miles to Port Sudan. But power shortages crippled the pumping station and the factory. Fuel costs made transportation expensive, and what irrigation took place spread schistosomiasis. In the end the Sudanese government may have to subsidize its sugar-export program.

Not all Western development projects have failed. In Guinea-Bissau, for example, a United States aid project helped hundreds of small farmers to increase their rice yields by 400 to 900 percent in just two years. Nearly all the rice is consumed locally.

Nor have all the failures been Western. Soviet economic aid to Africa has been so uniformly unsuccessful that the Russians have cut their already minuscule programs and given priority to the sale of arms and energy, which generates the return of hard currency. During the 1960s and early 1970s, however, the Soviets offered big projects to the Africans. At Diamou, Mali, for example, the Russians built a cement factory with a capacity of 50,000 tons a year—and then discovered that the road and rail systems could not handle this output and that there were no markets nearby anyway. A Russian meat-canning plant in Somalia operated at only 5.3 percent of capacity, because few cattle were available (Africans generally regard cattle as investments against future hardship) and because Somalis prefer fresh meat to canned. A Soviet fish-processing plant also failed, because it was too large and too far from the sea.

Western development assistance, however, unlike that from the Communist bloc, has focused on African agriculture. The failure to feed Africa is largely its failure. During the 1970s the West poured some \$22.5 billion in economic development aid into sub-Saharan Africa—the area most affected by starvation today. The amount is now more than \$7.77 billion a year (beyond the cost of emergency aid).

The results have been dismal. In sub-Saharan Africa per capita food production decreased in the 1970s by an average of 1.2 percent a year. Production of major food crops fell 14 percent—and continues to fall, by two percent a year—while the volume of food imports increased by an average of 9.5 percent annually. By 1981 sub-Saharan Africa required 3.7 million tons of food aid each year. Now the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) reports that the region will need 9.6 million tons of food aid in 1985. Put another way, by the end of this year one in five Africans—the equivalent of the entire urban population—will be living solely on imported food aid.

What happened? The simplest answer is that only a small proportion of economic aid was actually invested in Africa's agriculture. Of \$7.5 billion given during the 1970s to eight West African countries, for example, only 24 percent was spent on agriculture and less than 12 percent reached rural areas. Even less got to smallholders, who are thought to be Africa's most productive farmers.

The World Bank, in a report issued last September, said that donor nations had pressured African governments during the 1970s to take on projects that were expensive, inappropriate in design and selection, and too large, and that

"contributed little to economic growth or to generating foreign exchange to service the debt." These projects—which the Bank called "white elephants"—had been selected for their potential in enhancing a nation's political prestige (a large state-farms scheme in Zambia, for example) and without regard for the economic rate of return (the sugar-production plan in the Sudan).

ONE IMPORTANT ISSUE, THEREFORE, IS THE MECHANISM for choosing and designing aid projects. What size should those projects be? Who should benefit? Should they emphasize industrialization, cash crops, or food production? Should they benefit the large-scale producer or the small farmer?

A second issue is food aid itself. Although few oppose the use of surplus food for emergency purposes, long-term "project" food aid—which constitutes some 30 percent of all food aid—may depress farm prices in the aid area, not reach those who need food most, promote shifts in food-consumption patterns away from local foods to imported foods, encourage dependence on make-work and food handouts, and (perhaps the worst effect it has had during the current emergency) reduce the incentive of recipient African nations to develop and carry out agricultural-policy reforms. Even the agencies involved in food aid are raising questions. For example, in 1980 the Presidential Commission on World Hunger stated: "Food aid has also enabled some recipient governments to postpone essential agricultural reforms, to give low priority to agricultural investment, and to maintain a pricing system which gives farmers inadequate incentives to increase local production required for greater self-reliance in basic foodstuffs." A recent working paper of the European Economic Community concluded: "Confine food aid to emergency aid and otherwise replace it with financial assistance." Similar opinions were expressed by the House of Lords, by the World Council of Churches, and by an umbrella group of seventy-five Canadian volunteer food agencies, which recommended that "except in cases of emergencies food aid be abolished."

Long-term project food aid may take several forms, but the most popular with USAID and other donors are Mother-Child Health and Food for Work.

Mother-Child Health (M-CH) is very attractive politically—who can oppose feeding mothers and children?—but controversial nutritionally. The foods used in this program are often entirely imported and of kinds not produced locally; the mothers who use food aid sometimes come to depend on these imported food items. Moreover, surveys from the field, as detailed in Tony Jackson's *Against the Grain*, report that some M-CH projects have made little difference nutritionally. In Ghana, for example, nutritionists noted that the levels of malnutrition were the same in several villages whether or not the children received food aid. This finding has been confirmed by every report on M-CH worldwide except one. In the Dominican

Republic preschool children were weighed monthly for two years. These children showed no noticeable weight gain except during the mango and avocado seasons and whenever food aid *stopped*. Nutritionists questioned the mothers and discovered that when the children were receiving food aid, their mothers, who overvalued this "wonder food," fed them less of the local produce. When food aid failed to arrive, the mothers increased their children's portions of the local food. This caused the weight gain. The investigation has been repeated in Africa, with the same ironic result: during normal harvest times malnourished children consuming food aid gain no weight; without the food aid, however, the children gain weight by eating locally grown foods.

Food for Work (FFW) is the only long-term project food aid with the potential to increase local food production. FFW programs are principally labor-intensive schemes undertaken in areas with high levels of underemployment and unemployment. Secondly they produce farm-to-market roads, introduce soil-conservation measures, construct irrigation canals, and so forth. In the Sahel the construction of irrigation systems, roads into farming areas, and rural storage facilities—partly by means of FFW projects—has helped lessen the impact of the current drought, although the level of per capita cereal production in 1984 was only 71 percent of the average level during the drought of 1967–1974.

Workers in FFW programs often receive most of their wages in food aid. But the primary beneficiaries seem to be those who possess land or who are in the food-aid bureaucracies. A report on Tunisia by the FAO explained, "The WFP [World Food Programme] project cannot at present refuse any request for assistance even when this request comes from wealthy farmers who ask for the planting and maintenance of several dozen hectares: this amounts to a payment by the State, with WFP rations, of the wages of workers employed by the large proprietors and gives them the benefits of credits and subsidies intended in principle for the disadvantaged." This is a good example, the report continued, of how food aid "in principle intended to satisfy basic

needs of poor rural people, in fact ends by increasing the economic power and control of land by the large owners." A WFP report on Botswana agreed: the primary beneficiaries of an FFW scheme ended up being "the larger, more prosperous farmers."

FFW projects have, of course, produced some positive results: unemployed people get work and food, and women may learn skills traditionally reserved to men. But a lot of FFW is simply make-work. For example, 7,800 miles of access roads were constructed or repaired in a single African nation, according to the agency sponsoring the project—which meant that every secondary road in the country might have been rebuilt at least twice. One official admitted that "it was just an excuse to give out food."

Food aid may draw workers out of agricultural production. Sometimes workers have abandoned worthwhile self-help efforts in order to join FFW and other project food-aid schemes. In 1976 a World Food Programme report on West Africa stated that farmers had shifted from sorghums to millet to groundnuts as "the result of past food aid programmes [which] create and foster a dependency in the farmers' minds on food aid being provided year after year."

Food aid has not only encouraged pointless shifts to new crops but also discouraged the planting of indigenous crops. WFP workers in Ghana found that food aid had this effect on local farmers: "The following year, [an aid worker] discovered that

the people he had 'helped,' expecting the same help the following year, had sown less grain in time for the rains."

Food aid may compete with local African agriculture for limited resources. Most imported food aid undermines the price structure for locally produced food. Marginal farmers cannot compete with subsidized food aid, so they join the ranks of those compelled to survive on food assistance. This not only increases the number of dependent people but also depletes capital, which is needed to improve transportation, storage, and other basic facilities.

One dramatic example of disincentives occurred in Lesotho. Small farmers in that landlocked southern-African nation found that by participating in Food for Work proj-



ects for five months they could earn the equivalent of their annual outlay for food. Families with more than one FFW worker could reduce the time still further. That is, two family members could collect the same amount of food from two and a half months of FFW food-aid wages as they could produce in a year of working their land. It is not surprising that fallow land in Lesotho increased by 26 percent from 1970 to 1980, as farmers shifted out of production and into FFW programs. From 1975 to 1980 the number of Food for Work recipients in Lesotho increased by 30 percent. Half the people of that small nation now receive U.S. food aid.

FOR GOOD REASON, LITTLE RE-EVALUATION OF PROJECT food aid is taking place during the current emergency in Africa. And in some African countries emergency feeding programs will likely merge into long-term supplemental-feeding operations like FFW and Mother-Child Health programs. It is an easy progression. Food aid for emergencies is often distributed by the same groups and through the same bureaucratic channels that provide project food aid. Targeting, handling, and distributing emergency food aid takes an enormous amount of administrative work and requires the services of dock workers, trucks, storage facilities, and health and other personnel. Once set up, feeding operations tend to develop on their own momentum.

Even in the face of local opposition, pressure to continue distributing food aid persists for several reasons: the belief that food aid is doing no harm and perhaps some good, the convenience of food aid as a way of redistributing surplus food, competition among donors to win international approval. Some program administrators are convinced that food aid should continue until local food production and supplies are restored and local markets are back in operation. But by continuing, food-aid programs may forestall a solution to the very problem they were designed to alleviate.

Here is where the priorities of the international agencies, the United States, and the Africans come into conflict. The international agencies designed long-term development-assistance programs to stimulate African agricultural production. But U.S. food-aid programs were initiated to get rid of this nation's seemingly endless agricultural surpluses. So where is the incentive to halt food-aid programs? Would African nations be better off raising cash crops and using the earned foreign exchange to pay for imported food at concessional prices from the United States and other nations with food surpluses? These are questions that the various aid donors and the Africans must resolve. The donors must decide what kinds of development assistance they wish to give, and the Africans must decide what they wish to receive. The conflict between donors and recipients is reflected in two documents that shape the discussion now under way.

The World Bank report *Accelerated Development in Sub-*

Saharan Africa: An Agenda for Action, called the Berg Report, after its principal author, Dr. Elliot Berg, was published in 1981. One of the most comprehensive studies of Africa's economic situation, the Berg Report regards Africa's internal policies as the principal causes of recent problems. Its prescriptions, not surprisingly, stress changes in those internal policies.

The World Bank, and the Reagan Administration, believe that the crisis in Africa is "overwhelmingly" one of low agricultural production and rapid population growth. Low production, they agree, has resulted from internal policies that created "inappropriate production incentives." The Bank therefore suggests "domestic policy reform" and "increased external assistance" as ways to overcome Africa's problems. The Bank believes that African nations urgently need to revise their pricing and budgetary policies, devalue their currencies, and improve their transportation, energy, sewage-disposal, water-supply, and communications facilities. In more recent reports the Bank also recommends ending most, if not all, large-scale projects in Africa and giving support to smallholders, rural farm-to-market roads, and storage facilities.

On the African side is *The Lagos Plan of Action for the Implementation of the Monrovia Strategy for the Economic Development of Africa*, adopted by the Organization of African Unity in 1980 and subsequently signed by fifty heads of state on the continent. The plan disavows colonialism's legacy to Africa of dependence on cash crops for export and favors the upgrading of African agriculture, increased food production, and African regional cooperation. Moreover, it advocates strengthening the subregional economic communities, with the idea that these would lead to a pan-African common market by the year 2000. Such communities now include the ten-nation Economic Community of Central African States; the newly revived East African Community of Uganda, Kenya, and Tanzania; the Economic Community of West African States; and the Southern African Development Coordination Conference. These fledgling groups have not yet tackled the problems of rapid population growth, declining food production, drought and desertification, the spread of disease, and the lack of communication. But they are starting a process that may help redistribute food inside Africa and stimulate African agricultural production. Perhaps most important of all, the *Lagos Plan* and these economic groups symbolize the Africans' realization that they must change, that they must start feeding themselves. Some thirty-four African states have already developed national food strategies, and twelve are now implementing them.

The Berg Report and the *Lagos Plan* underscore the basic conflicts between international donors and Africans. The Berg Report recommends that Africa continue along the path it has followed since independence. The World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, the United States, and other donors stress cash-crop over food-crop production. But the *Lagos Plan* (among other sources) argues that this path leads to perpetual food dependence

and should be abandoned. The Organization of African Unity and the FAO recommend increasing Africa's production of food for local consumption and cutting back on cash crops, to reduce Africa's dependence on world markets.

WHATEVER ROAD IS ULTIMATELY TAKEN, ONE ADDITIONAL obstacle remains: funding for Africa's long-term development is being cut back. Ironically—given the current emergency—multilateral development assistance to sub-Saharan Africa declined last year by \$300 million. Of the total amount of development aid contributed by the West, the United States provided roughly ten percent. Here the conflict is between the international agencies and the United States, the world's principal aid donor.

The World Bank, a multilateral institution with 148 members, has made Africa its regional priority for the 1980s. Its disbursements to the continent have increased by 50 percent over the past three years, to \$1.14 billion, and the increases are continuing. But Bank officials believe that "painful internal policy reforms" cannot be undertaken by African governments without "substantial increases in foreign assistance." The Bank has recently called for an additional \$2 billion in economic assistance for Africa. The donor nations have yet to raise the full amount.

The Reagan Administration, influenced by the Berg Report, is cutting back U.S. contributions to multilateral aid and favoring bilateral aid that it can control. Moreover, it is shifting from an aid policy based on need to one based on internal African politics, free-market ideology, and U.S. strategic and security interests.

For example, while U.S. food aid to Africa increased by 40 percent during the past three years, U.S. military sales to the world's hungriest continent jumped by 150 percent. Whereas in 1981 nineteen African states were receiving U.S. military aid, now the number is thirty-six. But this year more than half of all U.S. economic aid to Africa will go to just five nations: Somalia, the Sudan, Kenya, Liberia, and Zaire.

In a dramatic shift of American foreign policy the Reagan Administration is cutting U.S. funds to the multinational donors. It will end all U.S. contributions to the World Bank's International Development Association—the "soft loan" window where Africans and others apply for such aid. It has opposed nearly fifty loans considered by the Bank and smaller agencies—including six loans in 1984 for Ethiopia. It cut donations to the International Fund for Agricultural Development, which during the past six years has spent \$400 million to assist poor African farmers. Worst of all, the Reagan Administration stopped all

funding for the International Planned Parenthood Federation, despite the urgent need to slow Africa's population growth rate.

The Reagan Administration has announced that in place of multilateral projects it is sponsoring its own program in Africa, which includes the Economic Policy Initiative (EPI). This program seeks to influence development policies in specific African nations by stressing "conditionality": U.S. aid in exchange for internal austerity measures and policy changes. The EPI in its present form will supply \$500 million in economic aid over the next five years to those African nations willing to undertake "more dynamic, growth-oriented economic policies."

Supporters of the EPI admit that it will not, of itself, "turn the tide" in Africa, or induce the policy changes that are being sought by the World Bank and others. The small amount of money involved (the EPI does not compare, for example, to the Administration's \$8.8 billion aid package for Central America) is to be focused on a few nations, for greatest impact. It will, in brief, be a start.

Opponents of the EPI, some Africans among them, argue that its funding is inadequate and that its provisions violate nations' sovereignty. Economic policy that is acceptable to American Republicans may not be acceptable to Africans. Opponents also ask whether the United States will turn its back on hungry nations that cannot or don't wish to change their economic policies or that don't agree with our definition of internal economic reform.

What should be the next step in Africa?

The drought's effect is only one—although the most distressing—aspect of Africa's crisis. Agricultural output continues to decline, while food imports increase; population growth rates are at all-time highs; most industrial capacity stands idle; many institutions are deteriorating both physically and otherwise. This situation need not be permanent. First, Africans and donors must jointly work toward a transition from emergency food aid. Farmers need seeds and fertilizer. Africans must start feeding themselves. Second, a consensus must be reached about the form of long-term assistance to Africa and its impact on internal African policies. Reforms benefit no one when they cannot be achieved, or when they cause riots and the collapse of governments. Third, long-term development programs must get under way soon and must reach beyond the usual one- or two-year planning perspective. Africa's current problems cannot be solved by Africans alone, nor can they be solved in the short term. Unless the long-term issues are engaged by donors and Africans together, Africa will continue its descent into political, social, and economic nightmare. □



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A Short Story



MADE IN HEAVEN

BY JOHN UPDIKE

BRAD SCHAEFFER WAS ATTRACTED TO JEANETTE HENDERSON by her Christianity; at an office Christmas party, in Boston in the thirties, in one of those eddies of silence that occur amid gaiety like a swirl of backwater in a stream, he heard her crystal-clear voice saying, "Why, the salvation of my soul!"

He looked over. She was standing by the window, pinned between a hot radiator and Arthur Gleb, the office Romeo. Outside, behind the black window, it had begun to snow, and the lighted windows of the office building across Milk Street were blurring and fluttering. Jeanette had come to the brokerage house that fall, a tidy secretary in a pimento wool suit, with a prim ruffled blouse. For this evening's event she had dared open-toed shoes and a dress of lavender gabardine, with zigzag pleats marked at their points by flattened bows. The flush the party punch had put in her cheeks and throat helped him see for the first time the something highly polished about her compact figure, an impression of an object finely made, down to the toenails that peeked through the tips of her shoes. Her profile showed pert and firm as she strained to look up into Arthur's overbearing, beetle-browed face. Brad stepped over to them, into the steamy warmth near the radiator. The snow was intensifying; across the street the golden windows were softening like pats of butter.

Jeanette turned her face to her rescuer. She was lightly sweating. The excited blush of her cheeks made the blue of her eyes look icy. "Arthur was saying," she appealed, "that only money matters."

"Then I asked this crazy little gal what mattered to her," Arthur said, giving off heat through his black serge suit. A sprig of mistletoe, pale and withering, was pinned to his lapel.

"And I told him the first thing I could think of," Jeanette said. Her hair, waved and close to her head, was a soft brown that tonight did not look mousy. "Of course a lot of things matter to me," she hurried on, "more than money."

"Are you Catholic?" Brad asked her.

This was a question of another order than Arthur's badinage. Her face composed itself; her voice became secretarial, factual. "Of course not. I'm a Methodist."

Brad felt relief. He was free to love her. In Boston one

did not love Catholics, even if one came from Ohio with the name of Schaeffer.

"Did I sound so silly?" she asked, when Arthur had gone off in search of another cup of punch and another little gal.

"Startling, but not silly." In his heart Brad did not expect capitalism to last another decade, and it would take with it what churches were left. He assumed that religion was already as dead as Marx and Mencken had claimed. There was a gloom in the December streets, and in the statistics that came to the office, that made the cheer of Christmas carols sound obscene. From the deep doorways of Boston's business buildings, ornamented like little Gothic chapels with carvings and ironwork, people actually starving peered out, too bitter and numb to beg. Each morning the Common was combed for bodies.

"I *do* believe," Jeanette said, as if in apology. The contrast between her blue eyes and rosy, glazed skin had become almost garish. "Ever since I can remember, even before anything was explained to me. It seems so natural, so necessary. Do you think that's strange?"

"I think that's lovely," he told her.

By Lententime they were going together to church. It was his idea, to accompany her; he loved seeing her in new settings, in the new light each placed her in. At work she was drab and brisk, a bit aloof from the other "girls," with a dry way of pursing her lips into crinkles that made her look older than she was. At her ancestral home in Framingham, with her parents and brothers, she became girlish and slightly drunk on family atmosphere, as she had been on punch; he greedily inhaled the air of this spicy old house, with its worn orientals and sofas of leather and horsehair, knowing that this was the aroma of her childhood. On the streets and in restaurants Jeanette was perfectly the lady, like a figure etched on a city scene, making him, in their scenic anonymity, a gentleman, an escort, a gallant. Her smiling face, and the satin lapels of her blue wool coat, and the pointed tips of her shiny black boots, all gleamed. Involuntarily his arm encircled her waist at street corners, and he could not let go even when they had safely crossed the street. Her bearing was so nicely honed in every move—the pulling off, for instance, finger by finger, of her gloves in Locke-Ober's—that Brad would sometimes clown or feign clumsiness just to crack her composure with a blush or a grimace. He was afraid that otherwise he might slip from her mind. It did not occur to him, when, during a rapt *pianissimo* moment in Symphony Hall, he

John Updike is a novelist and critic whose most recent book is Facing Nature, a collection of poems.



nudged her and whispered a joke, that he was rending something precious to her, invading a fragile feminine space. In church he loved standing tall at her side and hearing her frail, crystalline voice lift up the words of the hymns. He basked in her gravity, which had something shy about it, and even uncertain, as if she feared that an excess of feeling might leap from the musty old forms and overwhelm her. He knew the forms; he had been raised as a Presbyterian, though only his mother attended services, and then only on those Sundays when she wasn't needed in the fields or at the barn. Jeanette had at first resisted his accompanying her. It would be, she murmured, distracting. And it was true; her shy, uncertain reverence made

him, perversely, want to turn and hug her and lift her up with a shout of pride and animal gladness.

He was twenty-eight, and she was twenty-five—old enough that marriage might have slipped her by. Her composure, the finished neatness of her figure, already seemed a touch old-maidenly. She shared rooms with another young woman on Marlborough Street; he lived on Joy, on the dark, Cambridge Street side of Beacon Hill. She had been going to church at the brick Copley Methodist over on Newbury Street, with its tall, domed bell tower and Byzantine gold-leaf ceiling. Brad found within an easy walk of his own apartment a precious oddity, a Greek Revival clapboard church tucked among the brick tenements

of the West End. Built by the Unitarians in the 1830s and taken over by the Wesleyans during their post-Civil War resurgence, the little building had box pews, small leaded panes of gray glass, and an oak pulpit shaped somewhat like a bass viol. Brad was to remember with special fondness coming here with Jeanette for the Wednesday-night Lenten services. On these raw spring nights the east wind brought the smell of brine in from the harbor. The couple walked through dim-lit streets crowded with the babble and cooking odors of Jewish and Italian families, and then came to this closet of Protestantism, this hushed vacant space—scarcely a dozen heads in the pews, and the church so chilly that overcoats were left on. There was no choir, and each shift of weight on a pew seat rang out like a cough. Perhaps Brad was still an unbeliever at that point, for he relished—as if he were whispering a joke to Jeanette—the emptiness, the chill, the pathos of the aged minister's trite and halting sermon as once again the old clergyman, set down to die in this dying parish, led his listeners along the worn path to the Crucifixion and the bafflement beyond. During these pathetic sermons Brad's mind would range wonderfully far, a falcon scouting his future, while Jeanette sat at his side, compact and still and exquisite. She would lift him up, he felt. In the virtual vacancy of this old meetinghouse she seemed most intimately his.

Roosevelt was newly President then, and Curley was still mayor; their boasts came true, the country survived. The precious little hollow church, with its wooden Ionic columns and viol-shaped pulpit, was swept away in the fifties along with the tenements of the West End. By this time Brad and Jeanette had moved with their children to Newton and become Episcopalians.

ON THEIR WEDDING NIGHT, HOPING TO PLEASE HER, he held her body in his arms and prayed aloud. He thanked God for bringing them together, and asked that they be allowed to live fruitful and useful lives together. The prayer was, in time, answered, though on this occasion it did little to relax Jeanette. Always his love of her, when distinctly professed, made her a little reserved and tense, as if a certain threat was being masked and a trap might be sprung.

Their four children were all born healthy, and Brad's four years as a naval officer passed with no more harm to him than the devastating impression that the black firmament of spattered stars made when seen from the flight deck of an aircraft carrier, in the middle of the Pacific. How little, little to the point of nothingness, he was under those stars! Even the great ship, the *Enterprise*, that held him a tall building's height above the monotonous swells was reduced to the size of a pinpoint in such perspective. And yet, it was he who was witnessing the stars. They knew nothing of themselves, so in this dimension he was greater than they. As far as he could reason, religion begins with this strangeness, this standstill; faith tips the balance in favor of the pinpoint. So, though he had never had Jeanette's intuitions or sensations of certainty, he became in his mind a believer.

ette's intuitions or sensations of certainty, he became in his mind a believer.

Ten years later he suggested they become Episcopalians, because the church was handier to the Newton house—a shingled, many-dormered affair with corridors for vanished servants and even a cupola. Narrow stairs wound up to a small round room that became Jeanette's "retreat." She installed rugs and pillowed furniture, did needlepoint and watercolors. From its windows one could see to the east the red warning light topping the spire of the John Hancock Building. Brad did not need to say that his associates and clients tended to be Episcopalian and that this church held more of the sort of people they would like to get to know. Although he never quite grew accustomed to the droning wordiness of the service and the awkward and repetitive kneeling, he did love the look of the congregation—the ruddy men with their blue blazers and ever-fresh haircuts, the sleek Episcopalian women with their furs in winter and in summer their wide pastel garden hats that showed the backs of their necks when they bowed their heads. He loved Jeanette among them, in her black silk dress and the strand of real pearls, each costing as much as a refrigerator, with which he had paid tribute to their fifteenth anniversary. Money gently glimmered on her fingers and ears. All capitalism had needed, it had turned out, was an infusion of war. The postwar stock market climbed; even plumbers and grocers needed a stockbroker now. Shares Brad had picked up for peanuts in the Depression doubled in value, and doubled again, and more.

Jeanette never took quite as active a role in the life of the church as he had expected. He himself taught Sunday school, passed the plate, sat on the vestry, read the lesson. It was like a playful extension of his business life; he felt at home in the committee room, in the linoleum-floored offices and robing rooms that mere worshippers never saw. He always found some practical reason to be at the church Sunday mornings, whereas in growing season Jeanette often stayed home to garden, much as Brad's mother had worked in the fields. Jeanette's body had added a sturdy plumpness to that polished, glossy quality that had first enchanted him. Her Christianity, as he imagined it, was, like water sealed in an underground cistern, unchangingly pure. Standing beside her in church, hearing her small, true voice lifted in song, he still felt empowered by her fineness, so that in the jostle after the service his hands involuntarily crept around her waist, and he would let go only to shake the minister's overworked hand.

"I wish you wouldn't paw me in church," she said one Sunday as they drove home. "We're too middle-aged."

"I wasn't so much pawing you as steering you through the mob," he said, embarrassed.

"I don't *need* to be steered," Jeanette said. She tried to stamp her foot, but the gesture was ineffectual on the carpeted car floor.

Here we are, Brad thought, in our beige Mercedes, coming home from church, having a quarrel; and he had

no idea why. He saw them from afar, with the eyes of aspiration, like a handsome, mature couple in a four-color ad, and there was no imperfection in the picture. "If I can't help touching you," he said, "it's because I still love you. Isn't that nice?"

"It is," she said sulkily, then added, "Are you sure it's me you love, or some idea you have of me?"

This seemed to Brad a finicking distinction. She was positing a "real" her, a person apart from the one he was married to. But who would this be, unless it was the woman who took a cup of tea and went up the winding stairs to her cupola at odd hours? This woman disappeared. And no sooner did she disappear, when he was home, than two children began fighting, or the dry cleaner's delivery truck pulled into the driveway, and she had to be called down.

"Did it ever occur to you," she asked now, "that you love me because it suits you? That for you it's an exercise in male power?"

"My God," he said indignantly, "who have you been reading? Would you rather I loved you because it *didn't* suit me?"

"That *would* be more romantic," she admitted, in her smallest, tidiest voice, and he knew this was a conciliatory joke, and their mysterious lapse of harmony would be smoothed away.

He became head of the vestry and spent hours at the church, politicking, soothing ruffled feathers. After the last of their children had been confirmed and was excused from faithful attendance, Jeanette began to go to the eight o'clock service, before Brad was fully awake. She would return, shiny-faced, just as he was settling, a bit foggy and hung over, into a second cup of coffee and the sheaves of the Sunday *Globe*. She loved the lack of a sermon, she said, and the absence of that oppressive choir with those Fred Waring-like arrangements. She did not say that she enjoyed being by herself in church, as she had been in Boston twenty-five years earlier. At the ten o'clock service he missed her, the thin, sweet piping of her singing beside him. He felt naked, as when alone on the deck of the imperiled *Enterprise*. He explained to Jeanette that he would happily push himself out of bed and go with her to the eight o'clock, but the committee people he had to talk to expected him to be at the ten o'clock. She relented and resumed her place at his side. But she complained at the length of the sermon and winced when the choir came on too strong. Brad wondered if their sons, who had become more or less anti-establishment, and incidentally anti-church, had infected her with their rebellion.

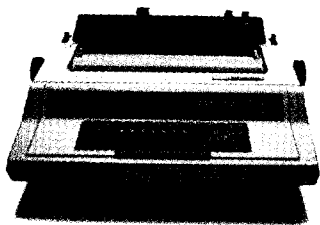
Ike was President, and then JFK. Joseph Kennedy, when Brad was young, had been a man to gossip about in Boston financial circles—a cocky mick with the bad taste not only to make a pot of money but also then to leave Boston and head up the SEC under Roosevelt and his raving liberals. The nuances of the regional Irish-Yankee feud escaped and amused Brad, since to his midwestern eyes the two hostile camps were very similar—thin-skinned, clubby men from damp green islands, fond of a nip and long,

malicious stories. Though Brad had lived all of his adult life in and around Boston, he never could catch the accent, never could bring himself to force his *as* and to say "Cuber" and "idear," the way the young President did so ringingly on television.

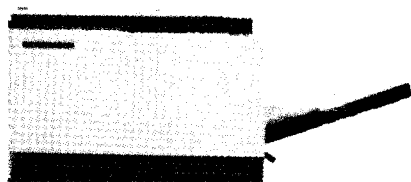
With their own young the Schaeffers were lucky—the boys were a little too old to fall into the heart of the drug craze, and the girls were safely married before just living together became fashionable. One boy didn't finish college and became a carpenter in Vermont; the other did finish, at Amherst, but then moved to the West Coast to live. The two girls, however, stayed in the area and provided new grandchildren at regular intervals. So Brad's wedding-night prayer was, to all appearances, still being answered.

AS THE SIXTIES WORE INTO THE SEVENTIES, SOME MISFORTUNES befell the Schaeffers as well as the country. Both daughters went through messy divorces, involving countersuing husbands, scandalous depositions, and odd fits of nocturnal violence on the weedless lawns and in the neo-colonial bedrooms of Wellesley and Dover. Freddy, the son on the West Coast, never could seem to get what would be called a job; he was always "in" things—in real estate, in public relations, in investments—without ever drawing a salary or making, as far as Brad could figure, a profit. Like Brad, Freddy had turned gray early, and suddenly there he was, well over thirty, a gray-haired boy, sweet-natured and with gracious, expensive tastes, who had never found his way into the economy. It worried Jeanette that to keep him going out there they were robbing the other children, especially the carpenter son, who by now had become a condo contractor and part-owner of a ski resort. They were grieved but at some level not surprised when poor Freddy was found dead in Glendale, of what was called an accidental drug overdose. A cocaine habit had backed him, financially, to the wall. He was found neatly dressed in a blue blazer and linen slacks—to the end a gentleman, something Brad, in his own mind, had never become.

The Newton house huge and empty around them, the couple talked of moving to an apartment, but it seemed easier to turn off the radiators in a few rooms and stay where they were. Throughout the rooms of familiar furniture were propped and hung photographs of the children at happy turning points—graduations, marriages, trips abroad. This grinning, tinted population extended now into the third generation and was realer than the intermittent notes and phone calls from the children themselves. Brad knew in the abstract that he had changed diapers, driven boys to hockey and girls to ballet, supervised bedtime prayers, paternally stood by while tears were being shed and games played and the traumas of maturation endured; yet he could not muster much actual sensation of parenthood—those years were like a television sitcom in which he sat watching himself play the father. More vivid, returning in such unexpected detail that his eyes stung



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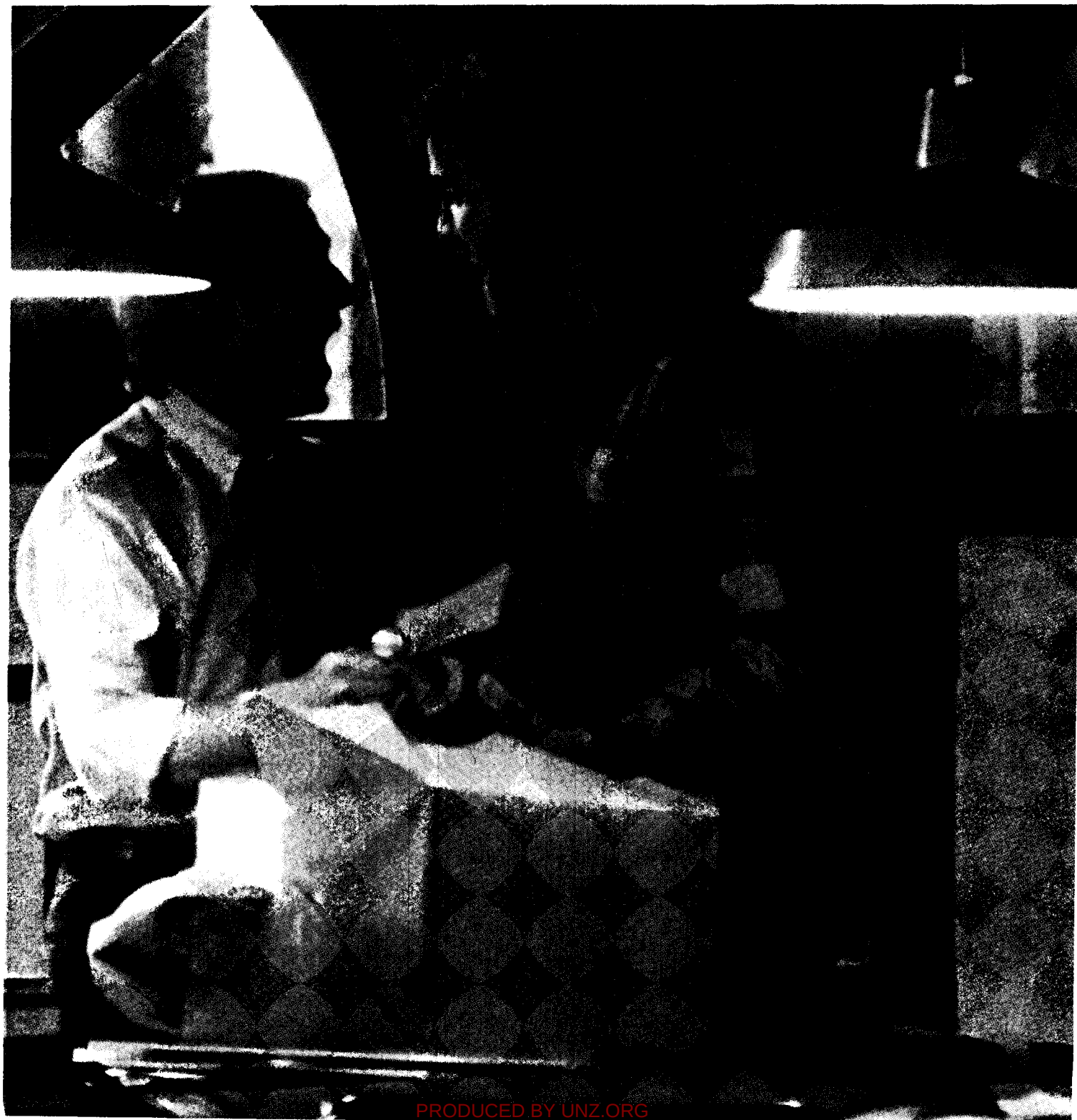
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and the utter lostness of it all made him gasp, were moments of his and Jeanette's Boston days in the L-shaped apartment on St. Botolph Street and then in the fifth-floor Commonwealth Avenue place with its skylight and bird-cage elevator, and of old times at the firm, before it moved from the walnut-paneled offices on Milk Street to a flimsy, flashy new skyscraper on State. Certain business epiphanies—workday afternoons when an educated guess paid off a thousandfold, or a carefully cultivated friendship produced a big commission—could still put the taste of triumph in his mouth. Fun like that had fled the business when the sixties bull market had collapsed. The people he had looked up to, the crusty Yankee money managers, had all retired. Brad himself retired at the age of sixty-eight, the same summer that Nixon resigned. In his loneliness those first months, his guilty unease at not being in a suit, he would visit Jeanette in her cupola.

She did not say she minded, but everything seemed to halt when he climbed the last pie-slice-shaped steps, so the room had the burnished silence of a clock that has just stopped ticking. She sat surrounded by windows, lit from all sides, her soft brown hair scarcely touched by gray. The rug she had been hooking was set in its frame at the side of her armchair, and a magazine lay in her lap, but she did not appear to be doing anything—so deeply engaged in gazing out a window through the tops of the beeches that she did not even move her head at his entrance. Her motionlessness slightly frightened him. He stood a second, getting his breath. Where just the tip of the old Hancock Building had once shown above the treetops, now a silvery cluster of tall glass boxes reflected the sun. He had always been nervous in high places, and as his eyes plunged down, parallel with her gaze, through the bare winter branches toward the dead lawn, three stories below, his thighs tightened and he shuffled self-protectively toward the center of the room.

Since she said nothing, he asked, "Do you feel all right?"

"Of course," Jeanette answered, firmly. "Why wouldn't I?"

"I don't know, my dear. You seem so quiet."

"I like being quiet. I always have. You know that."

"Oh, yes." He felt challenged and slightly dazed. "I know that."

"So let's think of something for you to do," she said, at last turning, with one of her usual neat motions, to give him her attention. And she would send him back down, down to the basement, to reglaze, say, a storm window that a neighbor child had broken with a golf ball. It was strange, Brad reflected, that in this room of her own Jeanette had hung no pictures of the children or of him. But then, there was little wall space between the many windows, and the cushioned window seats, two thirds of the way around the room, were littered with old paintings, needlepoint cushions, and books whose cloth covers the circling sun had bleached. He thought of it as her meditation room, though he had no clear idea of what meditation

was; his own brain skidded off, in even the silent seconds inserted between rote petitions at church, into that exultant plotting that divine service stimulated in him.

Her illness came on imperceptibly at first, and then with devastating speed. They were watching television one night—the hostages had been taken in Iran, and every day, it seemed, something *had* to happen. Suddenly Jeanette put her hand on his wrist. They were sitting side by side on the red upholstered Hepplewhite-style settee, or love seat, that they had impulsively bought at Paine's in the late forties, during a blizzard, before the move to Newton. Because of the storm, the vast store had been nearly empty, and they had felt they must do something to justify their presence, to celebrate the weather. His love for her always returned full force when it snowed. "What?" he asked now, startled by her unaccustomed gesture.

"Nothing." She smiled. "A tiny pain."

"Where?" he asked, monosyllabic as if just awakened.

On the news at that moment a reporter was interviewing a young Iranian revolutionary who spoke fluent, midwestern-accented English, and Jeanette's exact answer escaped Brad. If in the course of their marriage there was one act for which he blamed himself, could identify as a sin for which he deserved to be punished, it was this moment of inattention, when Jeanette first, after weeks of hugging her discomforts to herself, began to confide, in her delicate voice, what she would rather have kept hidden.

The days that followed, full of doctors and their equipment, lifted all secrecy from the disease and its course. It was cancer, metastasizing from the liver, though she had never been a drinker. For Brad, these days were busy ones. After five years of retirement, of not knowing quite what to do with himself, he was suddenly housekeeper, cook, chauffeur, switchboard operator, nurse. Isolated in their big house, while their three children anxiously visited and then hurried back to their own problems, and their friends and neighbors tried to tread the thin line between kindness and interference, the couple that winter had a kind of honeymoon. An air of adventure, of the exotic, tinged their excursions to clinics and specialists tucked into sections of Boston they had never visited before. They spent all their hours together and became, more than ever, one. His own scalp itched as her soft hair fell away under the barrage of chemotherapy; his own stomach ached when she would not eat. She would greet with a bright smile the warmth and aroma of the food he would bring to the table or her bed, and she would take one forkful, so that she could tell him how good it was; then, with a magical slowness meant to make the gesture invisible, Jeanette would let the fork slowly sink back to the plate, keeping her fingers on its silver handle as if at any moment she might decide to use it again. In this position she sometimes even dozed off, under the sway of medication. He learned to treat her refusal to eat as a social lapse he must overlook. If he urged the food upon her, sternly or playfully, real irritation broke through her stoical, drugged calm.

The other irritant, strangely, seemed to be the visits of

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the young Episcopalian clergyman. He had come to their church this year, after the long reign of a hearty, facetious man no one had had to take seriously. The new man had a self-conscious, honey-smooth voice and curly blond hair already receding, young as he was, from his temples. Brad, who of course knew of the infighting among the search-committee members that had preceded the rector's selection, admired his melodious sermons and his conservative demeanor; ten years ago a clergyman his age would have been trying to radicalize everybody. But Jeanette complained that his visits to the house tired her, though they rarely lasted more than fifteen minutes. When she became too frail, too emaciated and constantly drowsy, to leave her bedroom and the young man offered to bring Communion to her, she asked Brad to tell him, "Another time."

THE ROOM AT MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL TO WHICH she was eventually moved overlooked, across a great air well, a brick wall of windows identical with hers. The wing was modern, built on the rubble of the old West End. It was late March, the first spring of a new decade. Though on sunny days a few giggling nurses and hardy patients took their lunches on cardboard trays out to the patio at the base of the air well, the sky was usually an agitated gray and the hospital heat was still on full blast. During his visits Brad often removed his suit coat, it was so hot in Jeanette's room.

Dressed in a white hospital johnny and a pink quilted bed jacket with ribbons, she looked pretty against her pillows. Her cheeks still had some plumpness, and her fine, straight nose and clear eyes and narrow, arched brows—old-fashioned eyebrows, that looked plucked though they weren't—still made the compact, highly finished impression that had always kindled pride within him. Her hair was growing back, a cap of soft brown bristle, now that chemotherapy had been abandoned. Only her hands, inert and fleshless on the blanket, betrayed that something terrible was happening to her.

One day she told him, with a touch of mischief, "Our young parson was in from Newton this morning, and I told him not to bother anymore."

"You sent the priest away?" Brad's aged voice seemed to rumble and crackle in his ears, in contrast to Jeanette's, crystalline and distant as wind chimes.

"Priest, for heaven's sake," she said. "Why can't you just call him a minister?" It had been a joke of sorts between them, how High Church he had become. When on occasion they had visited the Church of the Advent, on Brimmer Street, she had scorned the incense, the robed teams of acolytes. "He makes me tired," she said.

"But don't you want to keep up with Communion?" It was his favorite sacrament; he harbored an inner image, a kind of religious fantasy, of the wafer and wine turning,

with a muffled explosion, to pure light in the digestive system.

"Like keeping up an insurance policy," she sighed, and did sound tired, tired to death. "It seems so pointless."

"But you *must*," Brad said, panicked.

"I must? Why must I? Who says I must?" The blue of her challenging eyes and the fevered flush of her cheeks made a garish contrast.

"Why, because . . . you know why. Because of the salvation of your soul. That's what you used to talk about when I first met you."

She looked toward the window with a faint smile. "When I used to go alone to Copley Methodist. I loved that church; it was so bizarre, with its minaret. Dear old Doctor Stidger, on and on. Now it's just a parking lot. Salvation of the soul." Her gaunt chest twitched—a laugh that didn't reach her lips.

He lowered his eyes, feeling mocked. His own hands, an old man's gnarled, spotted claws, were folded together between his knees. "You mean you don't believe?" In his inner ear he felt all the height of space concealed beneath the floor.

"Oh, darling," she said. "Doesn't it just seem an awful lot of bother?"

"Not a bit?" he persisted.

Jeanette sighed again and didn't answer.

"Since when?"

"I don't know. No," she said, "that's not being honest. We should start being honest. I do know. Since you took it from me. You moved right in. It didn't seem necessary for the two of us to keep it up."

"But—" He couldn't say, so late, how fondly he had intended it, enlisting at her side.

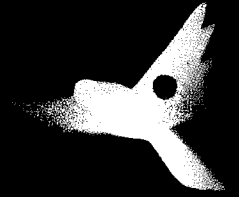
She offered, to console him, "It doesn't matter, does it?" When he remained silent, feeling blackness all about him, to every point on the horizon, as on those nights in the Pacific, she shifted to a teasing note: "Honey, why does it matter?"

She knew. Because his death was also close. He lifted his eyes and saw her as enviably serene, having wrought this vengeance. A nurse rustled at the door, her syringe tingling in its aluminum tray, and across the air well, in the blue spring twilight, the lights had come on, rectangles of gold. Snow, a few dry flakes, had begun to fall.

Though she had asked that there be absolutely no religious service, Brad and the young minister arranged one, following the oldest-fashioned, impersonal rite. Jeanette would have been seventy-one in May, and he was three years older. He continued to go to the ten o'clock service, his erect figure carrying his white hair like a flag. But it was sheer inert motion; there were no falcon flights of his mind anymore, no small, true voice at his side. There was nothing. He wished he could think otherwise, but he had believed in her all those years and could not stop now. □

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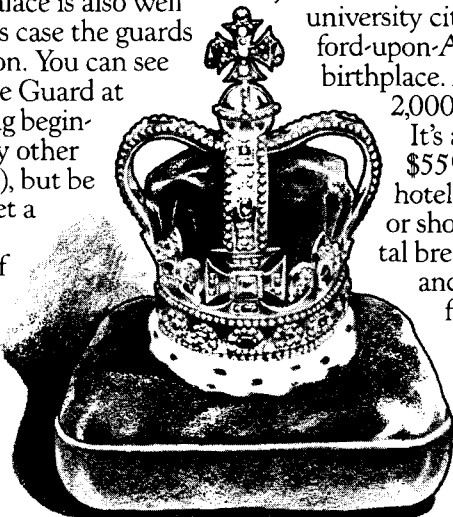
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The Atlantic INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER

Welcome to the world of the 1985 International Travel Planner. It's full of fairs and festivals, concerts and contests, art shows and rodeos—our selection of noteworthy special events taking place around the world during the remainder of 1985.

New to our listings in this issue is a section on the United States, to complement our listings for Europe, the Middle East and Africa, Asia and the Pacific, the Caribbean, the Bahamas and Bermuda, Latin America, and Canada.

Some of what's described herein is unique to 1985. For example, this year has been named European Music Year, and nearly every European country is participating. (In fact, the events are so numerous that we have been able to list only a fraction of them—but national tourist boards will be pleased to send you more information.) Also, Japan has been years readying Tsukuba Expo '85, a fair in the futuristic planned town of Tsukuba.

On our own continent 1985 marks the centennial of Canada's National Parks System. And it's the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Samuel Clemens's (Mark Twain's) birth, which will be celebrated in grand style by Elmira, New York, and Hannibal, Missouri.

Many other listings describe events that are not new but that keep getting bigger and better—the Sjaelland Rundt boat race, in Denmark; the Salzburg Festival, in Austria; Hong Kong's Dragon Boat Festival; San Francisco's Bay to Breakers foot race; and the National Storytelling Festival, in Tennessee, to name a few.

We'd like to thank the national and state tourist boards that provided the information for these listings. They, and we, recommend that you check with them or your travel agent to confirm the dates of events and the availability of tickets where these are necessary.



Brenda W. Hirsch



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THE ATLANTIC INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER—APRIL, 1985

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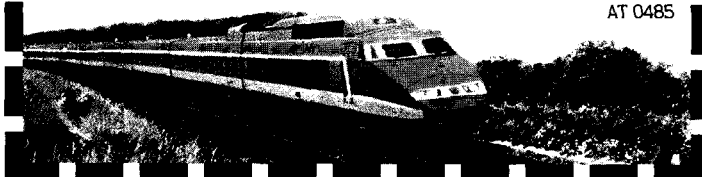
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AUSTRIA

MAY 11-JUNE 16, VIENNA INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Concerts, art exhibits, dance, drama, and the Festival of Clowns supplement the ongoing season of opera and operetta. This festive occasion attracts performers from all over the world.

JUNE 19-30, SCHUBERT FESTIVAL, Hohenems. An annual celebration. Each year a different cycle of Franz Schubert's work is highlighted. Symphonies, lieder, and chamber music are presented.

JULY 23-AUGUST 24, BREGENZ FESTIVAL. The 40th arts festival in Bregenz, on Lake Constance, will host plays, concerts, and operas including Bellini's *I Puritani* and Mozart's *The Magic Flute*—all performed on the lake's "floating" stage.

JULY 26-SEPTEMBER 1, SALZBURG FESTIVAL. The most famous Austrian music festival, in its 65th season, will host more than 140 performances by renowned musicians and dancers. Tickets should be bought as early as possible.

SEPTEMBER 7-29, INTERNATIONAL BRUCKNER FESTIVAL, Linz. This annual festival honoring native son Anton Bruckner explores the composer's symphonic and sacred music, and offers one of Europe's foremost electronic-music and multi-media shows.

For information: Austrian National Tourist Office, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110. (212) 944-6880.

BELGIUM

APRIL 20-28, THE FLORALIES, Ghent. An enormous flower show held every five years. Growers from many countries exhibit a wide range of cultivated flowering and foliage plants to international judges and the public. The King and Queen will formally open the show on April 19.

MAY-JUNE 12, QUEEN ELISABETH OF BELGIUM MUSIC COMPETITION, Brussels. Violinists compete in this prestigious "musical Olympics" throughout the month of May. The 1st-, 2nd-, and 3rd-place winners will perform with a full symphony orchestra at the Palais des Beaux-Arts before the King and Queen, judges, and the public on June 12.

AUGUST 18 AND 25, PAGEANT OF THE GOLDEN TREE, Bruges. A magnificent medieval pageant re-creating the 1468 wedding of Margaret of York to Charles the



Horses near Dublin, Ireland

Bold. Participants will include bands, choirs, horsemen, floats, giants, singers, dancers, and actors.

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, EUROPALIA FESTIVAL, Brussels. This year the festival will focus on Spain—its music, art, cinema, literature, opera, ballet, and theater. The Europalia Festival, held every other year, is traditionally dedicated to a particular European country.

For information: Belgian National Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 758-8130.

DENMARK

JUNE 20-23, SJAELLAND RUNDT, Elsinore, North Sealand. The world's largest sailing race, with 1,800 boats and 10,000 sailors. The route, around the island of Sealand, is 230 nautical miles long and must be completed in 3½ days. The start, in North Harbour at Elsinore, is spectacular!

JULY 5-14, COPENHAGEN JAZZ FESTIVAL. International and Danish stars perform all kinds of jazz in streets, squares, and jazz clubs throughout Copenhagen. This annual festival also includes films and photo exhibits.

JULY 11-EARLY AUGUST, HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN FAIRY TALE

PERFORMANCES, Odense. Each year since 1965, children have staged one of Andersen's fairy tales at the open-air theater in Funen Village.

SEPTEMBER 7, AARHUS FESTIVAL WEEK. Theater, ballet, opera, exhibits, and sporting and children's events take place outdoors throughout the city. There's an old-fashioned fair in Old Town, an open-air museum of reconstructed town houses.

For information: Danish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

FINLAND

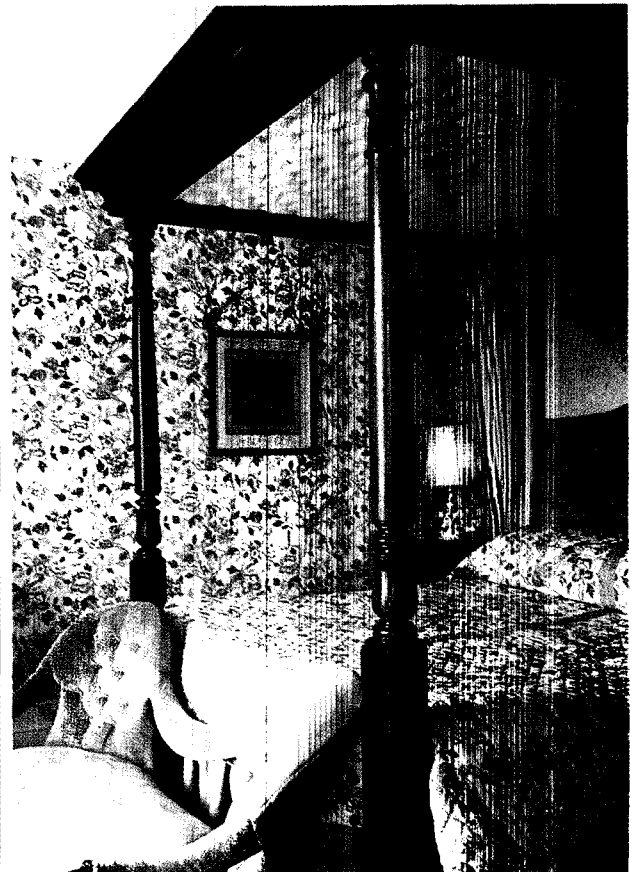
JUNE 14-20, FINLANDIA CANOE RELAY, Iisalmi to Kotka. The world's longest canoe relay follows a 750km course through beautiful lake districts, rivers, and rapids in eastern Finland. Canoeing enthusiasts at all levels of ability participate.

JULY 6-14, PORI JAZZ FESTIVAL. Top jazz players from all over the world. Highlights include open-air concerts on the island of Kirjurinluoto, and jam sessions.

JULY 6-27, SAVONLINNA OPERA FESTIVAL. Operas by Sallinen, Mozart, Verdi, and Wagner, and concerts by, among others, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, led by Paavo Berglund.



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JULY 15-21, KAUSTINEN FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. Performers from Finland, India, the USSR, Poland, Spain, France, and the Scandinavian countries present music, dance, and theater.

AUGUST 22-SEPTEMBER 8, HELSINKI FESTIVAL. This year's theme is the music of Bach, Handel, and Schutz. Participants include the Orchestre de Paris, conducted by Daniel Barenboim; Musica Antiqua Koln; Camerata Musica, from the German Democratic Republic; the Wiener Streichquartett; and the Cleveland Quartet. Art, cinema, ballet, theater, opera, and jazz and pop concerts are also featured.

For information: Finnish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

FRANCE

MAY 31-JUNE 9, 36TH PARIS AIR AND SPACE SHOW. This major international aviation event, held every other year, has been celebrating aeronautic technology since 1908. Some 900 exhibitors from 28 countries will participate, at Le Bourget Airport. June 3-7 the show is open to aviation-industry visitors only.

MID-JUNE-MID-JULY, FESTIVAL DU MARAIS, Paris. Theater, songs, mime, circuses, dance, children's events, and jazz and rock concerts in the streets and courtyards of one of Paris's oldest neighborhoods.

MID-JULY, GRANDE PARADE DU JAZZ, Nice. A major open-air festival in which famed musicians perform in a Gallo-Roman arena and the Cimiez Gardens, beneath the Riviera stars.

MID-JULY-MID-AUGUST, INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND OPERA FESTIVAL, Aix-en-Provence. Opera, music, and drama by renowned French and foreign performers.

NOVEMBER 23-25, THREE DAYS OF GLORY, Burgundy. The top wine festival in France, at Nuits St. George, Hospice de Beaune, and Mearsault. Myriad tastings of the new vintage, and banquets, parades, and merriment.

For information: French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020-2493. (212) 757-1125.

GREECE

APRIL 14, EASTER, Nationwide. Greece's most important holiday is celebrated with

feasts of spit-roasted lamb and red-dyed hardboiled eggs, and with dancing in traditional costumes. Fairs accompany the feasts at Tripolis, Trapeza (near Patras), and Livadia; roast lamb and local wines are offered to all visitors.

JUNE-SEPTEMBER, APOLLO-DIONYSOS FESTIVAL, Athens. At this major annual event, held at the 5,000-seat Herod Atticus open-air amphitheater (built in 161 A.D., at the foot of the Acropolis), internationally acclaimed artists perform orchestral and chamber music, classical and popular plays, grand opera, and modern dance.

JUNE-SEPTEMBER, EPIDAUROS FESTIVAL. This annual festival is held in the 14,000-seat Theater of Epidaurus, built in the 3rd century B.C., in the Peloponnese. Productions of ancient Greek tragedy and comedy are mounted by the National Theater of Greece and the Northern Greece State Theater and Art Theater.

JULY-AUGUST, WINE FESTIVALS, Daphni and Alexandroupolis. Traditional wine festivals with revelry, dancing, singing, and regional wines and food in honor of Dionysus, god of wine.

For information: Greek National Tourist Organization, 645 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 421-5777.

IRELAND

JUNE 7-15, FESTIVAL OF MUSIC IN GREAT IRISH HOUSES, Dublin. Evenings of classical music performed by international artists in magnificent Georgian mansions.

AUGUST 6-10, DUBLIN HORSE SHOW. A world-class show-jumping and social event in beautiful showgrounds. It's imperative to book a Dublin hotel room well in advance for Horse Show week.

AUGUST 23-29, ROSE OF TRALEE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, Tralee. A week of fun and festivities, entertainment, and folk competitions, leading up to the crowning of the Rose of Tralee, chosen not for her beauty but for her classic Irish charm. Participants come from all over the world to vie for the title.

SEPTEMBER 21-26, WATERFORD FESTIVAL OF LIGHT OPERA. International amateur groups compete in light-opera performances. Many other activities round out the festival.

SEPTEMBER 27-29, GALWAY OYSTER FESTIVAL. Eating, drinking, and

merriment accompany this international competition in oyster shucking.

For information: Irish Tourist Board, 590 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 869-5500.

ITALY

JUNE-JULY, FESTIVAL OF TWO WORLDS, Spoleto. This gorgeous hill town welcomes the world-famous festival created by Gian-Carlo Menotti, featuring music, dance, drama, and art.

JULY 2 AND AUGUST 16, IL PALIO HORSE RACE, Siena. Colorful medieval pageantry comes to life in the parade and bareback horse race around the Piazza del Campo, one of Italy's most beautiful piazzas. Members of ancient city districts (*contrade*) compete for the Banner (*il Palio*).

JULY 19-26, FESTA DE NOANTRI, Rome. This folkloric celebration in Trastevere features a colorful procession for the *Vergine del Carmine*, folk dances, songs, carnival floats, and fireworks.

SEPTEMBER 1, HISTORICAL REGATTA, Venice. A traditional competition among two-oar racing gondolas. The race is preceded by a procession of Venetian ceremonial boats, replicas of ones used during the Venetian Republic.

SEPTEMBER 15, ROME MARATHON, c/o Franco Fava, 491 Via Flaminia Vecchia, 00191, Roma. About 2,000 men and women will run in this marathon; women start a half-hour ahead of men. Great location for carbo-loading!

For information: Italian Government Travel Office, 630 Fifth Ave., Suite 1565, Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10111. (212) 245-4822.

LUXEMBOURG

APRIL 26-MAY 12, OCTAVE, Luxembourg. This annual pilgrimage to Our Lady of Luxembourg is a tradition that dates back to 1628. Catholics from the Grand Duchy and nearby regions come to worship in the cathedral. The Grand Ducal Family and foreign Catholic dignitaries attend the solemn closing procession, on May 12.

MID-JUNE-MID-JULY, INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CLASSICAL MUSIC, Echternach and Luxembourg. To celebrate European Music Year, concerts by world-famous soloists and groups will be held at the Basilica, the

EUROPE

Abbey, and the old Church of Sts. Peter and Paul in Echternach, and in the municipal theater in Luxembourg.

LATE JUNE OR EARLY JULY, PATTON REMEMBRANCE DAY, Ettelbruck. A military parade, an exhibition of military equipment, and concerts will honor U.S. General Patton, who liberated the Grand Duchy in 1945, and who is buried at the American military cemetery in Hamm with 5,100 soldiers of his famous Third Army.

JULY-EARLY AUGUST, 33RD INTERNATIONAL OPEN AIR THEATER AND MUSIC FESTIVAL, Wiltz. Top international artists in opera, the theater, classical music, and jazz will salute European Music Year.

AUGUST 22-SEPTEMBER 9, SCHUEBERFOUER MARKET, Luxembourg. Founded in 1340 by John the Blind, Count of Luxembourg and King of Bohemia, this ancient shepherd's market has become the capital's amusement fair. On September 2, sheep decorated with colorful ribbons, and shepherds in folkloric costumes will march through the streets while the band plays the "Sheep's March."

For information: Luxembourg National Tourist Office, 801 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 370-9850.

MONACO

MAY 4-5, THE INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW, Monte Carlo. The 28th edition of a flower-arrangement competition created by Princess Grace. The show attracts garden clubs and groups from all over Europe and America. Prince Rainier will enter his own arrangement in the category for gentlemen; Princess Caroline will officially open the show.

JUNE 17-23, MONTE CARLO GOLF OPEN. The second year for this tournament at Monte Carlo Golf Club, 2,400 feet above the Mediterranean on scenic Mont Agel. Prince Rainier participates, as do such champions as Trevino, Aoki, and Monzey.

DECEMBER 6-10, INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL, Monte Carlo. Created in 1974 by Prince Rainier, this annual festival will present 24 circuses from 22 countries in Western and Eastern Europe, North and South America, and Asia, and top circus acts from Las Vegas, Moscow, Bulgaria, Ulan Bator, and China. Children judge the afternoon performances.

For information: Monaco Government Tourist Office, 845 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-5227.

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THROUGH APRIL 14, THE GRAND PARADE MODERN ART SHOW, Amsterdam. This monumental exhibition at the Stedelijk Museum features 250 paintings by 40 artists prominent since 1940, including 10 by Matisse and 15 by Picasso. Many canvases are being exhibited for the first time.

THROUGHOUT 1985, MUSICA '85, Nationwide. A myriad of musical events whose focus will be Johann Sebastian Bach, on the 300th anniversary of his birth; among others, a Bach Festival, Bach Easter oratorios, avant-garde and contemporary music concerts, jazz festivals, and musicales in castles.

JUNE 1-21, HOLLAND FESTIVAL, Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam. Music, theater, and dance groups from the Netherlands and abroad will take part in this annual cornucopia of performing arts.

JUNE-DECEMBER, ANNE FRANK MEMORIAL YEAR, Amsterdam. In the original Frank House a special exhibition on the life and the impact of this Holocaust victim will commemorate Anne Frank's death, 40 years ago.

AUGUST 1-6, SAIL AMSTERDAM '85. For the Dutch version of New York's 1976 Opsail and an encore to Sail Amsterdam 700, of 1980, at which 2 million visitors enjoyed a week of nautical demonstrations, 1,000 tall and not-so-tall sailing vessels from 31 countries are expected.

For information: Netherlands Board of Tourism, 576 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 245-5320.

NORWAY

MAY 22-JUNE 5, BERGEN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Music, theater, dancing, and mime performed by world-famous artists in Grieg's home at Trolldhaugen, the Grieg Concert Hall, Lysoen, Ole Bull's Home, and the National Theater. The Royal Family usually attends the opening ceremony.

JUNE 28-JULY 7, NORWEGIAN ROOTS, Lillehammer. Genealogical assistance and guided tours to surrounding areas.

JULY 19-30, NORTH NORWAY FESTIVAL, Harstad. Folklore programs, jam sessions, exhibitions, and historical plays.

JULY 22-27, 25TH INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL, Molde. Thousands of jazz enthusiasts from all over the world attend this festival every year. Foreign and Norwegian artists participate.

JULY 29-AUGUST 3, NORWAY CUP, Oslo. The biggest sporting event in the world, in terms of participants. In 1984, more than 20,000 boys and girls competed in this football tournament.

For information: Norwegian Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

PORTUGAL

MAY 12-13, PILGRIMAGE AT FATIMA. A pilgrimage to this hamlet 95 miles north of Lisbon will mark the anniversary of three shepherd children's first vision of Mary.

JUNE 15-30, SIXTH INTERNATIONAL BACH FESTIVAL, Madeira. Music by Johann Sebastian Bach performed in Funchal's Se Cathedral by international artists such as Rosalyn Tureck, Maureen Forrester, Anthony Newman, Julius Baker, and Udo Reinemann. This year, the 300th anniversary of Bach's birth, the festival will be more spectacular than ever.

JULY 6-7, COLETTE ENCARNADO FESTIVAL, Vila Franca de Xira. This little town 20 miles from Lisbon comes alive for the running of the bulls. The festival also includes horsemanship displays by *campinos* (Portuguese cowboys), folk dancing, and fireworks.

AUGUST 10-11, FESTIVAL OF THE BARRETTE VERDE, Alcochete. This salt-producing region on the Tagus River, just north of Lisbon, carries on bullfighting traditions. There's a procession, bull running, a blessing of the boats, folk music, band concerts, local handicraft shows, and an enormous final dinner.

NOVEMBER 8-12, SAO MARTINHO FAIR, Golega. Horse fanciers from all over the world select fine Portuguese horses in Golega, about 75 miles north of Lisbon. Displays of dashing horsemanship, horse shows, bullfights, folk dancing, and fireworks.

For information: Portuguese National Tourist Office, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 354-4403.

SPAIN

APRIL 23-28, APRIL FAIR, Seville. A colorful, joyous celebration, for which

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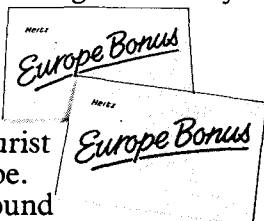
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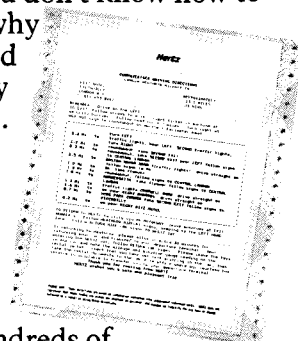
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EUROPE

Seville is decorated with multicolored tents, wreaths, and paper lanterns. Originally a livestock market, the festival now includes flamenco songs, dances, a cavalcade of riders, and bullfights.

MID-MAY, THE HORSE FAIR, Jerez de la Frontera (Cadiz). This fair, which dates back to 1284, features a livestock exhibition, a celebration of bullfights with typical songs and dances in the stands, and the horse fair itself, where the Golden Horse prize is awarded by the Secretaria General de Turismo.

JUNE 17-21, ROCIO PILGRIMAGE, Almonte (Huelva). More than a million people participate in this ancient, pre-Christian festival. Horseback riders in Andalusian dress, and ox-drawn carts decorated with flowers and wax figures cross the countryside to the Sanctuary of Nuestra Senora del Rocio, to the strains of flute and tambourine music.

JULY 6-14, SAN FERMIN FESTIVAL, Pamplona. The famous, popular festival where young men dressed in typical Pamplona costume risk their lives running before bulls toward the bullring. Day and night, groups of young people roam the streets singing, dancing, and drinking.

For information: *Spanish National Tourist Office, 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-8822.*

SWEDEN

APRIL 30, WALPURGIS NIGHT, Nationwide. Bonfires, songs, and addresses praising the advent of spring. Students, in the university towns of Stockholm, Gothenburg, Lund, Uppsala, and Umea, hold especially lively celebrations.

MID-MAY-MID-SEPTEMBER, DROTTHINGHOLM COURT THEATER, Stockholm. Performances of 18th-century operas will be given two to four times a week at Europe's oldest rococo theater still in use. Music and pantomime will be presented in the park.

JUNE 23-JULY 3, CHURCH BOAT RACES AND MUSIC FESTIVAL, Lake Siljan. Races of long church boats on the lake can be viewed from Siljansnas, Tällberg, Leksand, and other spots. The music festival starts on June 30.

MID-JULY-MID-AUGUST, VISBY FESTIVAL, Gotland. The historic island of Gotland hosts the musical pageant "Petrus de Dacia," staged among the ruins of St. Nicholas Church.

NOVEMBER 28-DECEMBER 3, TENNIS STOCKHOLM OPEN.

DECEMBER 13, SANTA LUCIA DAY, Nationwide. The annual celebration of the return of light after the darkest time of the year. Many hotels have their own "Lucias," young women in flowing white gowns, who serve the guests morning coffee and *lussekatter*, or saffron buns.

For information: *Swedish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.*



SWITZERLAND

APRIL 14-15, SECHSELAEUTEN FESTIVAL, Zurich. Medieval history comes to life during this traditional spring festival in the old quarters of the city. Bells "ring in" springtime, an effigy of Old Man Winter is burned at the stake, and guildsmen gather to eat, drink, make speeches, and celebrate.

JULY 5-21, MONTREUX INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Jazz and rock performances by world-famous artists at the Montreux casino, situated at a lovely mountain-ringed lake.

SEPTEMBER 7, CHEESE DISTRIBUTION FESTIVAL, Justis Valley. The distribution of the cheese stored in communal huts during the summer is saluted with Alpine fervor: yodeling, flag-throwing, alpenhorn-blowing, alpine wrestling, and folk dancing. The top-yielding cows are honored with milking stools between their horns, garlands, and ribbons.

AUGUST 14-SEPTEMBER 7, LUCERNE MUSIC FESTIVAL. This prestigious festival has attracted many famous artists over the years: Toscanini, Vladimir Horowitz, Pablo Casals, Rudolf Serkin, Artur Schnabel, Zubin Mehta, Seiji Ozawa, Itzhak Perlman, Andre Watts. Established and up-and-coming musicians perform in symphony concerts and smaller-scale events.

NOVEMBER 26, ONION MARKET, Berne. This annual festival honoring the onion has been held since 1405. Farmers set up stalls in the streets and sell 50 tons of onions. Restaurants feature special onion dishes. Music, folk dancing, odes and poems glorifying the onion, and a nighttime "confetti battle."

For information: *Swiss National Tourist Office, 608 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-5944.*



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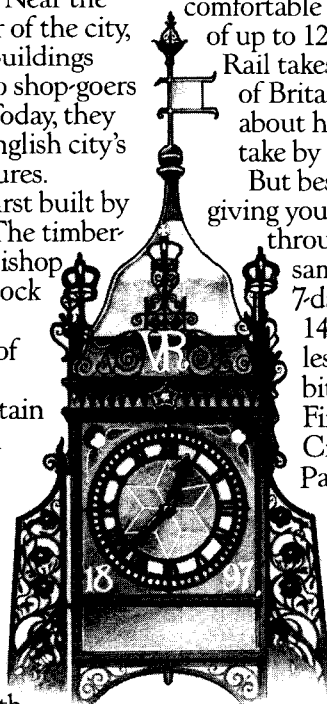
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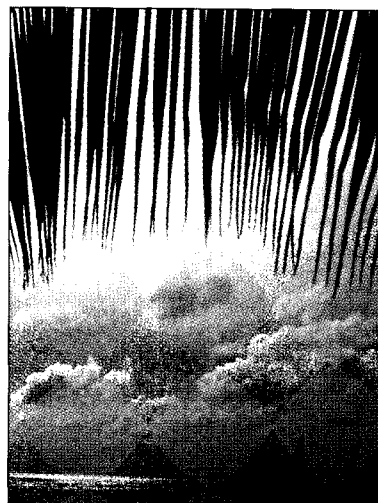
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EUROPE

UNITED KINGDOM

MAY 21-24, CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW, London. Britain's major flower show, sponsored by the Royal Horticultural Society and attended by the Queen. The gorgeous 22-acre display is on the Royal Hospital Grounds, where the show has been held annually since 1913.

JUNE 15, TROOPING THE COLOUR: THE QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY PARADE, London. The Queen's Household Brigade formally salutes the Queen with a grand display of military precision marching and music at Horse Guards Parade, Whitehall.

JUNE 18-21, ROYAL ASCOT HORSE RACING, Ascot, Berkshire. This fashionable event, which is attended by members of the Royal Family, is as famous for its elegant hats as for its high standard of racing.

JUNE 24-JULY 7, LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Wimbledon, London.

JULY 4-7, HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire. The world's best-known regatta and an international rowing event and social occasion.

JULY 9-14, INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD, Llangollen, Clwyd. *Eisteddfod* is Welsh for "competitive festival." At this one about 200 choirs from 20 to 30 countries provide glorious music.

JULY 18-21, OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, Sandwich, Kent. The 114th British Open, one of the world's most prestigious golf events, will be held this year at the Royal St. George's Golf Club.

AUGUST 9-31, EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL AND MILITARY TATTOO, Edinburgh, Lothian. Three culture-filled weeks of opera, dance, concerts, theater, recitals, poetry, prose, and exhibitions make up the world's most comprehensive arts festival. Also, a grand display of military color and pageantry is held at night on the floodlit ramparts of Edinburgh Castle. The program includes music by massed pipes and massed military bands.

SEPTEMBER 7, BRAEMAR ROYAL HIGHLAND GATHERING, Braemar, Grampian. The Highland Games bring together clansmen from all over Scotland. They toss *cabers* (heavy pine logs), dance, play bagpipes, and compete in games of skill.

NOVEMBER 6-23, 23RD BELFAST FESTIVAL OF ARTS AT QUEEN'S, Belfast. This is Northern Ireland's biggest arts festival, offering a wide-ranging program of classical and popular music, drama, opera, and other arts, in and around Queen's University, County Antrim.

For information: British Tourist Authority, 40 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019. (212) 581-4700.

WEST GERMANY

THROUGHOUT 1985, GERMAN FAIRY TALE FESTIVAL, from Hanau to Bremen. The tales of Rapunzel, Sleeping Beauty, and the Pied Piper come to life in the towns along the 600km fairy-tale road, where the Brothers Grimm collected the stories.

THROUGHOUT 1985, 150 YEARS OF GERMAN RAILROADS, Nuremberg. A great exhibition commemorating the first railway journey on German territory, in 1835.

THROUGHOUT 1985, 2000TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY OF AUGSBURG. Exhibitions, concerts, and theatrical, folkloric, and sporting events celebrate the founding of Augsburg by Roman Emperor Augustus. The city will host the European Championship of Sports Acrobatics May 15-18, and the World Championship of Wild-Water Canoeing June 12-16.

JUNE 24-JULY 16, LANDSHUT WEDDING, Bavaria. Re-enactments of the festivities for the 1475 wedding of Jadwiga, daughter of the King of Poland, to Duke George the Rich of Bavaria. The wedding events, including jousting, historical dances, and a procession with more than 1,000 costumed participants, will be repeated each weekend in the picturesque town of Landshut.

LATE SEPTEMBER-MID-OCTOBER, OCTOBERFEST, Munich. One of Europe's most colorful and popular festivals. Every year visitors from all over the world flock to Munich. They're intent on sampling traditional Bavarian food, consuming copious amounts of Bavarian beer, and singing and dancing to the lively tunes of Bavaria's oompah bands. "*Prost!*"

For information: German National Tourist Office, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 308-3300.

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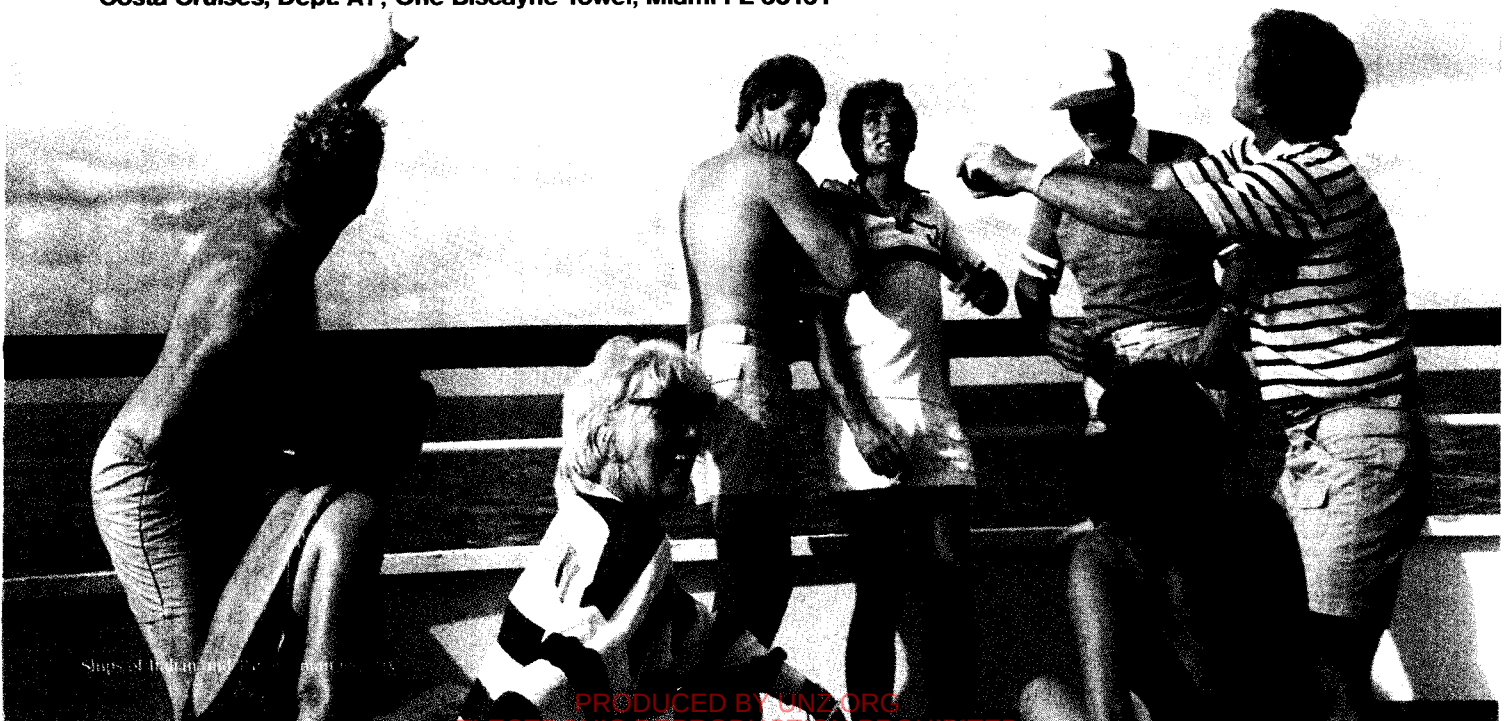
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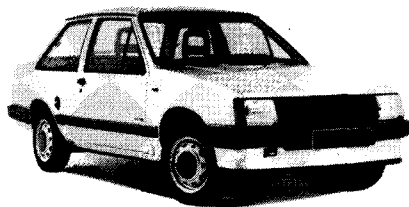
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MIDDLE EAST & AFRICA

EGYPT

OCTOBER, INTERNATIONAL RALLY OF THE PHARAOHS, Cairo. An annual 16-day car race from Alexandria to Abu-Simbel, on Lake Nasser, and then returning north to end at the pyramids in Giza.

DECEMBER 19-29, INTERNATIONAL NILE ROWING REGATTA, Cairo and Luxor. A 2000-meter rowing competition, following a pattern introduced by ancient Egyptians. Teams from the United States, Canada, the UK, France, Belgium, Ireland, the Netherlands, West Germany, Algeria, and Egypt will participate.

For information: Egyptian Tourist Authority, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 246-6960.

ISRAEL

MAY 18-JUNE 15, ISRAEL FESTIVAL 1985, Jerusalem. Street performances, exhibitions, a film festival, and recitals by choir groups from Israel and abroad will be presented throughout Jerusalem.

JULY 15-25, MACCABIAH, Tel Aviv. "The Jewish Olympics," held every four years, brings Jewish athletes from around the world.

DECEMBER 24-26, CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS, Bethlehem. Choirs from around the world fill Manger Square. Midnight Mass in the Basilica of the Nativity is beamed by satellite around the world.

For information: Israel Government Tourist Office, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10118. (212) 560-0650.

MOROCCO

JUNE, NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF POPULAR ARTS, Marrakech. Hundreds of dancers, singers, acrobats, and men in traditional blue robes (who are known as "blue men") from all over the country perform at this annual event in the ruins of El Badi Palace.

SEPTEMBER, FESTIVAL OF FANTASIA, Meknes. Thousands of horsemen and their mounts display their skills in this colorful annual festival, which features prizes and entertainments.

SEPTEMBER, IMILCHIL MOUSSEM, Ksar Es Souk. This small village in the Atlas Mountains hosts parties and dances to enable young, unmarried women to meet their future husbands. A traditional celebration commemorates the love of Isli and Tisli, who were forbidden by their parents to marry.

For information: Moroccan National Tourist Office, 20 East 46th St., Suite 503, New York, NY 10017. (212) 557-2520.

SAUDI ARABIA

JUNE 19-21, EID AL-FITR, Nationwide. This 3-day period of feasting and festivities marks the end of Ramadan, the fasting month in which Moslems abstain from food, drink, tobacco, and marital relations between sunrise and sunset. The breaking of the fast is celebrated with special dishes such as *kharuf mahshi*, stuffed roast lamb.

AUGUST 1-SEPTEMBER 30, Hajj. Every year more than 2 million Moslems travel to Mecca for the Hajj, in a pilgrimage that is one of the five acts central to Islam.

For information: Royal Embassy of Saudi Arabia, Information Office, 601 New Hampshire Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20037. (202) 342-3800.

SOUTH AFRICA

APRIL 6-20, CAPE TOWN FESTIVAL, Cape Town. "The Tavern of the Seas" hosts a festival of fun and games, with many cultural and sporting events throughout the city. The opera and theater seasons are in full swing.

APRIL-MAY, RAND SHOW, Johannesburg. A gigantic annual country fair, with entertainment as well as industrial and agricultural exhibits.

JUNE, COMRADES' MARATHON, Durban to Pietermaritzburg. A double-length, uphill marathon.

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For information: South African Tourism Board, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 838-8841.

TURKEY

MAY 29-JUNE 5, GREASE WRESTLING COMPETITION, Edirne. This is Turkey's national sport, and it dates back 600 years. Hundreds of participants coated with olive oil and wearing leather trousers will wrestle on grass. Prizes, exhibitions, and folk dances.

JUNE 20-JULY 15, INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, Istanbul. Turkey's annual major international cultural event features world-famous performers. Folk dances, art shows, cinema days, orchestral concerts, chamber-music recitals, pop and jazz concerts, singing, ballet, and mime shows.

DECEMBER 6-8, INTERNATIONAL ST. NICHOLAS SYMPOSIUM AND FESTIVAL, Demre. Saint Nicholas (Santa Claus) was born in Patara and became an Archbishop in nearby Myra. Annual commemorative ceremonies are held in the 4th-century church of St. Nicholas.

For information: Turkish Government Tourism and Information Office, 821 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-2194.

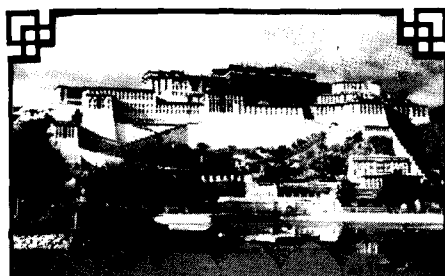
ZAMBIA

JULY, LIKUMBI LYIMIZE, North Western Province. This ceremony brings together Luave-speaking people to display their songs, dances, and handicrafts at the palace of Senior Chief Ndungu in the Zambezi district.

JULY, MUTOMBOKO, Luapula Province. This ceremony, performed by Lunda people of Mwata Kazembe, derives from an ancient royal dance of conquest after an invasion. Senior Chief Kazembe will join his subjects in dancing and singing.

OCTOBER OR NOVEMBER, SHIMUNENGA CEREMONY, the Kafue Flats. Held on a weekend, under a full moon, by Ila people of Maala, this festival includes singing, dancing, mock spear attacks, and demonstrations of ancient techniques for rounding up buffalo.

For information: Zambia National Tourist Board, 237 E. 52nd St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 758-9450.



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AUSTRALIA

MAY 18, ALICE SPRINGS CAMEL CUP. This hilarious camel race salutes Alice Springs's past, when the outback town's population was 40 and Afghan camels were imported to build the railroads that opened up the continent. A rider and a crew of three push, pull, and shove each beast to keep him moving and on course.

JUNE 9, DARWIN BEER-CAN REGATTA. Boats that derive 90 percent of their flotation from beer cans race in this regatta, which is sponsored by the Lions Club to raise money for charity. The only rule: "Thou shalt not drown!"

AUGUST 31, HENLEY-ON-TODD REGATTA, Alice Springs. "The America's Cup of the Inland" invites sailors to a dry river bed to compete in events like Eights, in which teams of eight carry bottomless racing shells hip-high, and Oxford Tubs, in which teams of two sit in 44-gallon tubs and propel them along with shovels.

SEPTEMBER 28, GRAND FINAL OF AUSSIE-RULES FOOTBALL, Melbourne. Australia's answer to the Super Bowl. "Footie" is a national addiction, and no wonder: long drop kicks and spectacular leaps make it a riveting game. The Victoria Football League's Final climaxes the season.

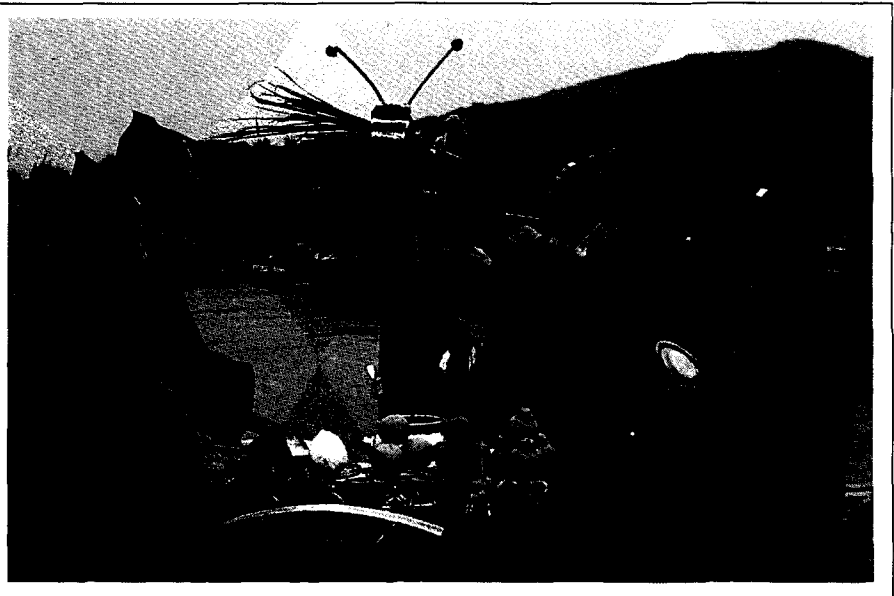
For information: Australian Tourist Commission, 636 Fifth Ave., Suite 467, New York, NY 10111. (212) 489-7550.

HONG KONG

JUNE 22, DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. The race of dragon-like boats from around the world, urged on by drums and crowds, is the highlight of this festival honoring Chu Yuan, a legendary Chinese poet and patriot of the 4th century who drowned himself to protest government corruption.

AUGUST 30, HUNGRY GHOSTS FESTIVAL, Throughout Hong Kong. To appease roaming spirits temporarily released from Hades, food is laid out and small burnt offerings are made along the roadside.

SEPTEMBER 29, MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL, Throughout Hong Kong. Traditions associated with the Mid-Autumn, Harvest, or Moon, Festival hark back to the overthrow of the Mongols, in the 14th century. Mooncakes filled with sesame and ground lotus seeds recall cakes concealing secret messages which were sent by patriots preparing for the revolt.



Dragon Boat Festival, Hong Kong

For information: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 869-5008.

INDIA

JUNE 20, RATH YATRA, Puri. The most spectacular temple festival in India (as well as lesser festivals elsewhere in the country) honors Lord Jagannath, Lord of the Universe, and his brother and sister. Thousands of pilgrims parade through this city on the Bay of Bengal, drawing three enormous and elaborately decorated temple cars, each of which holds one of the deities.

AUGUST 28, ONAM, Kerala. In southwestern India the harvest is observed with feasting and competitions of curly-prowed, kite-tailed "snake" boats. Other forms of celebration occur around the country on this day.

NOVEMBER 12, DIWALI, Nationwide. The Festival of Lights marks the Hindu New Year. The country turns into a fairyland illuminated by oil lamps and electric lights in every town and village.

For information: Government of India Tourist Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine, New York, NY 10112. (212) 586-4901.

JAPAN

THROUGH SEPTEMBER 16, TSUKUBA EXPO '85. This international exposition

focuses on ideal dwellings for man in the future. Hosting the expo is Tsukuba Science City, a huge, futuristic research center and town 50 km from Tokyo. Among Tsukuba's innovative features are a total-sensory theater and a restaurant where robots serve the food.

JULY 16-17, GION MATSURI PROCESSION, Kyoto. This famous festival at the Yasaka Shrine dates back to the 9th century. Gorgeously decorated *yama* and *hoko* floats parade in the main streets.

JULY 24, SOMA NOMAOI, Haramachi. The name of the event means "wild-horse chasing"; men try to catch wild horses that are chased into an enclosure by horsemen. Also, a thousand riders in ancient armor vie for three shrine flags set up on the plain.

SEPTEMBER 16, YABUSAME, Kamakura. A game of horseback archery held at Tsurogaoka Hachimangu Shrine. Horseback archery goes back to feudal days, when samurai warriors competed fiercely.

OCTOBER 22, JIDAI MATSURI, Kyoto. The Festival of Eras, at Heian Shrine, commemorates the founding of the old capital city of Kyoto, in 794. More than 2,000 people in picturesque costumes representing various epochs in the city's history make a procession.

For information: Japan National Tourist Organisation, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 757-5640.

NEW ZEALAND

APRIL 24-27, NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL WOOLCRAFTS FESTIVAL, Hastings. Workshops, competitions, exhibitions of finished work, and fashion parades.

MAY 15-19, NEW ZEALAND BRASS BAND CHAMPIONSHIPS, Wanganui. Bands and individual players will compete in solo, party, band, and marching events.

JUNE 13-15, NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL FIELDDAYS, Hamilton. The biggest agricultural fair in Australasia. There are animal shows and a massive display of agricultural and horticultural machinery.

OCTOBER 31-NOVEMBER 3, NEW ZEALAND ROYAL AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL SHOW, Hamilton. Agricultural and horticultural exhibits from all over the country, plus show jumping, animal shows, and a fun fair.

For information: New Zealand Tourist Office, 630 Fifth Ave., Suite 530, New York, NY 10111. (212) 586-0060.

THAILAND

MAY, PLOWING CEREMONY, Sanam Luang. On a date determined by Brahman priests flower-garlanded brahman bulls pull a sacred plow, rice seeds are blessed and sown, priests chant, and the fate of the harvest is predicted.

MAY 11-12, ROCKET FESTIVAL, Yasathon. Villagers annually petition the gods for rain by launching bamboo rockets.

NOVEMBER 16-17, ELEPHANT ROUND-UP, Surin. More than 200 elephants are brought to this northeastern village to race, play football, and demonstrate their strength and gentleness. The show ends with a battle-parade pageant of elephants and mahouts dressed for war.

NOVEMBER 26, LOI KRATHONG, Nationwide. This beautiful festival gives thanks to Mae Khongkha, Mother of Water. People float *krathongs*, bamboo leaves bearing candles, coins, incense, and flowers, on rivers and canals on the night of the full moon. The best place to enjoy the festival is Sukhothai, amid the ruins of the ancient kingdom where the festival began.

For information: Tourism Authority of Thailand, 5 World Trade Center, Suite 2449, New York, NY 10048. (212) 432-0433.

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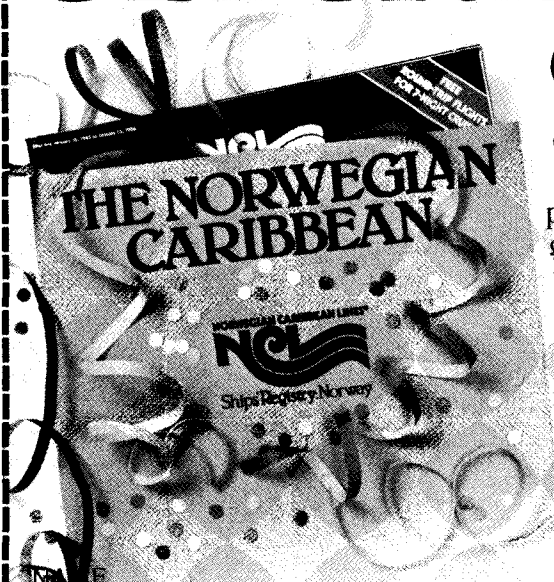
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THE CARIBBEAN

BARBADOS

MID-APRIL, OISTINS FISH FESTIVAL.

Locals celebrate with fishing-boat races, fish-boning competitions, arts and crafts, dancing, and singing. Oistins is a quaint, historic fishing village, where the Barbados Charter was signed, in 1652, by defeated Royalists who pledged allegiance to Oliver Cromwell.

MID-JULY-EARLY AUGUST, CROP OVER FESTIVAL, Nationwide. Barbados's major national festival celebrates the completion of the sugar-cane harvest. The fairs, concerts, singing competitions, and cart parades culminate in Kadooment, a grand costume parade overseen by the King and Queen of the Crop.

For information: Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 986-6516 or (800) 221-9831.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

APRIL 19-20, BATABANO CARNIVAL WEEKEND. A street parade with colorful costumes, calypso and steel-band music, dancing, and rum punch.

JUNE, MILLION-DOLLAR-MONTH FISHING TOURNAMENT. The first angler to break the existing IGFA Atlantic Blue Marlin World Record (1,282 pounds) wins the \$1 million prize, plus a condo on Grand Cayman worth \$250,000, a 36-foot Hatteras sport-fishing boat, a Datsun 300 ZX sports car, and a lifetime pass on Cayman Airlines.

OCTOBER 19-26, PIRATES' WEEK, Grand Cayman. Henry Morgan and Blackbeard once landed at George Town Harbour; during Pirates' Week a replica of a pirate ship will do the same. Also, there will be treasure hunts on land and underwater, a parade, fireworks, steel-band concerts, and street dancing. The Heritage Fair and the Pirates' Ball highlight one of the most festive weeks in the Caribbean.

For information: Cayman Islands Department of Tourism, 250 Catalonia Ave., Suite 604, Coral Gables, FL 33134. (305) 444-6551.

JAMAICA

APRIL 3-10, JAMAICA SAILING WEEK, Montego Bay Area. Visiting and local sailors will compete in six races in and around Montego Bay. Nightly entertainment and a feast on the beach of Discovery Bay will

round out the festivities. An additional race, the Round Our Island race, from Montego Bay to Kingston's Royal Jamaica Yacht Club, will be held on April 12.

APRIL 27-28, JAMAICA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY SHOW, Kingston. Jamaica's largest annual horticultural exhibition features flower and decorative-plant displays, flowering and fruit- and vegetable-bearing plants for sale, and flower-arranging demonstrations.

AUGUST, NATIONAL DANCE THEATRE COMPANY'S ANNUAL SEASON OF DANCE, Kingston. This internationally known company will present a program of new works and works from its repertoire, which ranges from traditional and folk to contemporary dance.

SEPTEMBER 23-27, 25TH ANNUAL PORT ANTONIO INTERNATIONAL MARLIN TOURNAMENT. Anglers from the U.S. and the Caribbean compete in Jamaica's oldest international marlin-fishing tournament. Deep waters close to shore make Jamaica a popular marlin-fishing spot.

For information: Jamaica Tourist Board, 866 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 688-7650.

PUERTO RICO

EARLY JUNE, PABLO CASALS FESTIVAL, Santurce. World-renowned performers participate in this annual two-week festival honoring the late cellist, composer, and conductor. The festival takes place at Santurce's Fine Arts Center, near San Juan.

JUNE 25, CONSTITUTION DAY, Throughout Puerto Rico. The celebration of Puerto Rico's Constitution features fiestas on the beaches and parades.

MID-JULY, PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL, Loiza. Residents of this village on the northeast coast honor Saint James in perhaps the most authentic and colorful folk ceremony on the island.

NOVEMBER 19, DISCOVERY DAY, Throughout Puerto Rico. Celebrations commemorating Columbus's first sighting of the island, in 1493. The Indian Festival, in Jayuya, pays tribute to the Taino Indian cultural heritage with crafts shows, Indian ceremonies, folkloric dances, and visits to Indian sites.

For information: Puerto Rico Tourism Co., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10104. (212) 541-6630.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

MARCH 30-APRIL 6, 12TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL ROLEX CUP REGATTA, St. Thomas. The Crown Jewel of the Caribbean sailing event is held off Cowpet Bay. Receptions, beach parties, and galas are held in honor of the yachtsmen from the U.S., Europe, and the West Indies competing for the Rolex Cup.

APRIL 21-27, CARNIVAL, St. Thomas. All of St. Thomas turns out for this celebration. Roller-skating troupes, dancing groups, calypso and steel bands, and garishly costumed Mocko Jumbi, astride 17-foot stilts, parade downtown behind the King and Queen of Carnival. Spectators munch on West Indian specialties like roast pork, fried fish, and johnny cakes.

JUNE 28-JULY 8, JOHNNY WALKER HOOK-IN & HOLD-ON (HIHO), St. Thomas. Windsurfing enthusiasts from the Caribbean, North America, Europe, and even Saudi Arabia and Australia will gather at Cowpet Bay to compete in the 6th annual HIHO. The Caribbean's premier windsurfing regatta spans 100 nautical miles, from St. Thomas to Virgin Gorda and back.

AUGUST, 13TH ANNUAL VIRGIN ISLANDS INTERNATIONAL OPEN BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT, St. Thomas. A three-day tournament, on dates to be announced, when sport-fishermen from all over the world will gather to fish famous North Drop and Saddle, 20 miles off Red Hook. For conservation reasons, any fish judged before being boated to weigh less than 400 pounds will be returned to the sea.

NOVEMBER 24, NINTH ANNUAL CONCH SHELL REGATTA, St. Croix. Sailors in five categories—on cruising, racing, and multihull vessels, on Sunfish, and on sailboards—race from Christiansted Harbor to Buck Island and back. The start is LeMans style—a sailor must swim from the dock out to his boat before the boat gets under way.

DECEMBER 1, CHRISTMAS SPOKEN HERE, St. Croix. St. Croix Botanical Gardens celebrates Christmas with musical groups, a Nativity pageant, a crafts fair, and the largest display of red and white poinsettias in the Caribbean.

For information: U.S. Virgin Islands Department of Commerce, Division of Tourism, 1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. (212) 582-4520.

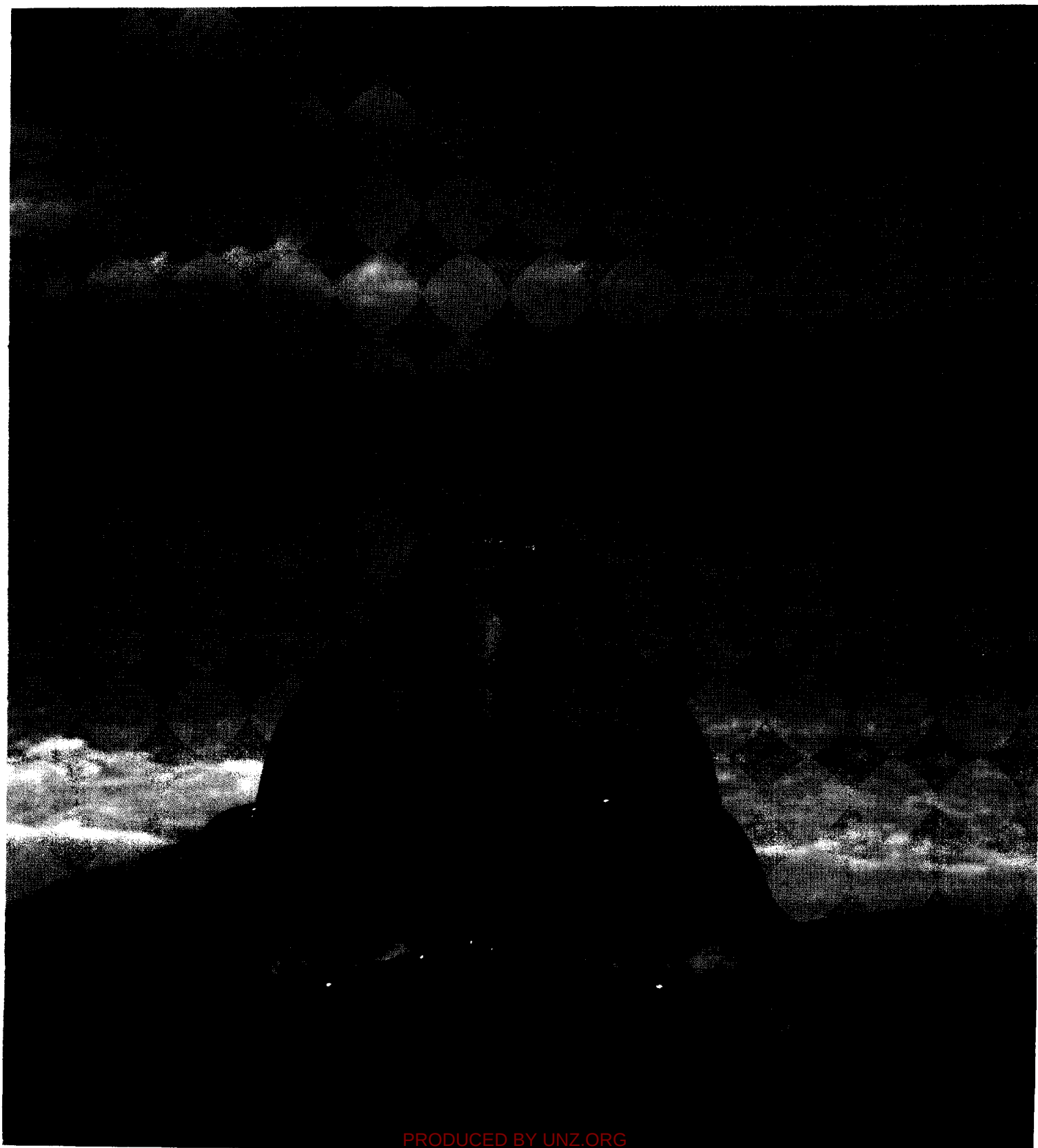
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THE BAHAMAS & BERMUDA

THE BAHAMAS

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APRIL-JULY, BILLFISH CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES. The fishing tournaments in the series are the Hemingway Billfish Tournament, Bimini Blue Water Resort, April 1-5; the 15th Annual Walker's Cay Billfish Tournament, Abaco, May 6-10; the Cat Cay Billfish Tournament, May 15-18; the Championship Tournament, Bimini Big Game Fishing Club, June 3-7; and the Chub Cay Blue Marlin Tournament, Berry Islands, July 8-12.

JUNE 25-JULY 4, ABACO REGATTA. This regatta, five races on five days, is sponsored by *Yachting* magazine and Mount Gay Rum. The first race is at Hope Town, Abaco, and the last race is at Green Turtle Cay. The trophy presentation will be on July 4.

DECEMBER 26, BOXING DAY, AND JANUARY 1, JUNKANOO, Nassau. Revelers dressed in wild costumes of fringed crepe paper parade through the streets to a compelling *goombay* rhythm. Once popular among slaves throughout the Carolinas and the English-speaking Caribbean, these festivals are now unique to the Bahamas.

For information: Bahamas Tourist Office, 10 Columbus Circle, Suite 1660, New York, NY 10019. (212) 757-1611.

BERMUDA

APRIL 5, BERMUDA KITE FESTIVAL, Horseshoe Beach, Southampton. This kite competition, open to all, offers prizes for the most beautiful, the most original, the smallest, and the most original Bermuda kite.

LATE APRIL OR EARLY MAY, INVITATIONAL INTERNATIONAL RACE WEEK. Yachtsmen from all over compete in various categories, from sailboards and Sunfish on up. The event is sponsored by the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club.

MAY, BERMUDA HERITAGE MONTH. Cultural and sporting activities commemorate Bermuda's heritage. On May 24, Bermuda Day, the Annual Half Marathon and the Bermuda Fitted Dinghies Race are among the festivities.

MAY 1-NOVEMBER 30, 43RD ANNUAL GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT. The Bermuda Department of Tourism offers a certificate and a silver pin for the top catch of each of 17 varieties of game fish. No license or entry fee is required.

AUGUST 1-2, CUP MATCH CRICKET FESTIVAL. A spectacular two-day cricket match between the island's east- and west-end cricket clubs, played at St. George's Cricket Club.

For information: Bermuda Department of Tourism, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 397-7700.

LATIN AMERICA

BRAZIL

APRIL 7, BRAZILIAN FORMULA 1 GRAND PRIX, Rio de Janeiro.

JUNE 15, RIO MARATHON.

DECEMBER 4-6, FEAST OF SANTA BARBARA, Salvador da Bahia. Fireworks, a procession, and a mass at dawn open the merrymaking organized by the stall merchants of Santa Barbara market. There are demonstrations of samba and *capoeira*, a stylized self-defense dance, and *caruru*, food associated with the *candomble* cult, to eat.

For information: Brazilian Tourism Authority, Suite 1336, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10165. (212) 286-9600.

MEXICO

EARLY OCTOBER, INTERNATIONAL CERVANTES FESTIVAL, Guanajuato. Mexico's preeminent arts festival—two

weeks of dance, art, music, film, theater, and folk arts—will feature performances by artists from all over the world.

FALL, LORETO TENNIS FESTIVAL. This invitational tournament at the Loreto Tennis Center, in Baja California on the shores of the Sea of Cortez, attracts major stars from the international tennis circuit; John McEnroe is the center's touring pro. Festival dates will be announced this spring.

DECEMBER 16-24, LAS POSADAS, Nationwide. Pinatas, parties, and daily processions figure in the prelude to Christmas. The festivities are liveliest at Queretaro, Oaxaca, Taxco, and Mexico City's Alameda Park.

For information: Mexican Government Tourist Office, 405 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 755-7212.

PERU

JUNE 24, INTI RAYME FESTIVAL, Cuzco. The Inca Festival of the Sun.

Indians in traditional Inca costume perform ceremonies at the ruins of the fortress Sacsayhuaman, high in the Andes.

SEPTEMBER 24-28, TOURISM WEEK, Ica. There's singing, dancing, and much tipping of wine and *pisco*, Peru's strong grape brandy, in the valley of Ica, where most of Peru's wine and *pisco* is produced.

OCTOBER, BULLFIGHT SEASON, Lima. Springtime in Peru is celebrated with bullfights. The world's best toreros compete in Lima's Plaza de Acho, the oldest bullring in the Americas. October 12, National Tourism Day, features bullfights, horse racing, and folkloric programs.

OCTOBER 18, LORD OF THE MIRACLES FESTIVAL, Lima. A huge and colorful procession winds through streets of old Lima, and everyone celebrates by eating *Turrón de Dona Pepa* candy.

For information: Peru National Tourist Office, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-4020 or (800) 431-8011.



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ATLANTIC PROVINCES

JUNE 27-JULY 2, 75TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY, Halifax, NS. Naval ships from 20 countries will assemble off Halifax for the ceremonies.

JULY 12-14, ANTIGONISH HIGHLAND GAMES, NS. A major Scottish festival, with pipe bands, Highland dancing, traditional Scottish athletic events, a concert, and a massed-pipe-band tattoo.

JULY 25-26, TWILLINGATE FISH, FUN, AND FOLK FESTIVAL, NF. Featuring the greatest variety of seafood dishes ever offered anywhere in Newfoundland.

AUGUST, OYSTER FESTIVAL, Tyne Valley, PEI. The Canadian oyster-shucking championship, fiddling contests, and step dancing.

AUGUST 3-4, UNE LONGUE VEILLEE, Cape St. George, NF. A festival of French culture.

For information:
Tourism New Brunswick, Box 12345,
Fredericton, NB E3B 5C3.

Newfoundland Department of Development,
Box 2016, St. John's, NFA1C 5R8.
Nova Scotia Department of Tourism, Box
456, Halifax, NS B3J 2R5.
Prince Edward Island Department of
Tourism, Box 2000, Charlottetown, PEI
C1A 7M8.

QUEBEC

JUNE-OCTOBER, RAMSES II EXHIBIT, Montreal. The Cairo Museum has loaned 76 precious objects, including the Great Pharaoh's tomb and priceless gold jewelry.

JUNE 21-NOVEMBER 10, PICASSO ART SHOW, Montreal. More than 70 works, many in North America for the first time.

JULY 4-14, SUMMER FESTIVAL, Quebec City. Historic *Vieux Quebec* will welcome more than 1,000 artists, musicians, and horsemen from the Americas and Europe, for a festival that will fill the streets.

SEPTEMBER 22, MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL MARATHON.

For information: Quebec Ministry of
Tourism, One Place Ville Marie, Montreal, Que.
H3B 3M9. (800) 443-7000.

ONTARIO

MAY 12-20, FESTIVAL OF SPRING, Ottawa. Tulips, tulips everywhere! Each year Holland sends thousands of tulips to the capital city. Highlights of the festival include a marathon, the Rideau Canal Flotilla (on May 19), and concerts.

AUGUST 3, GLENGARRY HIGHLAND GAMES, Maxville. The largest Highland gathering in North America.

AUGUST 7-25, FIRST MASTERS GAMES, Toronto. Mature athletes from the world over will compete.

For information: Ontario Ministry of Tourism,
1200 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5R 2A5.

MANITOBA & SASKATCHEWAN

MAY 22-25, KINSMEN INTERNATIONAL BAND FESTIVAL, Moose Jaw, Sask. The largest event of its kind in North America, with 7,000 musicians in 110 bands and 50 choral groups.

JUNE 16, MANITOBA MARATHON, Winnipeg, Man.

JULY 8-12, PIONEER DAYS EXHIBITION, Saskatoon, Sask. Entertainment on stage, horse racing, a midway, a parade, a casino, and exhibits, including vintage agricultural equipment.

JULY 25-28, CALL OF THE WILD MOUNTAIN MUSIC FESTIVAL, Boggy Creek, Man. Top country and bluegrass musicians will perform.

For information:
Travel Manitoba, 7-155 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Man. R3C 0V8.
Saskatchewan Tourism, 3211 Albert St.,
Regina, Sask. S4S 5W6.

ALBERTA & BRITISH COLUMBIA

MAY 5, VANCOUVER MARATHON.

JULY 5-14, CALGARY STAMPEDE, Calgary, Alta. The largest professional rodeo in the world.

JULY 14, VANCOUVER BATHTUB RACE AND SEA FESTIVAL, Nanaimo, BC. The Sea Festival, at English Bay, will include parades, a salmon barbecue, air and logging shows, and inner-tube races.

JULY 18-27, KLONDIKE DAYS EXPOSITION, Edmonton, Alta. A parade, street dances, horse races, and the King of the Klondike competition.

LATE SEPTEMBER, WINE FESTIVAL, Okanagan-Similkameen, BC. A celebration of the harvest from British Columbia's vineyards.

For information:

Alberta Tourism, 10065 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta. T5J 0H4.

British Columbia Ministry of Tourism, 1117 Wharf St., Victoria, BC V8W 2Z2.

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES & YUKON

LATE APRIL, TOONIK TYME, Frobisher Bay, NWT. A week-long carnival will celebrate spring's arrival. Igloo-building, dog races, snowmobile races, and more.

JUNE 22-23, FOLK ON THE ROCKS, Yellowknife, NWT. This three-day event will feature Inuit and Dene performers, throat singers, drum dancers, fiddlers, and other folk artists from the NWT, the Yukon, southern Canada, and the U.S.

AUGUST 17-19, DISCOVERY DAYS, Dawson City, Yukon. The town will celebrate the golden heritage of the Klondike with parades, dances, and raft and canoe races.

For information:

Northwest Territories Department of Economic Development and Tourism, Nova Building, Yellowknife, NWT X1A 2L9.

Yukon Tourism and Economic Development, Box 2703, White Horse, Yukon Y1A 2C6.

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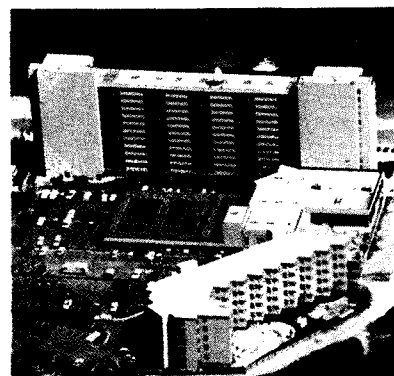
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THE UNITED STATES



NEW ENGLAND

APRIL 12-14, VERMONT MAPLE FESTIVAL, St. Albans. (802) 524-5800. Sap runs in the spring! Sap-boiling and lumberjack demonstrations, a fiddlers' concert, and, of course, a pancake breakfast will welcome spring.

SUMMER, BERKSHIRE MUSIC, THEATER, AND DANCE FESTIVALS, Mass. (413) 637-1197. The mountain towns of Lenox, Stockbridge, Becket, and Williamstown host some of the best music, drama, and dance to be found anywhere in the country, and the charm of Norman Rockwell country is not to be missed.

JULY 9-11, WINDJAMMER DAYS, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. (207) 633-2353. This celebration of Maine's seagoing heritage will include a parade, sailboat races, fireworks, and a majestic sail of windjammers into the harbor.

MID-JULY, MUSTER AND PARADE OF ANCIENT FIFE & DRUM CORPS, Deep River, Conn. (203) 526-5783. The largest and oldest event of its kind, this assembly recalls Revolutionary Days, when the boys of the Continental Army marched off to join Washington. The 113th muster and parade will draw dozens of corps from across the nation to this tiny Connecticut River town.

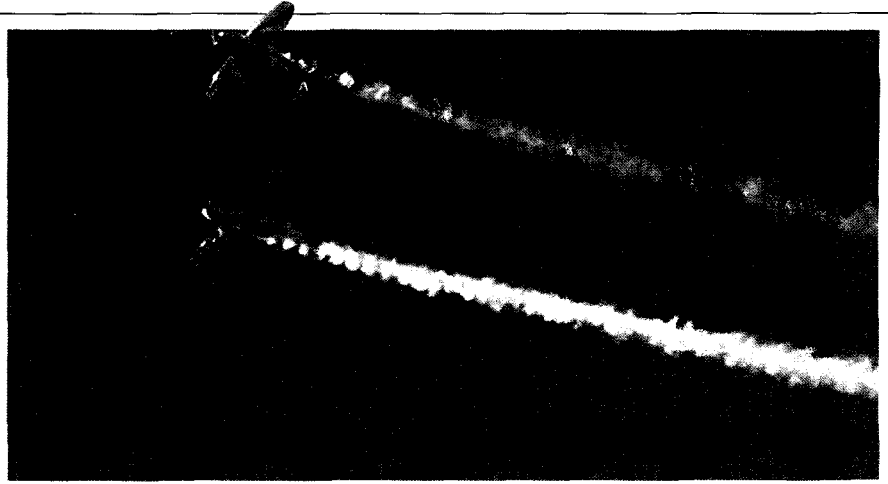
AUGUST 17-18, NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL, RI. (401) 277-2601 or (800) 556-2484. Legendary greats and rising stars in jazz perform in afternoon concerts at Fort Adams State Park, in Newport Harbor. It's a family event, at which picnicking is encouraged. Last year Dizzy Gillespie, Ray Charles, and Miles Davis were among the headliners.

AUGUST 22-25, INTERNATIONAL JUMPING DERBY, Portsmouth, RI. (401) 849-2229. Prestigious equestrians compete at Glen Farm on a very difficult European-type course. Last year's purse was \$90,000.

SEPTEMBER 14-15, NEW HAMPSHIRE HIGHLAND GAMES, Lincoln. (603) 271-2598. The largest Scottish gathering in northern New England.

OCTOBER 5-7, HARVEST HOME CELEBRATION AT PLIMOTH PLANTATION, Plymouth, Mass. (617) 746-1622. The first Thanksgiving will be re-enacted at this replica of a 17th-century Pilgrim colony.

NOVEMBER 29-DECEMBER 1, A DICKENS OF A CHRISTMAS, Hanover,



Florida State Air Fair, Kissimmee

NH. (603) 271-2598. The tree on the village green will be brightly lit, and shopkeepers and townspeople will welcome the holidays with street dancing, caroling, a handbell chorus, and wassailing.

THROUGHOUT DECEMBER, CHRISTMAS AT MYSTIC, Conn. (203) 572-0711. Costumed guides will take visitors back into the 19th century to experience the Christmas spirit of this picturesque fishing village. Reservations are required.

DECEMBER 31, FIRST NIGHT, Boston, Mass. (617) 536-4100. During a 10-hour countdown to New Year's, Boston is transformed into a carnival filled with giant puppets, ice sculptures, musicians, and dancers.

MID-ATLANTIC

APRIL 7-13, CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Washington, DC. (202) 426-6700. Washington's historical monuments are framed in scenic splendor when the Japanese cherry blossoms bloom, in early spring. The Cherry Blossom Festival Parade, full of floats and VIPs, highlights this week-long celebration.

MAY-SEPTEMBER, MARK TWAIN SESQUICENTENNIAL FESTIVAL, Elmira, NY. (607) 734-5137. *Huckleberry Finn*, *Tom Sawyer*, and *A Connecticut Yankee* all came to life in Elmira (and so did Twain's first piece for *The Atlantic Monthly*, "A True Story, Repeated Word for Word As I Heard It," published in November of 1874). To honor Twain on the 150th anniversary of his

birth, Elmira will host contests of all kinds: a frog-jumping competition, a Huck Finn contest, a tall-tales talkathon, sailplane and hang-gliding contests, raft races, and a foot race.

MAY 3-5, PHILADELPHIA OPEN HOUSE, Pa. (215) 597-7919. Tours to private homes, gardens, and historic buildings in Philly's most famous neighborhoods—Rittenhouse Square, Society Hill, Independence National Historic Park, and Germantown.

MAY 5, WINTERTHUR POINT-TO-POINT, Del. (302) 736-4271. The Winterthur Museum and Gardens are the site of this majestic horse race. Many spectators bring picnics.

MAY 18, THE PREAKNESS, Baltimore, Md. (301) 269-3517. The Second Jewel of the Triple Crown.

JUNE 7-23, THREE RIVERS ART FESTIVAL, Pittsburgh, Pa. (412) 261-7040. Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle will serve as the backdrop for this arts celebration: displays of paintings, sculpture, and crafts, and more than 150 performances of drama, dance, and music.

JUNE 8, THE BELMONT STAKES, Belmont, NY. (718) 641-4700. The Third Jewel in the Triple Crown.

JUNE 26-30, FESTIVAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLIFE, Washington, DC. (202) 357-2700. The National Mall will be the site of performances and demonstrations of Appalachian fiddling, Native American dancing, quilting, mining, and more.

JUNE 29-JULY 6, CIVIL WAR HERITAGE WEEK, Gettysburg, Pa. (717)

334-6274. This commemoration of the 122nd anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg will feature a living-history encampment, concerts, exhibits, and the annual Civil War Collectors Show.

JULY 4, INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION, Washington, DC. (202) 426-6700. The festivities get under way with a National Independence Day Parade. In the evening a free concert on the steps of the Capitol by the National Symphony Orchestra will be followed by a spectacular fireworks display over the Washington Monument.

AUGUST 9-11, OHIO RIVER FESTIVAL, Ravenswood, W.Va. (304) 273-4157. The myriad activities and festivities will include musical entertainment, fireworks, a parade, outboard-motor-boat and canoe racing, the Krazee Raft Race, a water-skiing show, a pet show, crafts displays, and the Queen's Ball.

AUGUST 27-SEPTEMBER 8, U.S. OPEN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Queens, NY. (718) 592-8000.

AUGUST 31, 119TH JOUSTING TOURNAMENT, Port Republic, Md. (301) 586-0565. Jousting, the official state sport, recalls Merrie Old England. A bazaar, a country supper, and a historical tour add to the festivities.

SEPTEMBER 10-12, 50TH CELEBRATION OF THE BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY, Va. (804) 786-2051. Craftsmen will exhibit and sell their wares along the parkway during its 50th-anniversary celebration.

OCTOBER 27, NEW YORK CITY MARATHON. (212) 397-8242.

DECEMBER 11-12 AND 16-19, CANDLELIGHT PUB CRAWL, Annapolis, Md. (301) 263-5401. Guides in colonial garb will lead a candlelight walk to historic taverns in Annapolis. A progressive dinner and entertainment.

SOUTHEAST

APRIL 15-21, NUTRASWEET-WTA CHAMPIONSHIPS, Amelia Island, Fla. (904) 396-0401. The world's leading women tennis players will compete in this Virginia Slims World Championship event with a purse of \$250,000.

MAY 4, THE KENTUCKY DERBY, Louisville. (502) 564-4930. The First Jewel of the Triple Crown.

APRIL 26-MAY 5, NEW ORLEANS JAZZ & HERITAGE FESTIVAL, La. (504) 522-

4786. The best of jazz, Dixieland, R&B, and gospel music.

MAY 24-JUNE 9, SPOLETO FESTIVAL USA, Charleston, SC. (803) 722-2764. Gian-Carlo Menotti's American brainchild, sister to the famous Italian festival since 1977. Charleston blooms with music, theater, dance, and opera.

MAY 31-JUNE 2, BLESSING OF THE FLEET AND SHRIMP FESTIVAL, Biloxi, Miss. (601) 435-5578. A shrimp supper, a dance, and the Shrimp Queen Contest will all be in honor of the gaily decorated boats blessed on Sunday in Biloxi Sound.

JUNE 8-SEPTEMBER 1, STEPHEN FOSTER STORY, Bardstown, Ky. (502) 564-4930. This outdoor musical drama of Foster's life will be staged at the site of the mansion that inspired "My Old Kentucky Home."

JUNE 10-16, INTERNATIONAL COUNTRY MUSIC FAN FAIR, Nashville, Tenn. (615) 741-2158. A major country celebration: 30 hours of live music, plus 300 exhibit booths, autograph and photo sessions, celebrity softball, and the Grand Masters' Fiddlin' Contest.

JUNE 15, NATIONAL HOLLERIN' CONTEST, Spivey's Corner, NC. (919) 892-4133. A hollerin' run, a possum trot, junior hollerin', whistlin', conch-shell and fox-horn blowin', and a ladies' callin' contest.

JUNE 28-30, FREEDOM WEEKEND ALOFT BALLOON RACE, Greenville, SC. (803) 242-1050. The largest hot-air balloon race in the East will be accompanied by a hare-and-hounds competition, a competitive navigational-target event, bluegrass and country music, and fireworks, as a finale.

JULY 12-14, BERE A CRAFTS FAIR, AND OCTOBER 11-13, KENTUCKY GUILD OF ARTISTS & CRAFTSMEN FALL FAIR, Berea, Ky. (502) 564-4930. This picturesque mountain town hosts two of the finest fairs in Appalachia. Mountain crafts, ornate quilts, fine pottery, hand-crafted furniture, and other traditional Appalachian specialties are sold.

JULY 13-14, GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN HIGHLAND GAMES AND GATHERING OF SCOTTISH CLANS, Linville, NC. (704) 733-2013. More than 100 clans will gather for traditional dancing, piping, and athletics.

EARLY AUGUST, W. C. HANDY MUSIC FESTIVAL, Florence, Ala. (205) 766-7642. This celebration honoring Alabama's "Father of the Blues" will include street

struttin', jazz in parks and on the mall, black-tie events, and a jam night.

SEPTEMBER 21-22, FESTIVAL ACADIENS, Lafayette, La. (318) 232-3808. In the heart of French Louisiana, Le Grande Cajun Celebration will showcase the finest of Acadian life: music, dancing, cuisine, crafts, folklore, and literature.

SEPTEMBER 28-29, OFFICIAL FLORIDA STATE AIR FAIR, Kissimmee. (305) 847-5000. The top-flight aerobic acts in this show will include the Canadian Snowbirds, Bob Hoover, The Eagles, and the U.S. Army Golden Knights parachutists.

OCTOBER 4-6, NATIONAL STORYTELLING FESTIVAL, Jonesborough, Tenn. (615) 741-2158. Master storytellers from across the nation will be swapping tales day and night at this event sponsored by the National Association for the Preservation and Perpetuation of Storytelling. On Saturday night ghost stories will be told around a bonfire in the 200-year-old Jonesborough City Cemetery.

DECEMBER, CHRISTMAS IN CHARLESTON, SC. (803) 722-8338. Street festivals, holiday menus in restaurants, and in the harbor a parade of decorated boats.

MIDWEST

MAY 1-26, INDIANAPOLIS 500 FESTIVAL & RACE, Ind. (317) 636-4556. The Greatest Spectacle in Racing climaxes weeks of festivities.

MAY 4-NOVEMBER 30, MARK TWAIN SESQUICENTENNIAL, Hannibal, Mo. (314) 221-2477. Hannibal will pull out all the stops to celebrate the 150th birthday of its famous native son. Parades, plays, fireworks, concerts, hot-air balloons, and train and stern-wheeler rides will all figure in the fun.

JUNE 8-AUGUST 24, TRAIL OF TEARS, Tahlequah, Okla. (918) 456-6007. Presentations of a nationally acclaimed historical drama about the Cherokee people, who were forced to begin a new life in northwestern Oklahoma.

JUNE 27-JULY 7, SUMMERFEST, Milwaukee, Wis. (608) 266-1018. Thousands of music lovers flock to the shores of Lake Michigan each year to enjoy "The World's Greatest Music Festival."

JUNE 30-JULY 6, FORT UNION TRADING POST RENDEZVOUS, Williston, N. Dak. (701) 572-9003. Participants, clad in 18th-century clothing, will convene for business and pleasure in

dwelling typical of the fur-trade era. They'll be competing in a black-powder shoot, a tomahawk-throwing contest, a buffalo-chip toss, and a frying-pan throw.

JULY-AUGUST, NEBRASKA'S BIG RODEO, Burwell. (402) 471-3794. The 63rd annual Big Rodeo will climax the Burwell and Garfield County Centennial celebration. Besides the rodeo, there will be bullfighting, wild-horse races, and a county fair.

JULY 13-21, WORLD HOT AIR BALLOON CHAMPIONSHIP, Battle Creek, Mich. (800) 248-5700. Some 200 balloons from 25 countries will compete.

JULY 26-28, LUMBERJACK WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS, Hayward, Wis. (608) 266-1018. Hearty woodsmen will race to the top of tall timber, chopping and splitting against the stopwatch. Log splitters will test their strength; log rollers will try to stay on top of the action.

JULY 26-AUGUST 2, EAA FLY-IN AND CONVENTION, Oshkosh, Wis. (608) 266-1018. The Experimental Aircraft Association Fly-In is the world's largest aviation event. Visitors enjoy daily air shows and acres of aircraft and aviation displays.

AUGUST 2-11, NATIONAL HOT AIR BALLOON CHAMPIONSHIP, Indianola, Iowa. (515) 961-8415. The grace, color, size, and quantity of the balloons make balloon racing a unique spectator sport.

AUGUST 2-18, OHIO STATE FAIR, Columbus. (614) 221-1321. The world's largest fair features headline entertainment, livestock auctions, harness racing, a lumberjack show, and athletic events.

AUGUST 12-27, AMERICAN INDIAN EXPOSITION, Anadarko, Okla. (405) 247-6651. A major exposition of the music, dancing, art, and crafts of the Plains Indians.

AUGUST 29-SEPTEMBER 3, MONTREUX DETROIT KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL, Mich. (517) 373-0670. This 6-day event will feature jazz giants such as Cleo Laine, Miles Davis, and Ella Fitzgerald, and groups from as far away as Switzerland, Finland, and Yugoslavia. A steamship, a riverfront park, and a turn-of-the-century ballroom are concert sites.

AUGUST 30-SEPTEMBER 2, AUBURN-CORD-DUESENBERG FESTIVAL, Auburn, Ind. (219) 925-1444. Classic antique cars, including cars of movie and sports stars of the art-deco era, attend the annual reunion of the Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg Club.

WEST

APRIL, POLE, PEDAL, PADDLE CONTEST, Jackson, Wyo. (307) 733-6433. Teams and individuals will compete in downhill skiing, bicycling, and rafting, canoeing, or kayaking. There will be a gala end-of-the-ski-season party at the end of the 35-mile course.

MAY 5, CINCO DE MAYO FESTIVAL, Phoenix, Scottsdale, Tucson, and border towns, Ariz. (602) 255-3618. This traditional Mexican fiesta celebrates Mexico's 1863 victory over France.

MAY 11-12, RIO GRANDE WHITE WATER RACES, Pilar, N. Mex. (505) 299-6086. More than 100 canoe, kayak, and raft experts will challenge the foaming fury below the gorge, in competitions such as a 4.4-mile canoe and kayak slalom and a 10-mile canoe marathon.

JUNE 17-22, NATIONAL OLD TIME FIDDLERS CONTEST, Weiser, Idaho. (208) 549-0452. Thousands arrive each year to hear some of the best fiddle-playing around. Jam sessions, parades, and street dances add more music.

JUNE 19-23, BLUEGRASS AND COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL, Telluride, Colo. (303) 728-3041. One of the biggest musical events in the West.

JUNE 21-AUGUST 4, FLAGSTAFF FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS, Ariz. (602) 779-5944. Each year the Coconino Center of the Arts hosts this six-week celebration of the arts, which features musicians and other artists from around the United States.

JULY 11-AUGUST 31, UTAH SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL, Cedar City. (801) 533-5681. Shakespeare's magic comes to life when this nationally acclaimed Shakespearean Festival opens. The 1985 season will feature *Twelfth Night*, *Antony & Cleopatra*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

JULY 24, DAYS OF '47 PIONEER CELEBRATION, Throughout Utah. (801) 533-5681. To celebrate the anniversary of the Mormon pioneers' arrival in the Salt Lake Valley, Utah holds numerous fairs, festivals, and fireworks displays.

AUGUST 1-4, TEXAS FOLKLIFE FESTIVAL, San Antonio. (512) 266-7651. At the University of Texas Institute of Texan Cultures 6,000 representatives of more than 30 ethnic groups that settled the state will share their crafts, folk dances, and ethnic food.

LATE AUGUST, GALLUP INTER-TRIBAL CEREMONIES, N. Mex. (505) 722-2228. The ceremonies honor about a dozen tribes. A rodeo, tribal-history exhibits, Hopi dances, buffalo dances, and fry-bread-making and crafts displays round out the festival.

SEPTEMBER 6-8, VIRGINIA CITY CAMEL RACES, Nev. (702) 885-4322. The 1860s Grand Ball, on September 6, which is attended by ladies and gentlemen in Victorian gowns and frock coats, opens this hilarious weekend of races. Camels were used to develop the Comstock Lode.

SEPTEMBER 7-8, SCOTTISH HIGHLAND FESTIVAL, Estes Park, Colo. (800) 621-5888, or (800) 654-0949 from within Colo. Celtic-harp and Appalachian-dulcimer playing, bagpipe and fiddle contests, Highland and Irish dancing, and Scottish games.

SEPTEMBER 12-15, NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AIR RACES, Reno, Nev. (702) 885-4322. There will be 8 races each day for aircraft in classes ranging from small homemades to WWII fighter planes. Aerobic teams such as the Canadian Snowbirds and USAF Thunderbirds will perform.

PACIFIC

APRIL 6, SAN DIEGO CREW CLASSIC, Calif. (619) 222-0336. Nearly 50 of the best collegiate crew teams—some 1,400 athletes—from around the United States will participate in this first major event of the rowing season.

APRIL 13, PEAR BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Medford, Oreg. (503) 772-6293. The 13-mile Pear Blossom Run, bicycle races, craft exhibits, and a gala parade will celebrate the area's vast fruit-growing industry.

MAY 19, BAY TO BREAKERS, San Francisco, Calif. (415) 777-2424. This 7.5-mile race across the San Francisco peninsula is the world's largest foot race (it has also been referred to as the world's longest block party). More than 100,000 runners don festive costumes to participate in this annual rite of spring.

MAY 31-JUNE 16, PORTLAND ROSE FESTIVAL, Oreg. (503) 227-2681. Three major parades, stage shows, an international rose show, auto races, and a carnival are all part of Oregon's largest community festival. The Grand Floral Parade, which features dozens of flower-covered floats, marching bands, and equestrian teams, is a highlight, on June 8.

UNITED STATES

JUNE 4-11, KING KAMEHAMEHA DAY, Oahu, Hawaii, Kauai, and Maui, Hawaii. (808) 536-6540 for Oahu. Hawaii's first monarch will be honored with a week of parades, musical events, and a *Ho'olaule'a*, or street party, in Waikiki, all leading up to the day itself, June 11.

JULY 20-28, GOLDEN DAYS, Fairbanks, Alaska. (907) 452-1105. Commemorating the discovery of gold near Fairbanks in July, 1902, this colorful festival will feature gold-panning demonstrations and contests, sporting events, a flower show, and an antique-airplane race.

LATE JULY, WORLD ESKIMO INDIAN OLYMPICS, Fairbanks, Alaska. (907) 456-5774. Representatives of Eskimo, Aleut, and Athabascan villages will gather for competitive games.

MID-AUGUST, GOLDEN NORTH SALMON DERBY, Juneau, Alaska. (907) 586-9442. A \$100,000 purse makes this the richest of Alaska's many salmon derbies. Anglers from all over the country will compete in the 3-day event, which is sponsored by the Territorial Sportsmen.

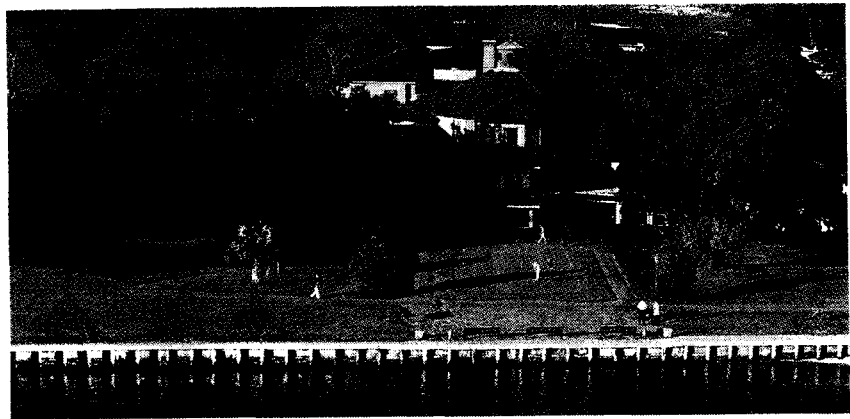
SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, ALOHA WEEK FESTIVALS, Throughout Hawaii. (808) 944-8857. Each of the main islands chooses a week to sponsor a celebration full of Hawaiian pageantry and featuring street entertainment, luaus, and parades.

SEPTEMBER 6-22, WESTERN WASHINGTON STATE FAIR, Puyallup. (206) 845-1771. The Puyallup Fair is one of the largest fairs in the country, with more than 15,000 exhibits: crafts, art and photography, agricultural products, consumer goods.

SEPTEMBER 19-22, LODI GRAPE FESTIVAL & NATIONAL WINE SHOW, Calif. (209) 369-2771. Celebrating the Lodi area's contribution to the wine and grape industries, this festival will feature a carnival, food concessions, commercial exhibitors, grape murals, and wine tasting.

OCTOBER 4-7, IRONMAN WORLD TRIATHLON CHAMPIONSHIP, Kailua Kona, Hawaii. (808) 528-2050. This grueling competition will welcome athletes to swim 2.4 miles, ride a bicycle for 112 miles, and run a marathon.

OCTOBER 5-6, WASHINGTON STATE SEAFOOD FESTIVAL, Shelton. (206) 426-2021. Also known as Oysterfest, this annual feast of salmon, clams, mussels, and oysters celebrates the bounty of the sea as enjoyed by the people of the Pacific Northwest.



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riding, bay cruises, complete children's programs, afternoon tea, nightly dancing and much more. Located on the crystal blue Gulf Coast waters of Mobile Bay, 23 miles South of Mobile. For more information, call or write for your free, full color vacation planning kit today.



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MIDWAY

*... he asked him, "Do you see anything?" And he looked up and said,
 "I see men; but they look like trees, walking." Then again he laid hands upon his eyes, and he looked
 intently, and was restored, and saw everything clearly.*

(Mark 8:23-25)

January.
 The hours after midday are coming
 back, there is time
 to climb from home
 to height of land for the broader vision:
 north and east,
 Mount Moosilauke,
 its four rivers of snow conjoining;
 directly west,
 the little town
 on the highway, all its citizens
 without a doubt
 preoccupied
 with matters they find as grave as any;
 and all around,

 the traffic of beasts,
 invisible now, great and tiny.
 A pregnant jumble,
 near and far,
 then and now, in a time of year
 stormy and frigid,
 but I have sweated,
 stripped to the waist, it has been so clear.
 The dead have been dead
 it seems so long,
 and yet their ghosts are perched on every
 branch above me,
 cloaking themselves
 in the rising vapors from my body,
 the day's sole clouds.

 Deep in the Sunday
 village, forlorn, the sound of swings
 in the empty schoolyard
 clinking against
 their cold steel standards, like diminished
 steeple bells:
 ten o'clock's
 sparse service was over hours
 ago. My father
 lays hands on my sight

up here, and friends, and my furious brother,
 who at last seems calm.

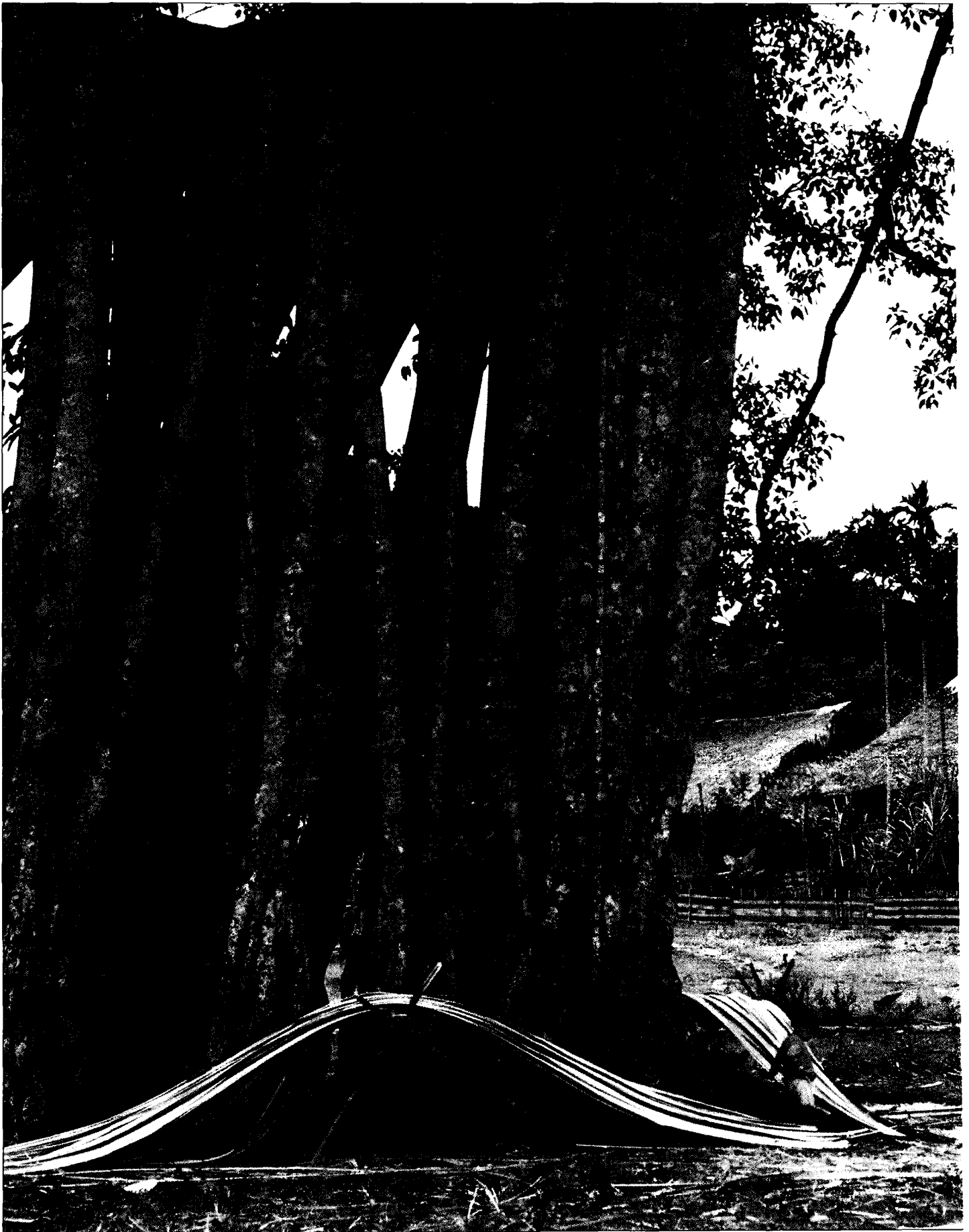
The night is losing
 its sovereignty, it will not be
 overlong

before it loses
 its winter boast: "Come out with me,
 come out and stay,
 and you'll be a corpse."
 The crickets, partridge, frogs will all
 come back to drum
 their victory;
 the whip-poor-wills will make their hum
 and click as they mate,
 the freshets will loosen;
 the children, done for the year with lessons,
 will elect to throng
 the grassy playground. . . .
 The past will turn itself over, shaking
 out my brother,

friends, and father,
 and they will be as before, but better,
 as I will be,
 unless—as so often—
 I'm dreaming here; unless what I sense
 is just another
 misty version
 of lifelong longing. It's hard to say. . . .
 A moment ago,
 I flushed a crowd
 of flying squirrels, who in their soaring
 out of their holes
 looked so like angels
 I rubbed my eyes. And what do I see?
 On the far horizon

appears to be
 a line of men, there in procession. . . .
 As darkness deepens, they look like trees.

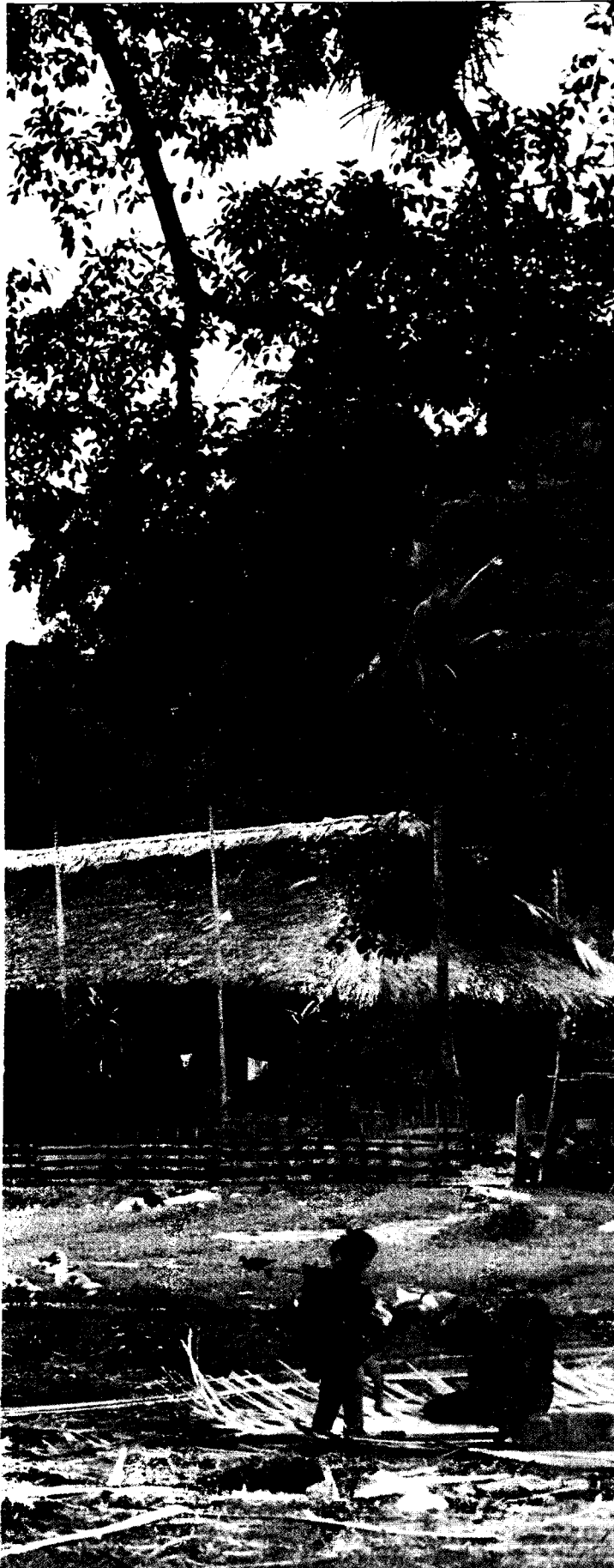
—Sydney Lea



*A veteran's
return to Vietnam*

THE ROAD TO HILL 10

BY WILLIAM BROYLES, JR.



Left: Site where Ho Chi Minh heralded the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, in 1945; Above: Café near Hill 10

WE CROSSED THE BRIDGE OVER THE TUY LOAN RIVER and stopped the car on the other side. Sweet potatoes and manioc were drying in the sun. The smell of sugarcane filled the air. The old bridge had been blown up in 1974, and at first I wasn't sure where I was. On the north bank, where our bunkers had been, there was now a brick kiln. On the south bank, where I'd had my command post, two men dressed only in shorts were sitting in a shed, patiently sawing logs. Across the road, near where we had set up our recoilless rifle, was a small roadside stand selling tea, cigarettes, and drinks. It had all changed. But the bend in the river was the same, and so were the mountains beyond. I looked in the distance for the old French fort in the foothills where my platoon had often set its foxholes for the night. I was stunned when it rose out of the foreground, scarcely a mile away.

Vietnam was so much smaller than I had remembered. When I fought here as a Marine second lieutenant, in 1969, Da Nang was a world away; today the drive took fifteen minutes. The old French fort had seemed miles from the bridge; now clearly it was only a short walk, just across the rice paddies and along a tree line. But those paddies had

William Broyles, Jr., formerly the editor-in-chief of Newsweek and Texas Monthly, served as a Marine in Vietnam in 1969 and 1970.

once meant booby traps and mines and being caught in the open, and that tree line had meant ambush and death. Now the scene was a peaceful Asian landscape, a nice place to have a picnic. Then it had defined my entire world; now it was only a Chinese watercolor of river, paddies, and foothills in the shadow of the mountains—just another piece of Vietnam.

I got back into the car with my escort, a former Viet Cong captain, and we drove south, down the road that my battalion had swept for mines each morning. I pointed out a narrow gravel road and we followed it through the paddies toward the mountains. Where a refugee camp had been, there was now a cemetery for the war dead, filled with hundreds of graves, each marker bearing, in Vietnamese, the word *hero*. I stopped two old men who were walking along the road. One of them had been the president of the Viet Cong in a nearby village. "All this was a no-man's-land," he said, gesturing around the paddies and hills I knew so well. "We were very strong here. We lived underground right next to the American base on Hill 10. Our best fighters worked for the Americans; at night they joined us."

Then a woman came up the road. Her name was Dong Thi San. I asked her if she had been here during the war. "Of course," she said. "I was the wife of a guerrilla. He was killed in Bo Ban hamlet by an American Marine patrol in 1969. And he left four children." She looked at me with steady eyes. In 1969 I had commanded a platoon of young Americans, their average age less than twenty. We had been through Bo Ban hamlet and had set out ambushes there. My platoon could have—I could have—killed her husband.

"But life goes on," she said. "The war is over now."

The last Americans fled Vietnam ten years ago this April, but for us the war never really ended, not for the men who fought it, and not for America. It was longer than the Civil War, the First World War, and the Second World War put together. We spent \$140 billion and suffered 58,022 Americans killed, another 303,000 wounded. Perhaps a million and a half Vietnamese died. The war shook our confidence in America as a nation with a special mis-

sion, and it left the men who fought it orphans in their own country. It divided us then, and its memory divides us now. The debate over when and how to commit American power abroad is really a debate over how to avoid, at all costs, another Vietnam.

I spent four weeks there last fall. I drove hundreds of miles in North Vietnam and from the old DMZ to the Mekong Delta in the South, trying to come to terms with why we had fought there and how we lost, with the bravery and the lives wasted, with what we had done to Vietnam and what Vietnam had done to us. I had most wanted to see Hill 10, my old battalion base. It stood on a rocky hill in the path of the main route between the Ho Chi Minh Trail, in the mountains, and Da Nang, South Vietnam's second-largest city, a few miles to the east. Dozens of American bases in Vietnam were just like it. Hill 10 has no place in the history of the war and will most likely be remembered only by the men who fought each other in the rice paddies and the mountains that surround it. But I had seen the war there, and after all those years it was once again just around the curve in the gravel road, past the hamlet hidden in the trees. I got back into the car with my old enemy and we headed toward it.

HANOI

THE FLIGHT FROM BANGKOK INTO HANOI FOLLOWS the route that the American F-105s and F-4s based in Thailand had taken out of Takhli and Korat, over the mountains that the pilots had called Thud Ridge (after the nickname for the F-105 Thunderchief). Instead of the hail of flak, the SAMs (surface-to-air missiles), and the MiG-21 fighters that had greeted the American pilots, I saw only typical Vietnamese villages, set amid the inevitable paddies and surrounded by thick walls of bamboo. Oxcarts trudged slowly around the perimeter of the airport. Men on bicycles crossed the tarmac. The passengers on my flight were the only ones in the tiny terminal. After I claimed my baggage, a young man introduced himself in formal English. His name was Tien, and he was from the Foreign Press Center. We loaded my bags into a brand-new Toyota and headed for Hanoi.

Thousands of people crowded the road between the airport and Hanoi. They were threshing rice, fixing bicycles, driving pigs, carrying rocks, playing games, getting their hair cut—all right on the pavement. There were fishermen and hunters and schoolchildren with briefcases and red scarves. There were oxcarts and cattle and flocks of ducks, and everywhere there were bicycles: bicycles being ridden by one, two, three, four, and even five people; bicycles carrying immense loads of rice, charcoal, lumber, livestock. There were a few trucks, but ours was the only car. Horn blaring, we charged through this sea of activity like a shark through a school of mackerel. This must have been how the French traveled when Vietnam was their colony, I thought—as if this thick broth of peasant life simply did not exist.



Dong Thi San with a former Viet Cong village president



French architecture in a residential section of Hanoi

Out in the rice fields were armies of peasants—plowing, planting, weeding, reaping. Children rode water buffalo or bathed in the paddies; women bent over with their scythes, harvesting rice like insects taking tiny bites out of a huge golden cheese. Around each house dozens of people huddled, drinking tea, gesturing with cigarettes. There were brick kilns and charcoal racks and primitive sawmills. The effect was like that of a pre-industrial landscape by Breughel, in which each plane is filled with people engaged in dozens of activities, all centered on the agricultural pattern of plowing, planting, and harvest. In our hurtling car we were on some linear mission, but beyond us the world was revolving around something else—a cycle of history, always repeated, seldom changing, the harvest of life deeply rooted in the harvest of rice.

It was peaceful, bucolic. But it brought back less peaceful memories. I could close my eyes and see tracers coming at me; could hear the crack of rifles, the booming of artillery, the velvet *thunk* of an incoming mortar. And I could smell all those odors of war—gunpowder, excrement, fear. Soldiers on the highway wore the same uniforms as the NVA regulars had worn when we did our best to kill each other. When I saw them, I had to struggle with the impulse to flee, to take cover. For a brief moment I wanted a weapon.

It seemed incredible that this backward place could have taken those boys riding placidly on the backs of water buffalo and made them anti-aircraft gunners and platoon commanders, could have organized them to build and maintain a vast logistic network across more than 3,500 miles of trackless mountains and jungle, could have found ways to defeat every new technological weapon we developed. It simply didn't compute. In combat the North Vietnamese troops had seemed so motivated, as if history were riding on their shoulders. But this pastoral, timeless landscape that nurtured them seemed outside of history. Nothing, I thought, ever happens here.

Hanoi is a city built by foreigners, and it appears deceptively familiar. Its wide streets and low pink-stucco buildings with tile roofs and green shutters give Hanoi the look of a sleepy French provincial town. It is like a city of the

plain—low, brooding, a large town really, nothing like a capital. The streets are clean, but there is a sense of crumbling, as if Hanoi's layer in some future archaeological dig were already prepared and the city were settling into it as fast as was seemly. Almost nothing remains of the ancient Vietnamese city, known as the Rising Dragon, and since the French left, in 1954, little seems to have been added. Visiting Hanoi is like coming upon an ancient city where the race that built it has vanished and another race inhabits the ruins. The Vietnamese themselves seem foreigners here; they have the air of people wearing someone else's clothes.

My hotel was the Thong Nhat, the Reunification Hotel, which under the French was the Métropole, the jewel of Hanoi. Its elevators have long since quit, and the plaster is cracked and peeling. The bar sells Russian wine, champagne, and vodka, as well as Heineken and Coke. The prices of souvenirs in the window displays are listed only in dollars, an example of how the dollar has conquered Vietnam. The hotel had a special cashier, known among the guests as Madame Dollar, who handled American currency. Whenever I paid in dollars anywhere in Vietnam, there would be an interlude during which each bill was subjected to intense scrutiny; if it had the slightest nick or mark, it was rejected. The bills that passed muster were entered by serial number in a special book. I half expected them to be carried away on a silk cushion.

ON MY FIRST MORNING IN HANOI I WENT TO THE FOREIGN Press Center, which is housed in an old French villa not far from the hotel. I entered through the back gate; two women were squatting on the ground, cooking over a small charcoal brazier, and a chicken wandered, pecking among the cobblestones. In a reception room with high ceilings, French doors, and a large portrait of Ho Chi Minh, I met the men who would coordinate the details of my visit. Duong Minh is the acting director of the Foreign Press Center. A man in his late forties, he is a smooth and efficient diplomat with a wry sense of humor and a masterly command of English idiom. I also met Nguyen Van Thuan, one of Duong Minh's senior aides, who was to do the complicated advance work on my travels in the North. Thuan was a regular soldier during the war, and was seriously wounded in a B-52 strike. He asked me where I had fought, and when I told him, he squinted and a sly smile crossed his face. "I thought I recognized you," he said, pointing at me in mock surprise.

Tien, the young man with a shy, formal manner who had met me at the airport, was serving an apprenticeship at the press center. He was to be my assistant guide. I was introduced to Le Luong Minh, my guide and translator, who was to be with me throughout the trip and who would more than earn his meager 280 dong (about \$1.20 at the black-market exchange rate) a month. Minh turned out to be a good traveling companion—a man well versed in political philosophy and also a poet and a hopeless romantic.

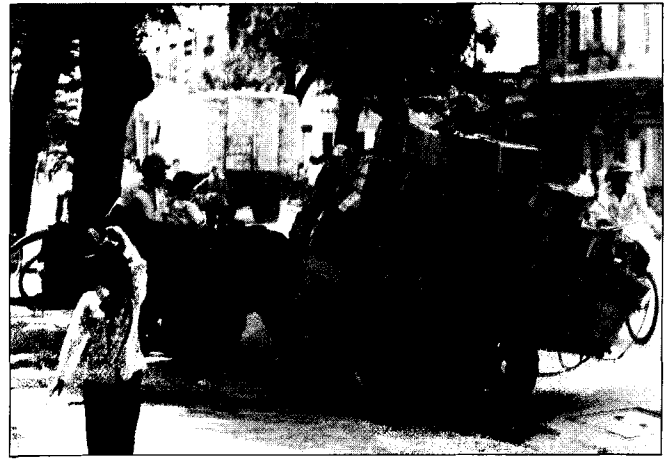
On long drives he would recite his poetry to me ("My love is like the bamboo tree . . ."), or recount Vietnamese folk tales and legends, or discuss passages from various American political memoirs that pertained to Vietnam. He had spent five years at Vietnam's embassy in Canada. "I have seen all the West has to offer," he told me. "All the material progress, all the consumer goods, the way of life. But my heart is in my village and my country. I would never think of being anywhere else. My father now keeps the family altar. When he dies, as the eldest son I will keep it, I will light the candles, I will observe the feast days. I am a Communist, but I am also Vietnamese."

That afternoon Tien took me to the military museum, where we watched a marvelous sand-table re-enactment of the battle of Dienbienphu: artillery thundered, planes took off and landed, a ring of red lights advanced inexorably on the French, and, finally, a Viet Minh flag popped up over the French headquarters. I was sitting next to a delegation of Cubans, so the narration was in Spanish. The Vietnamese officer escorting the Cubans was very nervous about my being there, but he relaxed as soon as Tien took a few of my American cigarettes and gave them to him. I was quickly learning how Vietnam worked.

Later we went to the Hanoi art museum. Virtually all of the art is rooted in the wars of Vietnam—the *dau tranh*, or struggle, that defines the Vietnamese as a nation. War is not an aberration; it is their central experience. They struggle, therefore they exist. I was struck by one painting, a depiction of an early patriot being tortured by Chinese soldiers. They have surrounded him and are piercing his body with a dozen lances. But he lies on his side, smiling, oblivious of the pain. The theme of martyrdom is everywhere. The pantheon of Vietnam is filled with heroes who were tortured, dismembered, and executed for the fatherland. The Vietnamese are intensely conscious of the atrocities committed against them; there are even "atrocities museums," not unlike the Holocaust memorials in Jerusalem and Dachau, filled with photographs of Vietnamese maimed and killed during the war. "We have suffered much," Tien told me as I gazed at the painting—but he smiled when he said it.

I HAD EXPECTED HANOI TO HAVE THE DEVASTATED LOOK of East Berlin in the 1950s. But the only visible damage was from decay and neglect. And so I asked to visit some of the areas that had been most heavily bombed. We set off in a black Russian Volga—the driver apologized for being unable to bring the Toyota. We drove to Kham Thien Street, which supposedly had been obliterated by B-52s during the Christmas bombing of 1972. We drove up and down the street looking for the monument to the bombing, but only after asking many vendors and shopkeepers did we learn where it was. The street itself is like every other busy street in Hanoi; there is nothing to show it was ever bombed.

Our next stop was Bach Mai hospital, which for years



Delivering paper by oxcart, Hanoi

has been on the visitors' circuit. Jane Fonda was there after it was bombed, and my hosts proudly displayed pictures of her standing in the rubble. I spoke with Dr. Tran Do Trinh, the deputy director of the hospital, a kindly, competent-looking man. "It was the night before Christmas in 1972," Dr. Trinh told me. "Most of the hospital had been evacuated, but about two hundred and fifty of us were still here. We lived and worked in the basement under the cardiology building. I was teaching a class about mitral stenosis when we heard the anti-aircraft guns begin to fire and then the terrible noise of the B-52 bombs coming toward us like thunder. I kept lecturing—there was nothing else to do—and the students were taking notes when the bombs hit. The whole shelter collapsed. The living were mixed in with the dead. We had to break through the rubble that covered the entrances with our bare hands to remove the wounded. It took almost two weeks to extricate all the dead, and the smell of bodies filled the hospital. Three of the students in my lecture were killed." He shrugged. "But war is war. We must go on."

I spent some time touring the hospital. The doctors were particularly proud of some new ultrasound machinery from the Netherlands. "We found the first three cases of left-atrial myxoma in Vietnam with this machine," one doctor said. But to a casual visitor the benefits of medical technology seemed woefully uneven. A few exotic heart diseases were being diagnosed, but there was no blood in the refrigerator in the lab. The patients lay, some of them two to a bed, in their own clothes. Several pieces of simple equipment stood dusty and inoperable. "For two hours each day the power goes out," one doctor told me. "That's bad enough, but what's worse is we never know which two hours. It could be any time—right in the middle of surgery." The hospital was a paradigm of Vietnam: a place of stoic suffering and maddening bureaucracy, where almost nothing works—except the people, and they work incredibly hard. How, I kept thinking, did they run the war?

Many American advocates of air power believe that we failed because we did not bomb enough, that we needlessly limited our bombing (for example, the MiG airfields were off limits until 1967), that we allowed the North Viet-

namese to believe that they had survived the worst punishment we could deliver. Wayne W. Thompson, who is writing the official Air Force history of the air war over North Vietnam, told me that if we had sent B-52s against Hanoi in 1965, instead of waiting until the Christmas bombing of 1972, "their will to fight could have seriously been crippled." This argument is supported by the POWs who reported that their captors were panicked by the Christmas bombing. Certainly, it has its advocates among the men who fought the air war, who believe they were forced to take great risks, under complex restrictions, for dubious ends. But the argument has one basic flaw: whatever the price of winning the war—twenty more years of fighting, another million dead, the destruction of Hanoi—the North Vietnamese were willing to pay it.

American officers and military historians insist that the Christmas bombing hit "the same old targets" on the outskirts of Hanoi. According to Thompson, "B-52s are less accurate than the fighter bombers we had used before. With the heavy flak and the SAMs coming up at them, they could be considerably off target; it's a great credit to the B-52 crews that there were as few civilian casualties as there were. The Vietnamese say they had about twelve hundred dead. From what I have discovered, that seems about right. And that figure proves *our* point, not theirs. Just one of those B-52 raids could have killed thousands of civilians, if that had been our goal. We could have fire-bombed, we could have hit the center of the city. If we had wanted to destroy Hanoi, we could have wiped it out."

Having been to Hanoi, I believe he is right—the city itself was practically untouched. But the detached way in which Americans discuss the air war comes from having dropped the bombs; the Vietnamese have a very different view. To them, the B-52 was not simply a bigger and more terrible bomber; it was like the death star, flying so high and so fast as to be beyond sight, beyond hearing, beyond humanity. It attacked without warning. One moment all was peaceful; the next the ground erupted as if the very earth were exploding. To endure a B-52 attack was the ultimate experience of the war. To have been wounded by a B-52 was a special badge of honor. Over and over people volunteered the story of the time they were hit by a B-52; it was the one moment they would never forget. "The first time we shot down a B-52," a general told me, "was during the Christmas bombing. It was an occasion of great celebration throughout the country." The most popular exhibit at the war museum in Hanoi is the wreckage of a B-52 that lies in the courtyard beneath a MiG-17. Children gather around it throughout the day, staring, as if transfixed by the body of a slain beast.

EARLY ONE MORNING WE LEFT HANOI FOR THE RED River Delta, the agricultural heart of the North, a densely populated area south of Hanoi which was bombed frequently during the war. In the hotel restaurant I pondered what to have for breakfast. One of the waitress-

es gave me a small example of how a Vietnamese views the principle of consumer choice.

"Today, *pho*," she said—*pho* being noodle soup.

"Okay," I said. "I'll have *pho* and maybe an omelet."

"No omelet. *Pho*."

"Okay, I'll have *pho* and toast."

"No toast. *Pho*," she said.

"Okay, I think I'll just have *pho*."

"You want *pho*, then?"

"Uh, yeah, *pho* sounds great."

After a big bowl of *pho* we were on our way out of Hanoi, past the railroad yards with their museum-piece engines and railroad cars, across the venerable steel spans of the Paul Doumer Bridge, which stretches more than a mile across the Red River and was one of the most famous targets of the war. I asked Minh how badly we had hit it.

"You bombed it many times. You even knocked out a couple of spans. But usually we had it repaired within a few weeks—or else we just used a pontoon bridge. No problem."

We inched over the bridge behind bicycles and pedestrians, the old women loping along with fifty or a hundred pounds of banana leaves, vegetables, or charcoal on poles over their shoulders. There is another bridge being built; it was started years ago by the Chinese and then, after the Chinese invasion of Vietnam in 1979, was taken over by the Russians. It is years behind schedule. "It will be finished this year," Minh said proudly. There were no workers to be seen anywhere. The bridge looked like an ancient ruin. Not in our lifetime, I thought.

Nam Dinh, a provincial capital in the Red River Delta, is a textile town of about 200,000 people. During the war it was an obligatory stop for people like Harrison Salisbury and Tom Hayden, who were brought here to wring their hands over the effects of American bombing. I was to meet with the People's Committee, whose headquarters were in the old French administrative offices. I was escorted to a room with red walls and a large chrome bust of Ho Chi Minh. On the table were a white tablecloth and red flowers, along with a teacup at each place, and a bowl of fruit. The members of the People's Committee took their seats,



Remains of a B-52, the centerpiece of Hanoi's war museum

opposite me, and the meeting began with the customary formality of exchanging cigarettes. They offered Dienbienphus and Flying A's from Laos. I offered Salems I had bought in Bangkok, solely because they were the favorite cigarette of South Vietnamese soldiers. They accepted the Salems only out of politeness. The cigarette of choice in the North is 555, a British make popularly believed to have been Ho Chi Minh's favorite brand.

There were two men and one woman, who was described as having compiled information on "U.S. war crimes." These had been methodically divided into two files—"the crimes of the LBJ period" and "the crimes of the Nixon period." The files looked worn, as if they had received a great deal of use. One of the men began to read from the LBJ file. "During this period Nam Dinh was bombed a hundred and seventy-eight times, including seventy-two night raids. Sixty percent of the houses were destroyed." Then he went on to describe particular raids, for example: "On April 14, 1966, there was a raid against Hang Thao Street at six-thirty in the morning. The children were getting ready for school. Many of them were among the forty-nine people killed; two hundred and forty homes were destroyed." I asked if there had been a military target nearby. They smiled and said no, nothing, you can see for yourself.

Then they showed me photographs, each carefully labeled. I saw pictures of a woman crying over dead children, of a priest being pulled from the rubble of a church, of a destroyed school, of people digging in the wreckage.

The woman on the committee had been sitting quietly. Her hair was pulled back; her face was drawn and sad. She began to discuss the Nixon period: "This was worse than before. On June 12, 1972, we had the largest raid on Nam Dinh—twenty-four planes attacked at three P.M. They dropped a hundred and two bombs. Many people died." I asked how she knew it was precisely 102 bombs; weren't they hard to count? "We kept careful records," she replied. I asked her opinion on why we had bombed here. "The Americans would bomb whenever they saw lights or crowds or any sign of life. There were no military targets. It was just psychological. They destroyed dormitories, schools, kindergartens, hospitals."

As it happens, Nam Dinh was not quite the helpless provincial town inexplicably attacked by American bombers that my hosts portrayed. "If Nam Dinh was so innocent," one former American pilot said to me later, "how come it lit up like a Christmas tree every time we flew over it?" In Nam Dinh there were gasoline storage tanks, textile plants, heavy equipment, and some of the most powerful anti-aircraft batteries outside of Hanoi and Haiphong. And the Vietnamese were fighting total war: they were not naive or overly scrupulous. American pilots tell innumerable stories of bombing runs that missed their targets and by mistake struck schools or dormitories, which then blew up with huge secondary explosions—the Vietnamese had kept their ammunition there. Also, I would

not be surprised if an American pilot, after long periods of being shot at from prohibited targets, had one day just decided that he was tired of seeing his buddies get shot down by anti-aircraft guns on the roof of a hospital, or from SAM sites parked next to a church. And the bombs—understandably, in the pilots' view, this being a war—would fall, just as they fell on the monastery at Monte Cassino when the Germans put a gun emplacement in its shadow during the Second World War.

My hosts brushed these points aside. "We would not have had anti-aircraft sites if you had not been bombing us," one of the officials said. "We were not attacking your planes on their carriers. You were attacking us. We had to protect ourselves."

"You know," the vice-president of the People's Committee said, "we were bombed so much people began to be bored with it. The siren would go off and we wouldn't want to get out of bed or leave the table and go into the shelter. Not again, we'd think. Not down into that hole again." The woman resumed her litany of bombings, of families killed, of children mutilated. The vice-president interrupted. "When you fight, you must have hatred. Whenever we needed someone for a dangerous mission or if in the South we needed a suicide fighter, we had to hold elections, because so many people wanted to sacrifice for the fatherland. When we were bombed, the best time to shoot down the planes was when they dove, but it was also the most dangerous. It took hatred to keep us out there, our fingers on the trigger, as the jets came in with their guns blazing."

Whenever I asked what it was like to be out in the open, firing at the diving planes, I was told that it was terrifying but necessary; but when I kept probing, I usually discovered that the men and women who had done it had in truth loved it—it was a great sport, like shooting human skeet. They talked about shooting down American planes with a sort of childlike wonder about why the American pilots kept flying into their flak and their SAMs. There was admiration in their voices, but pity, too.

THE NEXT DAY WE DROVE TO ANOTHER OF THE stops on Harrison Salisbury's 1966 trip, Phat Diem, one of the bishoprics of North Vietnam and the site of its most famous church. Along the road we passed women working on the railroad bed. Their faces were wreathed in checked scarves. They worked two to a shovel. One held the handle and filled the shovel; the other lifted it with a rope tied to the blade. Up, down, up, down, like metronomes, they dug. They were still at it, holding the same rhythm, when I returned, eight hours later. I passed a long line of bicycles, each loaded with five huge sacks of rice. One pole had been attached to the seat and another to the handlebars, so that a man walking alongside could steer. The men were moving with a rolling, steady gait. This is how they built the Ho Chi Minh Trail, I thought; this is how they repaired the bombing damage,

The Proof.



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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and this is how they moved all those supplies south—bit by bit, shovel by shovel.

At Phat Diem I was introduced to the vice-president of its People's Committee, the redoubtable Mrs. Yu Thi Que. She was dressed simply, in black trousers and a white shirt, her hair pulled back with a ribbon. She is a beautiful woman in her forties, typically formal and earnest, but with a trace of a smile underneath. During the war her husband was away, fighting in the South, for nine years. She received one letter from him. "That seems like a long time," I said. "Everyone did it," she replied, with a shrug. We had tea and rice wine and grapefruit while she told me about Phat Diem.

"We were bombed fiercely from 1965 to 1968, and again in 1972. We don't have a siren, like in Nam Dinh. We had only a bell in a tower. I can still hear it ringing, ringing, ringing. They tried to hit the transportation systems at first, but never did. Instead they bombed the marketplace, pagodas, schools, neighborhoods. And then in 1972 they bombed the church and the monastery. Many people were killed here."

The main church is Oriental in architecture, as if pagodas had been dropped onto the towers of a Gothic church. It is some 250 feet long, built in the nineteenth century from local wood. The pillars were carved from massive trees; the altar is gold and bears pictures of missionaries and priests, most of them French. Mrs. Que pointed out the damaged areas. "This was bombed August 15, 1972. The entire west wall was destroyed. So were three of the convents behind, and two of the schools." I could not tell, except by some slight change in the shade of the stones around the church, that it had ever been bombed. The nearby chapels and other churches are a different story. They stand roofless, the steel skeletons of their rafters exposed to the sky. Walls are in rubble. It looks like Coventry. It was the only place in four weeks where I could actually see the effects of bombing.

As we were about to leave Phat Diem, an older man, who had been silent throughout the visit, spoke up. "I was in the war," he said. "I was wounded twice at Dong Ha." He pulled up his trouser leg to show me the scar on his leg,

and then pulled up his shirt to exhibit a long scar on his back.

"How were the American soldiers?" I asked, expecting the usual answer—that we fought bravely but in the wrong cause.

He looked at me, knowing I had fought near where he was wounded. "Not good. Not good. They were afraid to leave their base, their helicopters, their artillery. They weren't brave."

Only the night before, I had felt guilt about the bombing of Nam Dinh, had in fact apologized, for all the good it would do. But at this moment I felt something entirely different. Got you, though, didn't we? I said to myself.

NUMBER ONE!

HANOI WAKES UP TO A LITTLE MUSIC-BOX TUNE played on the loudspeaker. When I went running at 6:00 A.M., the park around the Lake of the Returned Sword, in the center of the city, was filled with people doing their morning exercises. Old couples swatted badminton birdies back and forth, men did tai chi, and runners circled the lake. My running shoes were of intense interest, since the Vietnamese were jogging in shower shoes, tennis shoes, or bare feet. I was constantly stopped, so that my watch, my clothes, and my running shoes could be examined. Some young men playing soccer invited me to come and play, which I did. After twenty minutes we took a break and one of them asked me, in English, "What is your nationality?" I bent down, in the stooped posture that came to seem natural in a world where almost no one was taller than my shoulder, and told him I was an American. His face relaxed and he smiled broadly. "Number one," he said.

The most useful phrase of Vietnamese that I learned, the one that brought smiles and affection and opened doors for me everywhere, was "*Khong phai Lien Xo*"—"I am not a Russian." At a small café near the lake in Hanoi two sullen Eastern Europeans were numbly pouring brandy from a paper sack into their coffee. The place was packed with *bo doi*, young Vietnamese soldiers in the uniform of my old enemies. "*Lien Xo*," a soldier next to me said to his friend, gesturing at me in disgust.

"*Khong phai Lien Xo*," I said.

"East German?" the soldier asked in Vietnamese, suspiciously.

"No, I'm an American," I replied in Vietnamese. At once his and his friend's eyes lit up and their faces broke out in big grins. The soldiers bought me drinks and insisted that I try on their helmets and caps with the red stars on them. Over and over they kept saying, "America, Number One—Russia, Number Ten." "American, *tot!*" (Good!), "*Tot lam!*" (Very good!) Similar scenes happened almost daily. In Hue I met a young man who had lived for six years in Moscow as a student and was part of the Communist Party elite. After giving me the familiar Party line, he changed the subject and began asking me about "this



Taking a break after early-morning exercises, Hanoi



Parade float commemorating victory over the B-52s

singer named Michael Jackson.” After all those years in the Soviet Union didn’t he prefer Russian music? He made a face and turned up Laura Branigan. “This is music,” he said.

On one memorable evening a group of Russian tourists ate in silence while my driver played my tape of Bruce Springsteen’s *Born in the U.S.A.* I called him over and suggested that he turn the tape down.

“They’re Russians,” I said.

“You’re right,” he replied, and turned the tape up as loud as it would go.

After dinner the Russians danced awkwardly to the single most popular tape in North Vietnam, *Disco Hits of 1980*. The next morning, Sunday, they had to endure breakfast while the waitresses played an American gospel program on *Voice of America*. I never ceased to find their immersion in American culture in the heart of Vietnam amusing, but the fact that their own culture does not travel well makes the Russians palatable allies for countries afraid of the attractions of the West. Pham Van Dong, the prime minister, need not worry that the alliance with the Soviets will end up tempting his faithful flock to stray from its old values; no one, after all, is going to start wearing Russian fashions, listening to Russian music, or adopting the Russian way of life.

But after the North, with Russian aid, conquered the South, a strange thing happened: the South, with its Western culture and consumer society, began to transform the North. And though we lost the war, our culture is clearly winning. At the official bookstores in Hanoi there are thousands of books in Russian, which no one seems to buy. The few books in English are snapped up at once, and sold for high prices on the black market. Anything American is highly prized, particularly clothes. I gave a government worker in Hanoi a black LA Raiders T-shirt, and for two days he wore it to work.

The old men in the politburo carry in their hearts a nostalgic vision of a country that during the war was a pure culture. Through the long years of war no foreign music was allowed, no clothes were seen except black trousers and white shirts and army uniforms, and no one had any-

thing to speak of. Everyone suffered together, and suffered for a goal that everyone could understand. When Ho Chi Minh said that nothing was more precious than independence and freedom, he clearly meant to include motorcycles, blue jeans, and tape recorders. But when one young man in a village or a neighborhood gets a motorcycle, and when one girl gets a pair of jeans and some makeup, then that idyllic world where one is for all and all for one and everyone suffers together is on its way to the dustbin.

Two weeks after I arrived was the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the liberation of Hanoi from the French. There were performances of traditional and popular music, speeches, a parade (for which the French ambassador, rather sportingly, I thought, stood at attention, wearing a special medal issued for the occasion), fireworks, and a concert in Lenin Park. At the concert most of the singers were tentative and wooden, but at the end a group came out with long hair and sharp outfits. The lead singer had a modest version of Mick Jagger’s moves down. The audience sat in rapt silence. I went backstage after the concert and discovered what I should have known—the first groups were from Hanoi, the last group was from Saigon. At another concert, when the rock music was over, a group began to play patriotic music. The crowd got up and left. It reminded me of what must surely be the worst of the politburo’s fears—it reminded me of America. Of such events are moral majorities and cultural revolutions made.

In the Western press the divisions in the Vietnamese leadership are customarily referred to as between the ideologues and the pragmatists, and the phrase almost exclusively refers to matters of economics—the pragmatists want more individual incentive, the ideologues want less or none. But these battles are also being fought in culture, in the area of values. And America is going to be much more difficult to defeat in this battle than we were in the others: our clothes, our language, our movies, and our music—our way of life—are far more powerful than our bombs. We represent something else now—we represent a future that many Vietnamese want, and that everyone, from the Communist Party leader, Le Duan, to the simplest peasant, knows the Russians cannot give him.

NOBODY’S DARLING

MONDAYS AT 5:30 THERE IS JOGGING IN LENIN PARK. Tuesdays there are movies at the French Embassy. Fridays there’s the Billabong Bar, behind the Australian Embassy. Saturdays is International House, where local bands play bad Abba imitations and there’s a rare chance to mingle with some Vietnamese. Every third Saturday is the pinnacle of social life in Hanoi: the Swedish disco. The foreigners in Hanoi live a sort of cruise-ship life, with the Vietnamese the surrounding ocean, opaque and occasionally hostile. Their movements are restricted, their contacts with Vietnamese limited. They fight an im-

penetrable bureaucracy to do their jobs, and they have almost no idea of what is going on.

Among non-Communist diplomats and UN people there are few who remain enthusiastic about Vietnam. Most hate the police state, they hate the way their employees are treated, and they hate the bureaucracy. "The Vietnamese never throw anything away," a young diplomat told me one evening over drinks. "So they've simply placed each new bureaucracy on top of the one before. The French bureaucracy was laid over the Confucian bureaucracy, and the Communist bureaucracy over that. It's impossible to figure out. Even the Vietnamese don't understand how it works."

"The worst thing is what happens to your employees," one UN official said, as we ate lunch with several aid officers. "They have to fill out reports on us: he talked to this person, he met with that person, he changed money at so-and-so's. They know everything about us. And they have to report on each other. And that produces real tragedies. If they don't like someone, they'll just say he's getting too close to the foreigners, give a few vague examples, and before you know it, that person is gone. It gets very tiring after a while."

Another UN official interrupted. "We have been trying to do a project for three years. We were getting nowhere. Last month I discovered that all this time we had been arguing with the wrong agency—which no one bothered to tell us."

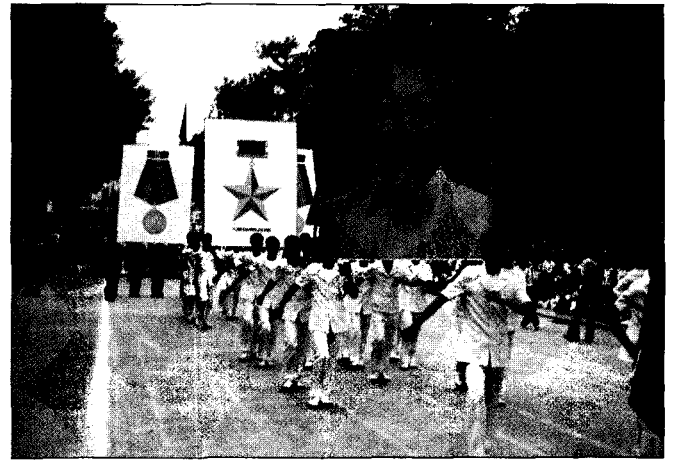
"Nothing is ever decided," said another. "You go out of a meeting and you feel you've accomplished something. Then the next day they start right back where you started the day before, as if it never happened. No one can approve anything. Everyone is afraid to take responsibility. So the smallest decisions get kicked all the way to the top."

"One agency brought in a special computer," a Western diplomat told me. "It was a gift for the Vietnamese government. But they impounded it in Saigon and insisted the agency pay \$28,000 to transport it to Hanoi—and it was for them!"

The head of a voluntary agency, checking on its projects in Vietnam, shook his head and told me of his experience at a hospital: "They spent an hour attacking the capitalists, and then presented me with a list of what they wanted: a hundred thousand dollars' worth of audiovisual equipment for remote villages—where there's no electricity!"

During another conversation a European diplomat paused, looked out the window, and said in a flat voice: "All this is just bureaucracy. What matters is that they are evil, truly evil." He said this softly but with such passion that the whole table became quiet. When the conversation picked up again, it centered on how to smuggle antiques out in diplomatic pouches.

This disillusionment is not just the carping of bored diplomats. It's a symptom of Vietnam's most serious problem. Like Israel, Vietnam was much more popular as a victim than it is as a regional power. Despite its martial success—



Also in evidence at the parade: reverence for Uncle Ho

or perhaps because of it—Vietnam is a terribly poor country. It has the fourth-largest army in the world and a per capita income lower than India's. Its people suffer from malnutrition and curable diseases "out of a nineteenth-century medical textbook," as one Western doctor described them to me. These problems are compounded by a baby boom of enormous proportions: the population has exploded from some 38 million in the early 1970s to more than 60 million today. Vietnam desperately needs aid of all kinds, from medical supplies to developmental assistance, but the occupation of Cambodia has caused almost every country outside the Soviet bloc to terminate all direct aid. The United Nations projects continue, but even Sweden, Vietnam's staunchest friend in the West, is considering reducing its commitment.

Still, none of this pressure seems to have swayed the determination of the Vietnamese to stay in Cambodia; they have learned throughout their history that if they are stubborn enough, if they struggle long enough, they will get what they want. Sooner or later, they believe, the world will come around.

Having been part of a foreign army in Southeast Asia whose presence was considered an outrage by much of the world, I have to confess to feeling that there is a certain satisfying irony in my old enemy's being hoist with its own petard. Also, it has been particularly interesting to see the disenchantment of the left, which all but canonized the North Vietnamese during the war with us. In Da Nang I watched a film about the Ho Chi Minh Trail with a group of West German tourists. One of them came up to me later, and we began to talk.

"I was one of the radicals in Berlin in 1968," he said. "I was with Rudi Dutschke and Hans Magnus Enzensberger. Every waking moment was spent working against the American war here."

"So how do you feel now?" I asked him.

"Very strange. Vietnam is not popular with the left anymore. After the re-education camps, after the boat people, after Cambodia—the left feels betrayed. We fought so hard for them, and they let us down."

To me, on the other hand, the Vietnamese were a formi-

dable enemy, totally ruthless and fiercely committed. I was appalled by the boat people, by the re-education camps, by the occupation of Cambodia, but I was not one bit surprised or disappointed. Now that I was back, I had discovered that Vietnam was bad—but not so bad as I had expected. For the politically committed, however, such distinctions are not emotionally satisfying and therefore not politically relevant: you are either a friend or an enemy, you can do no wrong or you can do no right. So the ex-protester and the ex-Marine sat in the hotel in Da Nang, he attacking the Vietnamese and I more or less defending them, far into the night.

WINNING AND LOSING

IN HANOI I MET MILITARY LEADERS WHO HAD FOUGHT and observed the war from a certain eminence. I wanted to find out what they thought were the reasons they won and we lost, and to test their perspective against my own and that of American generals and historians. The Foreign Ministry is perhaps the most beautiful of the old French colonial buildings. It sits in the shadow of the Ho Chi Minh mausoleum, where normally Uncle Ho lies in eternal slumber. Unfortunately, he had been shipped off to Moscow, the world capital of embalming, for his annual refurbishment, and I was unable to view him. At the Foreign Ministry I did meet Hoang Anh Tuan, now the vice minister of foreign affairs but for many years a Viet Cong general in the South. General Tuan is from Hue. He joined the Viet Minh in 1945, when he was twenty.

He took my hand and put it to his face. "Feel that." I felt some grainy lumps near his eye. "Japanese shrapnel. I lost an eye fighting them in 1945. And look at this." He pulled up the leg on his perfectly tailored tan trousers. "I took a French bullet here. It's still there. Fortunately, you gave me no such souvenirs."

After the defeat of the French he went north, in 1954, and came back south in 1960 to renew the struggle. General Tuan commanded the Viet Cong second division from headquarters in the Que Son Mountains, south of Da Nang. His forces were among the major enemy units where I fought. Once we had established that we had fought in the same area, our conversation became relaxed. I was no longer just a reporter; I was a fellow veteran. He slapped me on the knee and told me about the war.

"When the Americans entered the war, we spent all our time trying to figure out how to fight you. Everyone, from the lowest soldier to the highest general, talked about it constantly. It was a matter of life and death. The incredible density of your shelling and your mobility were our biggest concerns. I myself saw the first B-52 raid, on Highway 13, on June 18, 1965. I will never forget it. Twenty-six B-52s dropped their bombs about four kilometers from me. It was horrible. Two or three hectares of land were simply blown away. Our losses were huge. We had to admit you had a terrible strength. So how could we preserve our forces but still engage you? We decided we had to

force you to fight our way—with chopsticks, piece by piece.

"And then it came to us that the way to fight the American was to grab him by his belt"—at which point Tuan did just that—"to get so close that your artillery and airpower were useless. The result was interesting—our logistic forces, who were farther from the Americans, took greater losses than the combat units, who engaged you."

I asked him about the Tet offensive of 1968, when the Communists had launched attacks on cities and towns throughout Vietnam in an enormous surprise attack that is considered the turning point of the war.

"In the spring of 1967 Westmoreland began his second campaign. It was very fierce. Certain of our people were very discouraged. There was much discussion of the course of the war—should we continue main-force efforts or should we pull back into a more local strategy? But by the middle of 1967 we concluded that you had done your best and the strategic position had not changed. So we decided to carry out one decisive battle to force LBJ to de-escalate the war. You thought that battle was Khe Sanh. It was the Tet offensive."

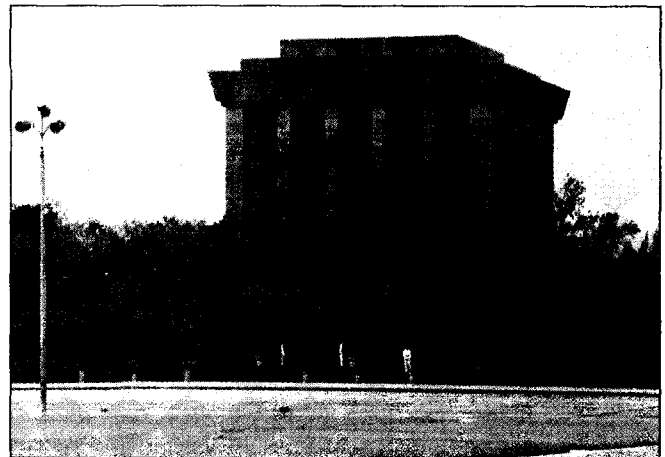
What about the view in America that Tet was a major military defeat for the Viet Cong forces?

"Listen," he said, coming closer to me. "We didn't have to defeat you the way the Allies beat the Nazis. We only wanted you to withdraw so that we could settle our own affairs. That was our goal, and we achieved it."

I asked him if that meant that they had won the war in 1968.

"Yes and no. Nixon began the withdrawal, but Vietnamization was a difficult period for us, at least in the beginning. Your years here, 1969 and 1970, were very hard. The fighting was fierce. We were often hungry. I was the division commander, and I went hungry for days. We had no rice to eat. For a while it was very bad."

The Vietnamese call the period from Tet, in 1968, to the Paris Peace Agreement, in 1973, "fight and talk." In 1969 they were on the defensive, as General Tuan admitted. But by then the talk was more important than the fight.



The Ho Chi Minh mausoleum, Hanoi

I MET GENERAL TRAN CONG MAN, WHO IS NOW THE EDITOR of the army's newspaper, in his office. He is a studious, professorial sort. He seemed very unmilitary, as if he had borrowed his uniform from someone else. I began by telling him about the controversy in the Westmoreland libel suit against CBS over whether to count the Viet Cong self-defense forces in figuring the strength of the enemy. General Man replied that to omit them would be unthinkable. In the Communists' view, their resources were seamless, from the armed regular soldier to the young boy who sold cigarettes and scouted American positions. "Our regular forces, compared with yours, were small, but everyone could fight—with whatever he had. You were near Da Nang. There were tens of thousands of American and puppet troops there. But we seldom had more than one regiment in regular forces. Why couldn't you defeat us? Because we had tens of thousands of others—scouts, mine-layers, spies, political cadres."

I said that I agreed up to a point: I was sure it made no difference to American soldiers if a soldier or a nine-year-old boy had laid the booby trap that killed them. Still, it seemed to me that while these units were far too important to have been discounted, they did not win the war. It took regular North Vietnamese troops in corps and army-sized units, fighting a mobile war like Hitler's blitzkrieg, to win the final victory.

"You are right," he told me. "But that was possible only after you Americans had left. Without the self-defense forces we would never have gotten you out. If you were our commander and were told to attack the Da Nang air base and destroy the planes there, how many troops would you need? Several divisions, right? Well, we did precisely that with thirty men—thirty! It was a new kind of war, and it was impossible without the self-defense forces."

I asked him how they had set out to fight the Americans.

"In 1964 we were on the verge of victory in the South," he replied, "but we concluded that the Americans would not let the puppets be defeated. The politburo convened a special meeting to mobilize the people for a long war with the Americans, to plan strategies and lay the groundwork for the defense of the fatherland in both the North and the

South." In other words, in 1964 the North Vietnamese made the momentous decision to dispatch their own regular troops down the Ho Chi Minh Trail, giving the lie both to their claims during the early years of war that they had no troops fighting in the South and to their later claims that they sent troops only after the Americans did.

In the early years of the war, the American commanders—with the exception of the Marines—focused their major efforts against the main enemy forces: the North Vietnamese Army and the largest Viet Cong units. The Marines wanted to expand their beachheads by clearing out the local Viet Cong guerrilla units—the tactic of pacification. General Westmoreland's view, however, was that the Marines, like the Army, should "find the enemy's main forces and bring them to battle, thereby putting them on the run and reducing the threat they pose to the population." Westmoreland's view prevailed, and the identification of the main forces as the primary enemy produced the tactic of "search and destroy"—seeking out the main units wherever they could be found and bringing all the weight of our firepower and mobility against them. And it led directly to the reinforcement of Khe Sanh, just south of the DMZ, near the Laotian border, as the precursor of a major battle with the NVA. Instead the major attacks at Tet came not from the NVA units in the mountains but from the local Viet Cong, to devastating effect.

I asked General Man about Khe Sanh.

"Westmoreland thought Khe Sanh was Dienbienphu," he said. "But Dienbienphu was the strategic battle for us. We mobilized everything for it. At last we had a chance to have a favorable balance of forces against the French. We never had that at Khe Sanh; the situation would not allow it. We wanted to bring your forces away from the cities, to decoy them to the frontiers, to prepare for our great Tet offensive."

Some American generals and historians agree with him; General Westmoreland, among others, does not. "They put too much into it for it to have been simply a feint," Westmoreland told me after I returned from Vietnam. "They abandoned their attack because we made it impossible for them to win." And Khe Sanh, for Westmoreland, was not simply bait for the NVA or a blocking position to prevent the North Vietnamese from attacking Hue and cutting off the two northern provinces of South Vietnam. It had a potential role of great importance as the base for the campaign that had been crucial to Westmoreland's own offensive strategy since early in the war: a major operation down Route 9 and into Laos, with the purpose of cutting the NVA's single most important asset—the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Without Khe Sanh astride Route 9 the attack would have been impossible; with Khe Sanh secure, Westmoreland could continue to hope that President Johnson would change his mind and allow a strike at the NVA's most vulnerable point. But Johnson never did, and Khe Sanh proved useless as a defensive position; during the Tet offensive the Communists ignored it and seized Hue anyway.

I asked General Man why the people hadn't risen up to



Wreckage of a U.S. river-patrol boat, Mekong River



Street display of old U.S.-made tanks, Da Nang

join the Viet Cong during the Tet offensive, and if that didn't show that the Viet Cong had lacked the popular support they had always claimed they'd had.

"Not at all," he said. "Uprisings were very successful in 1959 and 1960, the early years of the war. But it would have been suicide to ask the people to rise up unarmed against American soldiers. Uprisings are appropriate only after the armed enemy is paralyzed."

"Why, then, did you call the Tet offensive 'the general offensive/general uprising'?" I asked him. "Isn't an uprising what you expected?"

He looked at me, his eyes harder. "We expected to win, and we did," he said.

BUI TIN IS THE KILROY OF VIETNAM, WHO SEEMS ALWAYS to have been wherever history was being made—from Dienbienphu, where he was a regular soldier, to Saigon, where as a North Vietnamese officer and journalist in 1975 he was present at General Duong Van Minh's surrender. Today he is the military correspondent for the Communist Party newspaper. In his opinion, the Americans lost for three reasons. "One weak point was your rotation of soldiers. You were strangers here anyway, and as soon as someone began to learn the country you sent him home. Your second weak point was to try to win the hearts and minds of the people while you were using bombs to kill them. And finally, you had a very bad ally: ninety percent of the puppet army were corrupt, and the ten percent that were good soldiers were not enough."

Bui Tin saw the best the Americans had—the astonishing mobility of helicopters, the terrifying power of artillery and B-52s, and the huge losses that such a modern army could inflict. To the Americans, who were measuring progress in the war by counting bodies, those losses meant we were winning. Our logic was the logic of the trenches of the First World War: if you kill enough of your enemy's troops, sooner or later he will realize that the price is too high and give up. That may be true in the rational world of game theory, but it had no appreciable effect on our enemy in this war. In fact it was true, but for *us*—we got to the

point where our losses were too high, and we quit. The war was the equivalent of Muhammed Ali's Rope a Dope tactic: they let us pound them until we gave up.

I asked Bui Tin about the losses the Viet Cong suffered in the climactic battle of the war, the Tet offensive. "Some companies were wiped out," he said, "and in Saigon and Hue we suffered terrible losses. But we did not lose even one third of all the Viet Cong forces."

I said that seemed like a lot to me, the equivalent of the Americans' losing 180,000 men in one battle. Bui Tin brushed this aside, as every Vietnamese did every mention of the size of losses, underscoring how the American strategy of attrition was doomed to failure. "We had hundreds of thousands killed in this war. We would have sacrificed one or two million more if necessary. Every family has had relatives killed. I myself have closed the eyes on hundreds of my comrades. Many of my closest friends sacrificed their lives. But we had no choice!"

LATE ONE AFTERNOON, AS THE LIGHT WAS FADING, I met with General Nguyen Xuan Hoang, the principal army historian of the war. He had joined the fight against the French in Hanoi in 1945. He fought at Dienbienphu and in 1965 was the aide to the general commanding the North Vietnamese forces at the first big battle with the Americans, the battle of the Ia Drang, in the central highlands, near the Cambodian border.

"I look back on that time with sadness," he told me. "By the end of 1964 our forces in the South had defeated the puppet troops. The war could have ended then, without so much bloodshed and suffering." (Later, in Saigon, a veteran of the Viet Cong told me the same thing, with an added barb. "If you had not come in," he said, "we Southerners could have won the war and set up our own government. Thanks to you, the Northerners had to come to our aid. They took over the war, and now they have taken over the country. And you are to blame.")

I asked General Hoang about the battle of the Ia Drang, which had done so much to shape the war's future tactics. He had fought there, and he told me how the thinking had developed.

"We could not indulge in wishful thinking. We were facing a modern army, very mobile, never short of firepower. When you sent the 1st Cavalry to attack us at the Ia Drang, it gave us headaches trying to figure out what to do. General Man [the NVA commander] and I were very close to the front, and several times the American troops came very near us. With the helicopters you could strike deep into our rear without warning. It was very effective. But your troops were never really prepared. The 1st Cavalry came out to fight us with one day's food, a week's ammunition. They sent their clothes back to Saigon to be washed. They depended on water in cans, brought in by helicopter.

"Our mobility was only our feet, so we had to lure your troops into areas where helicopters and artillery would be of little use. And we tried to turn those advantages against

you, to make you so dependent on them that you would never develop the ability to meet us on our terms—on foot, lightly armed, in the jungle. Because you depended on artillery, you built fire bases and seldom went beyond their range. And once you had built a fire base, you didn't move it. So we knew how to stay away from your artillery, or how to get so close you couldn't use it. Also, you seldom knew where we were, and you seldom had a clear goal. So your great advantages ended up being wasted, and you spent so much of your firepower against empty jungle. You fell into our trap. Our guerrillas served to keep you divided. You could not concentrate your forces on our regular troops, so your advantages were dissipated."

I replied that we had been more effective than that: the Viet Cong had been destroyed after Tet, and by 1969 pacification was working. The Communists were unable to mount a single major offensive in 1969, and much of the countryside was secure. Also, whenever American troops faced Communist regular forces in major battles, either we were clearly victorious or the outcome was a draw.

He smiled indulgently at me. "Of course we had many losses, suffered many defeats. But we never stopped winning the war. Time was on our side. We did not have to defeat you militarily; we had only to avoid losing. A victory by your brave soldiers meant nothing, did nothing to change the balance of forces or to bring you any closer to victory. That was because the people, the Viet Cong, and our regular forces were inseparable. If you had a temporary success against one, the other would take up the battle."

There was much tragedy in these bland words. The origins of John Kennedy's and Lyndon Johnson's war at least were understandable: the legacy of Korea and Cuba; Johnson's fears of being vulnerable from the right on the Great Society; our belief that we could do anything we set our minds to. But we were wrong; our commitments exceeded our ability—or at least our will—to meet them. We were tied to an unreliable ally in a country we did not understand; the premises had all changed, and after Tet it was clear that we could not win. Johnson realized that, and at the price of his presidency admitted defeat.

The Nixon years of the war are much harder to accept, both in the larger arena of strategy and in the dirty corners where the war was fought. After the spring of 1968 the war had lost its idealistic goals. We could no longer realistically believe that we were fighting and dying to save South Vietnam or to preserve democracy or even to stop the spread of communism, as we had in Korea. We were fighting, as Henry Kissinger put it, for "negotiating objectives," and to protect our credibility as an ally. And we were there because it was easier to continue than to admit failure and deal with the consequences. Before Richard Nixon was inaugurated, Clark Clifford told Kissinger that the new President had a rare opportunity to end the war at once, to put it behind us before it became his war, too, as it had been Johnson's. But Clifford's plea fell on deaf ears. Virtually half of the American deaths were still to come, along with hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese deaths.

The veterans who fought in 1965 and in 1971 might as well have been in two different wars. The veterans of Nixon's war are much more bitter; they know that they were sent to die for diplomacy, nothing more. In 1969 we could have negotiated a departure not unlike that of the French. We had many cards to play, many ways to protect those who had depended on us. But we chose to fight for four more years, which meant that Richard Nixon's share of the war lasted longer than America's share of the Second World War. And we left in ignominy anyway, the Marine helicopters churning on the roof of the Embassy, the people who had depended on us left to the mercy of the victors.

"In the first analysis," John Kennedy said in 1963, "it is their war. They are the ones who have to win it or lose it." In the end it *was* their war, and all our dead and wounded, all our billions of dollars, all our resourcefulness and energy, changed nothing that would have happened in 1964 if we had never sent combat troops. What changed, instead, was that Southeast Asia was permanently destabilized. In Vietnam the heart and strength of the Southern guerrillas was destroyed, giving the North, our original enemy, far more influence than it would ever have had. Cambodia was brought into the war, to become first a charnel house and then a Vietnamese colony. And the original fear that had started it all, the fear of Chinese expansion? Well, we are now China's most important ally; and its bitterest enemy, the staunchest foe of its expansion into Southeast Asia, is of course Vietnam.

When I returned from Vietnam, I went to Washington to see Edwin Simmons, a retired Marine brigadier general who for the past thirteen years has been in charge of writing the official Marine Corps history of the war. During the last few months of my time in Vietnam I had been his aide. I told him what the North Vietnamese had said about the war. "Much of what they say is true," he said. "We violated many of the basic principles of war. We had no clear objective. Since we didn't have a clear objective, we had to measure our performance by statistics. We had no unity of command. We never had the initiative. The most common phrase was 'reaction force'—we were always reacting to them. Our forces were divided and diffused.

"I went back in 1970, and everything was just as I had left it in 1966. The same hamlets were giving us trouble, the same units were in the same place. The only difference was that macadam and plywood had replaced mud and canvas. Our base camps and fire-support bases had become fortified islands. Our helicopter mobility worked against us. The rule of thumb was, if it was more than four kilometers, you went by helicopter. This gave the illusion of controlling ground which we didn't really control."

Still, some American strategists believe that we could have won—on the battlefield, at least—if only we had had a clear strategy, if only we had not had so many political constraints, if only we could have used our great strength and gone for the jugular with enormous force, and not with piecemeal escalation. If only. . .

The most articulate proponent of this view is Colonel



Outside a school near Hanoi: a relic of the Christmas bombing of 1972

Harry G. Summers, Jr., of the Army War College. He is the author of *On Strategy*, an application of the principles of Clausewitz to the Vietnam War, which is becoming a bible among younger officers. Summers ignores the debate between Westmoreland and the Marines about pacification, and instead insists that Westmoreland paid too *much* attention to pacification, which in Summers's view was confusing the cause, the Viet Cong, with the bullfighter, the North Vietnamese. He contends that we should have fought the way we did in Korea: leave the pacification to the South Vietnamese and strive to isolate the battlefield by concentrating on the invading army, in this case the North Vietnamese. Summers suggests, for example, that we should have focused American troops on cutting the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Westmoreland had, in fact, wanted to do just that as early as 1964; he also suggested an amphibious landing in North Vietnam like General MacArthur's landing at Inchon, in Korea. But President Johnson would never agree to widen the war.

I asked General Hoang whether this strategy might have worked.

"We considered those possibilities from the beginning," he said. "We were even prepared for an invasion in 1975, during the final battle. But this wasn't Korea. You couldn't ignore the fact that our forces weren't just in the North—they were everywhere, on the spot. You yourself were in Da Nang; you know that wherever you were, we were. Cutting the Ho Chi Minh Trail would not have been easy;

we had some of our strongest forces there. And it would have done no good; the puppets could never have fought us alone in the South. An invasion of the North would have caused us difficulties, we would have suffered losses, but you would have had to pay a far more terrible price, and it would never have worked."

"You know," he said, "your mistake was not in your tactics or even your strategy. You simply should not have gotten into this war in the first place. It is far easier to start a war than to end one—that is a valuable lesson."

MISSING IN ACTION

THE THOUGHT PREYS ON THE MIND: THERE MAY still be some Americans there. Did we commit the soldier's cardinal sin—did we leave comrades on the battlefield? Two recent movies, *Uncommon Valor* and *Missing in Action*, have played upon that nagging doubt and, in bursts of satisfying action, sent their heroes in to save American POWs and, belatedly, our honor. The voice of Charlton Heston is on the phone across the country raising money for Operation Skyhook II, an organization dedicated to bringing home American POWs. When an admiral representing the White House spoke at a candlelight ceremony at the Washington Monument on the eve of Veterans Day, he was shouted down by a crowd of veterans yelling, "Bring them home!"

In Bangkok, before I entered Vietnam, I arranged an ap-

pointment with the men running the Joint Casualty Resolution Center (JCRC), which since 1973 has been in charge of investigating whether any American POWs are still held by Vietnam. I spoke to Lieutenant Colonel Paul Mather, an Air Force officer who has been negotiating with the Vietnamese off and on for more than ten years.

"We get down to work every morning, open our case files, and the war's on again," Mather told me. "I really don't know if there is anyone still there. There's so much mythology about this, but we have no proof that would stand up in court. We hear hundreds of secondhand accounts. We're always traveling up to the refugee camps to check the stories out. But we never seem to be able to find the guy who'll say, 'I'm the one who saw them.' The possibility is there; we operate on the assumption that *it could be*. And we're not just keeping a vigil here. We're getting results, particularly on returning the remains of our dead."

As I left the office of the JCRC, it came to me that the vast American war effort had been reduced to a few small offices, with copying machines and some computer print-outs, where a handful of men come to work, open some files, and try to tie up nagging loose ends while everyone else goes on with his ambition and his career. There is something almost religious about their work, the attempt each day to raise Lazarus from the dead. But their operation is a backwater, one of those emotional, symbolic issues, like the fate of the Kurds or the Baltic nations, that cool diplomats would just as soon have go away.

In Hanoi I met a Canadian named Michel Amiot, who has traveled all over Vietnam setting up family-planning clinics for the UN. He believes he has seen two Americans in postwar Vietnam. The first, a black woman, was in my opinion most likely a *métis* from the French war, not unlike women I saw outside Saigon. But the second fascinated me. "I was in a boat in the delta," Michel said, "when I saw this blond-haired white man in shorts walking along the bank. At first I thought he was a Russian, but he was muttering to himself, and as I came closer I could hear that he was muttering in English."

I was on the edge of my chair. He took a sip of his coffee. "So what happened?" I asked.

He smiled. "When he saw me watching," he said, "he ducked into some bushes and was gone."

I heard several other stories like this: of a black man wandering about near the Swedish paper mill in Bao Bang, also muttering to himself in English; of the UNICEF man digging water wells in the delta who has seen "a few" Americans in hamlets. But as intriguing as these stories are, they might all concern men who simply stayed behind. There are many GIs who never left Thailand; it is not unlikely that of the almost three million Americans who served in Vietnam a handful might have decided to stay. During the war there were Americans living in the back alleys of Saigon, junkies and hustlers and black-market kings acting out some Conrad fantasy; others may have fallen in love and moved into hamlets with their new families, disappearing beneath the opaque surface of Asia.

In Hue the vice-president of the provincial People's Committee told me an astonishing story. "We had young women who worked as prostitutes who opened up lines of communications with Americans. I would send them pamphlets and letters. After many months I had persuaded seven to join us. They left their posts and were traveling with us to the North, but we were caught by B-52s, and six were killed. The seventh fled back to the American lines. I heard he was severely punished, but I never saw him again."

Like the case of Bobby Garwood, this story nags at the imagination. Garwood was a Marine private who disappeared outside Da Nang in 1965 and then turned up again at a hotel in Hanoi in 1979. He became the only American POW tried for aiding the enemy. Garwood himself recently told *The Wall Street Journal* that he knew of at least 70 Americans still held captive—a claim he chose to make five years after his return. When Garwood was negotiating his departure from Vietnam, he said he knew of other captive Americans, but he later recanted that story, saying he had offered it only to make the Americans want to get him out. When I was talking to Vo Thi Lien, a survivor of My Lai, in Da Nang, one of her co-workers, Major Nguyen Be, casually mentioned that he had led a scout unit near Da Nang and that he had spent a good deal of time with POWs. "Garwood was with me for a year," he said. "He was with us as a liberation fighter. He lived better than my other men, but he was always sick. We kept trying to send him to the North, but he refused."

Garwood has consistently claimed that he did not collaborate with the Viet Cong, that he was a prisoner like all the other Americans, but that his ability to speak Vietnamese forced him into a no-man's-land, where he was not trusted by the guards or the prisoners. But I had just been told casually that he had actively worked with the Viet Cong. Were there others like him? What had happened to them? Are there any left? I had dozens of questions, but I got no more answers. It was as if the curtain had been raised for an instant and I had seen a shadow of what lay behind it—but no more.

Co Dinh Ba is in charge of North American affairs at the Foreign Ministry. The MIA issue is his responsibility. Not surprisingly, he dismissed the possibility that American POWs were still in Southeast Asia. "They have all been released. There may be a handful who chose to stay here; the local authorities would know about them. But no one is being held here against his will."

"Finding information about the remains of MIAs is very difficult," he went on to say. "More than seventy-eight thousand Americans missing in the Second World War were never found. That's more than twenty-two percent of all the American dead. In Vietnam you say you have twenty-five hundred MIAs. That's only five percent of your dead. Still, we want to help. It is the humanitarian thing to do."

I asked why none of the remains of Americans on the original died-in-captivity list in the South had been re-

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turned, while all the names on the list in the North had been accounted for. "The fighting was very fierce there. The people are still bitter. And, listen, have you seen all those cemeteries of our heroes, all over Vietnam? Most of the bodies aren't buried there. Many thousands of our own dead were never found. Do we tell the people that the bodies of Americans are more important than the bodies of their own husbands and sons who died because of the Americans? We will keep looking, but frankly, it would help if we had better relations, if the people did not believe you were helping the Chinese in their—"

"Multifaceted war of aggression?" I said, echoing the phrase I had heard wherever I went.

"Exactly," he replied, with the air of a man congratulating a good pupil. Irony is an underdeveloped trait here.

Just off the Street of Victory Over the B-52s, in Hanoi, is a walled compound that holds the offices of FaFim, the agency that markets Vietnamese newsreels and documentaries. Inside are graceful one-story buildings of blue-green stucco and red tile roofs. Well-kept rosebushes surround a large pool. In one doorway a chicken strutted back and forth; in another two men in shorts were sharing a bamboo pipe, puffing contentedly. A young woman in high heels and jeans took me into a large room where I was shown movies about the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong, including some brief clips of American POWs looking unrepentant. My interest in the films was genuine, but I was even more interested in where I was seeing them—in what had been the main room of the infamous POW prison known as "the Zoo."

Whenever I brought up the POWs, I invariably heard how well they had been treated. Bui Tin told me that on Christmas he would take over a turkey and a guitar and sit around singing folk songs. Pham Tuan, a jet pilot, said that he had visited POWs and shared informal talk about flying. Co Dinh Ba insisted that they got better rations than their guards. "Go and ask them yourself," said Pham Tuan. "They will tell you they were treated fairly."

Well, not exactly. The POWs have given eloquent and depressing accounts of their treatment in the Zoo and the "Hanoi Hilton"—the isolation, the interrogations, the tor-

ture, the forced confessions, the prisoners beaten to death. It is not a record that makes one feel comfortable about the fate of any Americans who might still be in Vietnam.

I returned from my trip believing that even if POWs were once there, they probably aren't there now. Live American POWs have long since lost any value to the Vietnamese, would in fact be an embarrassment—how, after all these years, would the Vietnamese explain them? Despite their ingrained inability to throw anything away, their determination to hang on to everything until, someday, it has a use, even the Vietnamese recognize when something has outlived all possible value. And when they realize that, they, like anyone else, get rid of it. This is my rational conclusion. But just as I was leaving Saigon, I learned that the Vietnamese had "discovered" a tourist from Hong Kong whom they had captured in 1975, and who—unknown to the world—had been lost in their prisons for almost ten years. Who else, comes the nagging thought, is in there?

SOLDIER'S RETURN

WHEN I CAME TO DA NANG IN 1969, THE AIRPORT was one of the busiest in the world. Fighters and transport planes competed with airliners on the runways, and in the sky helicopters of every description buzzed like swarms of dragonflies. The noise was deafening. The airport itself was crammed with American soldiers and Marines. The waiting rooms were jammed with Americans waiting for flights, sleeping on their duffle bags. The parking lots and surrounding roads were choked with traffic. In the background from time to time we could hear the sounds of shelling. On this trip, when I landed, there was only a strange, pre-modern silence.

During the war Da Nang had been a mini-Saigon—loud, raucous, and teeming with refugees, mutilated beggars, hustlers. Now it was obviously less crowded; it was, in fact, back to a population of 350,000, its size before the refugees swelled it to more than a million people in 1970. We drove north from the city, with "Gloria" playing on the driver's stereo. We crossed the Nam O Bridge and began the climb up to Hai Van Pass. High up on a switchback I asked the driver to stop. I got out, the wet sea air in my face, and looked back on Da Nang. I could see almost the entire area of my unit, the 1st Marine Division—from Elephant Valley out Route 37 in the north, stretching south past Ba Na Mountain, Charlie Ridge, and the Arizona Territory, and down the coast past Marble Mountain and beyond the Que Son Mountains, visible only as a dim smudge on the southern horizon. Beyond the narrow stretch of coastal plain, where the Tuy Loan and other rivers flowed out in a wide delta, were the mountains, hidden in clouds. On the mountain behind me waterfalls coursed down through tropical foliage; hundreds of feet below me gentle swells broke on deserted beaches scalloped from the rocks. It was one of the most beautiful places I had ever seen. It seemed unthinkable that so much war had been here.



Interior courtyard of "the Zoo," a former POW prison



The DMZ in peacetime: crossing the Ben Hai River

From the car the only clue to the presence of an old American base was a sudden increase in scrap metal for sale in the houses along the road. We passed Phu Bai, the first American base built between the DMZ and Da Nang. All that remained was some rubble, a lonely, abandoned watchtower, and a few strands of rusty barbed wire. And so it was with all the trappings of what had been a vast American civilization in Vietnam: Red Beach, Marble Mountain airfield, Camp Eagle—all gone. The huge staging areas, the movie theaters, the ice-cream parlors, the officers' clubs—built to last forever—have all vanished. At none of the old bases does anything grow; the bare red dirt lies on the earth like a scar.

We drove north from Hue toward the DMZ, into some of the most fiercely contested areas of the war. Among veterans of the war this is the heart of the beast, where names that have now faded into obscurity then told of the war's most brutal fighting: Hill 881, Con Thien, the Rockpile, Dong Ha, Quang Tri, the A Shau Valley, Hamburger Hill, Lang Vei, Firebase Ripcord, Khe Sanh. Stacks of old shell casings were everywhere, to be recycled into tools. Along the road and fields were stands of newly planted eucalyptus and falao pine. Throughout the war virtually the entire region had been a free-fire zone. The people had been evacuated, the fields abandoned, and the trees and houses blasted into the mud. Even Quang Tri, the one town of any size, had been obliterated in 1972, during the 138 days the Communists had held it against some of the heaviest bombing of the war. Now the people are back, and rice is being harvested and brought in from the fields.

Long before we should have arrived at the DMZ—my mind being attuned to the old travel times in military vehicles along less than secure roads—we were there. Some sampans floated idly in the Ben Hai River, for twenty-one years the boundary between the two Vietnams and for more than ten years a fearsome no-man's-land of bitter fighting. Without ceremony we crossed the bridge to *their* side. On the south side—our side—were rice paddies, a few houses, a boy on a water buffalo. Three women were wading slowly in the river, gathering water potatoes and oysters. An old Dodge van, converted to a bus, lumbered

across the bridge from the south and stopped by our car. Five or six children poured out and ran off down a narrow trail, chattering and carrying their satchels from school. The wind made patterns in the yellowing rice. The mountains were gray in the distance. From the sea, clouds were blowing in. There was simply nothing to do but get in the car and go back.

After dinner we went for a drive around the darkened streets of Hue. A mass was in progress at the Hue cathedral, rebuilt as a strikingly modern structure grafted onto the Gothic architecture of the Hue seminary. In a field behind the church, during the Tet offensive, the Communists executed a young USIA employee named Stephen Miller. I am sure they did this as brutally and as matter-of-factly as General Loan executed the Viet Cong terrorist in the streets of Saigon. That execution, so dramatically caught on film—the captive being led up, the pistol being raised to his head and fired, the man falling over, blood spurting on the pavement—became a visual metaphor for the brutality of the whole war. Stephen Miller died no less brutally, but his death wasn't theater, and therefore in the practical terms of politics it might as well never have happened. While my guides smoked in the car, I stood in the field and bore him silent witness.

That night a hurricane blew in from the South China Sea. The wind beat against the windows of my room, the power, of course, went out, and the Perfume River rose steadily, churning with debris. The next day I had lunch with Nguyen Minh Ky, the vice-president of the province's People's Committee. Ky has the wavy hair and the good looks of a movie star. It was impossible for me to imagine that he had spent fifteen years living in the jungle. The Viet Cong whom we captured or who defected to us were tough, dedicated people, but they had the look of peasants who had just come from the fields. Ky looked as if he had just come from discussing a movie deal.

We ate lunch—the most lavish meal of my trip—on the roof of the hotel, overlooking the river, which by now was roiled and angry. The old city was barely visible through the storm, but I could see sampans balanced precariously against the howling winds in the center of the flood, the children on board searching for anything of value in the debris being swept past them. A young waitress in a yellow *ao dai* laid out giant prawns.

I asked Ky if he had been in Hue during the Tet offensive. He beamed. "Oh, yes. I was here for twenty-four days and nights. I was in the Citadel; I was everywhere in the city. The Americans and the puppets bombed us with everything they had, but we made them fight for every street. It was very fierce. The people had been living under oppression for fourteen years. Many of our fighters had not seen their families since 1954. They hugged each other and cried. It was glorious."

Ky asked me if I had seen the PBS program *Vietnam: A Television History*. "Everyone here saw it," he said. "I remember watching American troops throwing grenades into shelters. I thought of so many places I had seen such



Peasants harvesting rice in the rain in Dien Ban, south of Da Nang

crimes. Those poor people were just peasants and laborers—they only wanted to plant rice, and they were killed. I could have cried.”

As he talked, my own memories came back. In 1970 I had spent several weeks teaching English at night in Da Nang. One of my students told me this story: “My parents were living in Hue in 1968, when the Viet Cong took the city. They were schoolteachers. The Viet Cong came to the door and took them away. They told my grandmother they had to ask them some questions. My parents never came back. They found their bodies near the imperial tombs. They had been tied up and strangled.”

And I remembered a Viet Cong attack in 1970 on a hamlet south of Da Nang called Thanh My. The Viet Cong had gone from bunker to bunker, throwing in satchel charges. Anyone who tried to flee was shot—old men, women, young children. When I got there the next morning, the mangled bunkers were still smoldering, the bodies were laid out in long rows, and a few survivors with blank faces were poking in the rubble. They were “just peasants and laborers—they only wanted to plant rice.” And I could have cried too, and did.

“I remember two things about Hue,” I said. “I remember your flag flying from the Citadel, and I remember the bodies of all the innocent people the Viet Cong killed.”

A shadow crossed Ky’s face, a fleeting moment of hardness that made me glad I was his guest and not his prisoner. Then the smile returned. “That was a total fabrica-

tion,” he said. “It was completely to the contrary. We *were* the people. How could we kill ourselves?”

Having proved to his own satisfaction that such a massacre was, in metaphysical terms at least, impossible, he went on: “Since 1959 the puppets had brought the guillotine to every corner of our country. They tied us up and rubbed chili pepper into our mouths, noses, and eyes.” He warmed to his theme. “They ran electric current into women’s private parts. They nailed your fingers down and then tore out the fingernails. They put out your eyes and cut off your ears and wore them around their necks—for publicity. They ripped open your belly and tore out your heart and liver. They cut open the womb and yanked out the baby inside, then stomped it into the dust.” He paused. “Now, *that* was terrible. If they could do that, they could make up any lie about us.”

I asked him if he meant to say that his forces had not executed any civilians.

“That is correct,” he replied, reaching across the table for some more prawns.

“Then where did all those bodies come from?”

He looked at me with sympathy. “It was a very chaotic time. A few criminals may have been spontaneously eliminated by the people, like stepping on a snake. But most of those bodies—if there were any—were probably patriots who helped us and were murdered by the puppets after we left.”

He put down his napkin. “You know,” he said, “I often

came into Hue during the war. I pretended I was a fisherman, or a student, or a peasant coming to market. The Americans would come right up to me. They'd pat me on the back and offer me cigarettes."

"And what did you do?" I asked him, as the table was being cleared and the coffee brought.

He looked at me with a sly smile. "I just said, 'GI, GI, number one.'" With that he pushed back his chair and said good-bye. The flood was rising, and the rice harvest was in danger. In today's Vietnam, where the people barely have enough rice to survive, nothing is more serious. Outside, the storm had abated. The trees that had blown over had already been cut up and carried away for firewood.

Milan Kundera writes about a Czech leader whose usefulness to the state had ended. For the leader to remain in official photographs of the period raised too many questions; it was inconvenient. So he was simply airbrushed out: he no longer existed. The massacre of civilians at Hue, the massacres at places like Thanh My, are now inconvenient, so they have been airbrushed out of history: they no longer exist. The Vietnamese stand in the flood of history and pluck from the water only what is useful; the rest flows out to sea. History is like the toppled trees of Hue, to be cut up and used to heat and light the present.

THE NEXT DAY WE DROVE SOUTH TO DUY XUYEN DISTRICT, a once bitterly contested area about twelve miles south of Da Nang. The district headquarters was in a low stucco building; I had been there before, during the war. I was greeted by a delegation of officials and offered tea, beer, and fruit. I began to talk to Nguyen Truong Nai, the vice-president of the People's Committee. He had been part of the Viet Cong local forces during the war. He had joined the guerrillas in 1964, when he was seventeen. During the long years of the war he had been wounded eight times. He began to show me his scars—"This one, on my arm, was in 1967. This one, on my leg, was in 1972. This one, my hand and my head, was in 1969, this one. . . ." His body was like a history of the war, written with M-16 bullets, artillery shrapnel, rockets, and bomb pellets from B-52s.

The worst year was 1969, he said, confirming what General Tuan had told me in Hanoi. "The situation was terrible. This whole district was a no-man's-land. There were thousands of Americans, Koreans, and puppet troops in the area, but there were only four of us left out of all the local guerrilla forces. Only four. We were hungry. There was nothing to eat. I was the commander. We all gave serious thought to surrender. But each time, we talked about our traditions, about our country, and we kept on fighting."

Two young men from the rice cooperative who had been out fighting the flood arrived. One of the men seemed very young, too young to have been in the war. But he had been fighting since 1969, when he was nine. "I went to school during the day and helped the guerrillas at night.

We were scouts. We watched the Americans, sold them cigarettes and talked to them, and then reported back." He went on and almost idly pulled off a bit of the veil of kitsch that surrounds Vietnamese accounts of the war. "Part of my job was to identify the leaders of the strategic hamlets." I asked what happened then. "I helped work out ways to kill them," he said, smiling pleasantly, as if he were discussing the school fund-raising auction. When history is on your side, killing a village official, even if he has been your neighbor all your life, is simply not a matter of much consequence.

"The tasks facing us after the war were enormous," said one of the officials. "The land had lain fallow for many years. We had to organize cooperatives, clear the fields of mines and bombs, develop irrigation and electric projects, plow and plant and begin to harvest. We had to plant trees and build houses and schools and clinics. And it was hard at first. All our lives we had been guerrillas. War is simple; our problems now are more complicated. We had, in truth, to start over. And we are far from finished."

I had been in Duy Xuyen during the war. Part of it had been known as Go Noi Island, which by 1970 had been cleared of all signs of life, like an apple peeled of its skin. There was nothing, literally nothing, there. No trees, no cemeteries, no houses, no fields, no people. It was the archetypal free-fire zone. In 1970 we began resettlement work. Land was set aside for villages, and some of the old residents were brought back and lodged in rows of houses with tin roofs set beneath the blazing sun. It was not a bad effort, and it flowed from some of our best motives. But we were taking a terrible situation and trying to heal it with Band-Aids. We were trying to rebuild the land we had destroyed, in the name of the Vietnamese people, and wanting them to love us for it.

During the war I had flown over this area in a helicopter day after day. I had been struck by the thought of how beautiful it must have been, a fertile green blanket between the mountains and the sea, before it had been pockmarked by bombs and cleared of people. Now the people were back. Trees by the thousands had been planted. The free-fire zones of Go Noi and the Arizona Territory were again rice paddies, as they had been for centuries. Children on their way to school walked giggling down trails where Marine patrols had been ambushed, and rice dried on roads where tanks and halftracks had churned up dust.

TWO MILES SOUTHEAST OF DA NANG HAD BEEN THE Marble Mountain airfield, a large recreational area called China Beach, and the headquarters of the 1st Marine Regiment, an area notorious for its booby traps. We drove out to China Beach. Where once Red Cross doughnut dollies and Army nurses in bathing suits had drawn the hungry stares of thousands of lonely men, there was only one old woman, gathering seaweed. Driving along the beach, we passed some shacks. Inside one of them two men were playing chess. They were fishermen,

uninvolved in politics. The older man, Phung Tha, was thirty. "We were all in the Viet Cong," he said. "All the boys and girls I knew fought the Americans here." An old woman, whose teeth were stained with betel, cackled. "All of us fought. Some of us, like me, fought with our mouths." I mentioned that she seemed a bit old for that sort of thing. "I am fifty-two," she said—she looked at least seventy—"and I fought for my country and for my husband." She gestured at a photograph that stood in the place of honor on a handmade shelf, the only piece of furniture in the house besides a bed and the table. "He was killed by the Americans." I asked them whether, after all that, ordinary life wasn't empty. They laughed. "We are fishermen. All we have ever wanted to do is fish. Now we do. So we are happy."

When I was here during the war, the Marines in this area had been commanded by Colonel P. X. Kelley, an intelligent, aggressive officer with a subtle grasp of politics, a dedication to excellence, and even a sense of humor. When I had left Vietnam, he had given me an eight-by-ten picture of himself, signed "Semper Fi, P. X. Kelley." He is now the commandant of the Marine Corps. On the days when he and the other colonels, the really good ones, were up at division headquarters, I would think that there was nothing we couldn't do. But today the area where we did our best for him, ourselves, and our country is the domain of fishermen and old women with stained teeth who gather seaweed on the beach.

Just inland from China Beach five mountains of solid marble tower up out of the dunes like the snouts of whales breaching out of the ocean. Pagodas and Buddhist monasteries are hidden away on the largest mountain, and around the base are hamlets of marble cutters who patiently carve Buddhas, bracelets, and little statues of roaring lions and dragons. On weekends during the war Marines would occasionally go there to visit a pagoda and buy some marble souvenirs. But there were several caves and pagodas on the mountain that were off limits. We supposed that the religious sensibilities of the Vietnamese would be deeply offended if we were to go there.

I had always been curious about the mountain; it had loomed over our area like a brooding shrine, honeycombed with caves and mysteries. Minh and I climbed up steep steps to the first pagoda. We then made our way along a narrow path, past gardens kept by monks, and came upon a grotto. We entered, and saw that it opened into a huge cave, seventy-five feet high, dimly lit through a hole in the ceiling. Statues of Buddhas, some twenty feet tall, had been carved out of the rock. Incense burned at several altars. There were other, smaller statues of soldiers and guards painted in dramatic reds, blues, and yellows. In one corner was a small shrine and next to it a plaque, which seemed oddly official in what was so clearly a religious place.

I asked Minh to translate it, and then I knew why it had been inappropriate for Americans to visit here, even though the cave was only three miles from the center of Da

Nang and was square in the middle of one of the largest concentrations of American troops in Vietnam. The plaque said that this cave had been a field hospital for the Viet Cong. Now it was empty and the only sound was that of water dripping from the hole in the roof. I walked out of the cave, and a few steps away I could look directly down on the main road that had led to the 1st Marine Regiment's headquarters. We had driven right by here on our way to China Beach. The Viet Cong in the hospital must have heard our trucks, and the helicopters from the airfield, every day. No doubt they could listen to the parties at the airfield or China Beach—the Filipino bands singing "Proud Mary" and "We Gotta Get Out of This Place."

How little we knew. And our enemy had been so certain of our ignorance, so confident that we would learn nothing, that he had hidden his hospital in plain sight, like Poe's purloined letter. To have been defeated was bad enough. To have been treated with such contempt seemed far worse.

LOOSE ENDS

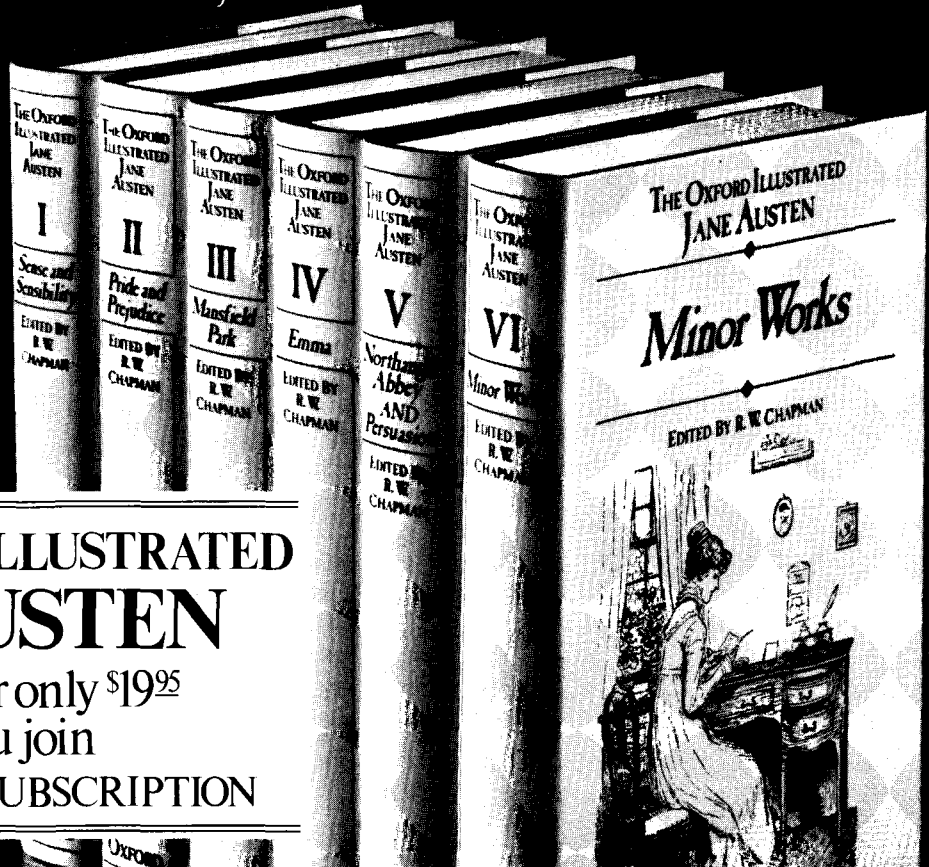
WE WERE LEAVING MARBLE MOUNTAIN WHEN I SAW her. She was a girl in her early teens, working at one of the small stands selling marble bracelets, carved Buddhas, busts of Ho Chi Minh, and other souvenirs. For a moment I didn't know why she had caught my eye, but there was something about her, about the way she stood, about her features, something different . . . And then Minh, who didn't miss much, noticed my stare. "So you've seen the Amerasian girl?" he said.

She was the first Amerasian I had seen on the trip. I hadn't been prepared for how powerful the experience would be. I had become conditioned to Vietnam as it was, and she was a living link to the past I had lived here. We Americans were all gone, but we had left behind a new generation neither American nor Vietnamese—outsiders, wearing history on their faces—as if the power of sexuality had proved stronger than all our armies, all our weapons, all our technology. She had been raised a Vietnamese, had spent all her life in a hamlet, but still I felt a bond with her. I felt guilt when I saw her, guilt and fascination.

Her name was Huynh Thi Dien. She was fourteen years old, a student in the seventh grade. That afternoon she had been at a meeting of the Good Nieces and Nephews of Uncle Ho. We were sitting at the table inside her house, which was behind the souvenir stand. There was only one room. Her mother sat on the bed; her grandfather, an old man with a wispy beard, dressed in white cotton, slowly moved about the room, preparing tea, and then sat down in a corner and smoked the cigarette I had given him.

Her mother began to talk about Dien's father. "I remember his name but not his address," she said. "He was in the military police. He returned to the U.S. in 1971; he wanted us to come with him, but my mother was sick and we couldn't go. I had a letter in 1974, but I haven't heard from him since."

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She had applied for a visa for herself and her daughter to go to America; they were waiting for it to come through. I asked Dien if she wanted to go to the United States. She looked at the marble bracelet on her arm and said nothing. Tears began to flow down her face. The house had gradually filled up with villagers. More than forty people had crowded into all the available spaces, pressing around us. It was suffocating, claustrophobic. No one made a sound.

I asked her if she was crying because she wanted to go or because she wanted to stay.

"Both," she said. "I have a father. . ." She began to cry again. "And I have my native land. . ." She paused. Her mother watched her from the bed. The room was quiet. Her dilemma was public; I had unwittingly asked her to choose between the country of a father who had abandoned her, which and whom she had never seen, and Vietnam, the people around her, the only world she had ever known—and to do so in full view of the whole hamlet. "But I don't know my father," she said, and then she began to sob, her shoulders shaking. I squeezed her hand, told her that she would like America, that it would be different but that she would like it. Minh translated as the girl cried. The villagers listened in silence.

On the way back to Da Nang I told Minh that I blamed the father, that he had behaved as irresponsibly with the mother as we had with our Vietnamese allies. Minh didn't agree. "You can't blame the father," he said. "He was a soldier, far from home. I'm sure he didn't intend to create such a sad situation." No, he probably didn't intend to, any more than we intended to make a whole people dependent upon us and then abandon them. But he had done it, and so had we; he had walked away from it, and so had we.

WAR MEMORIES

THE VIET CONG VETERANS I MET HAD BEEN BOMBED by B-52s, shelled by battleships, pounded by artillery, incinerated by napalm and white phosphorus, and drenched in defoliants. They had been strafed by jets, rocketed by Huey Cobras, and attacked by AC-47 "Spooky"s with their array of mini-guns, each firing up to 6,000 rounds a minute. I went down into one of their tunnels at Cu Chi, in the Iron Triangle, northwest of Saigon. It was cramped and claustrophobic and wet; furry creatures ran over my hands. After half an hour I was desperate to get out. They lived in such tunnels for years, under intense bombing, coming out only at night. They had taken terrible losses and when they were wounded had only the most rudimentary medical care. Their rations had been a few balls of rice. And they had been separated from their families and homes, many for ten or even twenty years.

Our experience could hardly have been more different. We controlled the air, so we were able to maintain headquarters areas and bases in reasonable security. We were never bombed. We had hot meals and mail and Bob Hope and R & R. And we stayed only a year. Officers normally had only six months in combat. Yet many Americans re-



Street scene in quiet, postwar Da Nang

turned with serious emotional problems, many of which survive to this day. The Vietnamese I met, including a number of doctors, agreed that such emotional problems had by and large faded away for them. One woman, for example, told me that for a few years after the war whenever she heard a helicopter she would fall to the ground. Then again, she said, she didn't hear all that many helicopters anymore. But even Vo Thi Lien, who survived My Lai, told me that she no longer had nightmares. "Everyone suffered," she told me, "none of us more than anyone else." Even the Vietnamese vocabulary reflects this attitude. The word *sacrifice* is used only to mean death, as in "Many of my comrades sacrificed." For them, only death is worthy of the word; every other hardship and suffering was simply the common lot and therefore unremarkable.

I talked to Viet Cong veterans several times about American veterans. I tried to explain post-traumatic stress syndrome—the flashbacks, the blackouts, the bitterness, the paralysis of will, that still seem to afflict many Americans. It was incomprehensible to them. "We had to rebuild our country. We had too much to do to think that adjusting to peace was a problem," Tran Hien, a former Viet Cong company commander, told me. "Life goes on." Simple ideas, believed without question, sustained men like Hien then, and sustain them now. Truly nothing, in their minds, is more important than independence and freedom. Their memories of war are remarkably unconfused. I had the sense of being with men and women who had done extreme and even terrible things but whose consciences and hearts are limpidly clear. They do not look into their selves and see angst or guilt or confusion, if they look into their selves, in our Western, self-infatuated way, at all. They did their duty, like everybody else. For them, the war is over. Life *does* go on.

In Duy Xuyen, over coffee and beer, I talked to Viet Cong veterans about their comrades. "When we were in the jungle and in the mountains," one said, "the bonds of comradeship weren't only in fighting but in everything. The strong would help the weak. We carried each other's burdens, cooked each other's meals, did everything together. If one of us was wounded, we would risk our lives to

bring him back. When you have gone through such things together, you have a bond that can never be broken."

Hien had been sitting quietly. He took one of my 555 cigarettes, lit it, and said, in a soft voice, "It was a pure world. Those who had more gave to those in need. We shared the same bamboo bed, we shared the same shirt or blanket. That kind of sentiment, so pure, was even more than I have for my blood brother. And when we lost our comrades, when they sacrificed, the pain gave us strength in fighting."

Two days later Hien and I were waiting at the airport, sipping tea amid the eerie silence. Through the window I could see the old hangars. One still bore a huge sign that said VIKINGS. It was almost fifteen years to the day since I had arrived here for the first time. I asked Hien if he ever saw the men from his unit.

"At Tet and other feast days my men and I still try to get together," Hien said. "We have a lot of memories: when we had to fight an enemy ten times stronger; when we were so hungry we had to chew uncooked rice; when we were surrounded and had to fight day and night, once for twenty-four days and nights, against constant artillery and bombs and helicopters firing rockets; when the days and nights ran together in hails of fire and fatigue. But we never gave up. We can't forget any of that. But above all we will never forget the day we came into Da Nang as victors, the day we liberated our home. That will be with us always."

As I listened to his memories, my own memories came back: of ambushes and booby traps and days and nights in the jungle looking for Hien, for an enemy we never seemed to find; of all those men, so young and brave, being wasted for nothing. All in all, I would rather have his war memories than mine.

Hien asked me politely how the airport had changed since I was last here.

"It's a lot quieter," I said. "And it's yours."

THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT

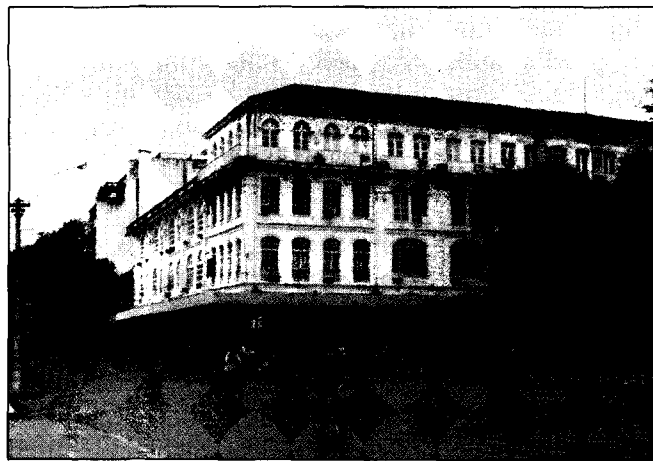
I FIRST SAW SAIGON IN THE SPRING OF 1970, ITS LATE BAROQUE period. The graceful French city had by then been smothered by a sprawling, energetic American one. Coming to Saigon from the war was almost the same as going to Bangkok, except that there was a curfew and more barbed wire in Saigon. Otherwise it was next to impossible to detect that a war was going on. In part that was because the war was the least of what was occupying Saigon. What occupied Saigon then, as now, was opportunity. Today many of Saigon's most blatant excesses have been suppressed, but beneath the surface it is the same city. Saigon is, in fact, the government's number-one problem. It is a direct challenge to party ideology and morality. Under the emperor, under the French and the Japanese, under the Americans, it survived on its own terms, but today, under the Communists, it seems finally to be gasping for breath. Not that the Communists have been particular-

ly successful in Saigon: any issue of *Nhan Dan*, the official Communist Party newspaper, is filled with accounts of corruption in the city, of plots and counterplots, of the latest outrages committed by "subversive" and "antisocial" elements. Still, the Communists need Saigon almost as desperately as they hate it. Even they recognize that beneath Saigon's "antisocial" exterior are the most efficient and successful economic institutions in the country.

Everything is still for sale—everything. Within five blocks of my hotel I was offered Buddhas plundered from Cambodia, rare Chinese antiques, gold jewelry, sex with male or female prostitutes, heroin, and—my favorite—a stamp collection (which, in fact, I bought). I was asked to change money, buy cigarettes, get my shoes shined, sell my camera. I saw markets selling everything from U.S. Navy silverware and American weapons to the latest cameras and stereos.

But more impressive, everything works. The clerks at the hotel speak excellent English. The elevator goes up and down. The orange juice in the morning is fresh squeezed, the croissants hot and newly baked, the coffee superb. If other foreigners had not begun conversations with me by saying, "I saw they had two cops following you today," I could almost have imagined that I was back in civilization. In Saigon one meets many cultured people, familiar with the West—good conversationalists. Unfortunately, in most cases they are not the people who won the war.

And then there is the matter of its new name: Ho Chi Minh City. The renaming of things is the essence of conquest. Hotels, streets, and landmarks all have new names, and some have new uses. Graham Greene's Continental Palace hotel is closed to the public. The bars on Tu Do Street are gone, replaced by the ubiquitous antique shops. Soul Alley, where dark-skinned Cambodians and *métis* from the French war catered to black soldiers, is no more. The American Embassy is now the headquarters for the petroleum agency, the Cercle Sportif a youth recreation club. The Majestic Hotel is the Cuu Long, Tu Do Street is Dong Khoi Street, and so on. Some of the names have actually taken hold—but although I rarely heard the name



The old Continental Palace hotel, Ho Chi Minh City

Tu Do I often heard the same street's name from a previous conquest: Rue Catinat. Except from a few top-ranking functionaries, however, I almost never heard the name Ho Chi Minh City. Granted, that name was written on all my documents, the airlines used it, I could say Ho Chi Minh City and be understood; but given all that, the city is still Saigon.

One relic of the old Saigon still tolerated by the government is the Rex nightclub. I rode up in the elevator with two Russians who were busily combing their hair, turning up their collars, and checking each other's clothes. The Rex is a classic nightclub, dark, with discreet waiters who whisper, "Would you like a taxi girl, sir?" after they take the drink order. The music was stunningly professional; a woman named Cam Van sang basic nightclub songs in an eerily perfect imitation of Linda Ronstadt. The women were fashionably dressed and spoke good English; they were even good dancers.

The puritan world of Hanoi could have been on another planet. "Many men have fallen in love here," my companion told me. Officially, everything is chaste; the women all go home alone. But I spoke with several men who had arranged private meetings; as everywhere in Saigon, anything is possible. I asked one of the women to dance. The first thing she said was, "Can you help me get to America?"

THROUGHOUT NORTH VIETNAM, AND EVEN IN DA Nang and Hue, I had felt I was in a basically stable culture, beset with problems and apprehensive about the future, but committed to it. In Da Nang on my walks I had encountered a few people who had asked me to help them get out. But Saigon—well, as always, Saigon was totally different. Saigon felt like an occupied city. Everyone seemed to be whispering to me—about the government, about the police, about how bad things were, and, most of all, about how they wanted out. "Sometimes I think that all anyone does here is plot to leave," a visitor from Hanoi said. Even the wife and children of the government press coordinator in Saigon live in Los Angeles.

More than a million Vietnamese have fled their country since the fall of Saigon, and another million are trying to get out by legal means. When the news spread in Saigon that I was an American, I became a walking mailbox. Wherever I went, people would stuff letters in my bag, my pockets, my hand. Their desperation was undeniable: they wanted out, and they wanted help to make it. There were letters to relatives, letters to congressmen, letters to President Reagan, but mostly there were letters to the Orderly Departure Program (ODP) office in Bangkok. The ODP was established in 1979 in response to the plight of the boat people, who were fleeing Vietnam and dying by the thousands in the South China Sea and at the hands of Thai pirates. The ODP is under the UN, but the countries that are the most common destinations—the United States, Canada, France, and Australia—run their own pro-

grams. The Vietnamese government has been the crucial link in making the program work. Eager to erase the image of the boat people, it has processed tens of thousands of exit visas for Amerasian children and Vietnamese citizens with relatives abroad. As of October, according to Vietnamese officials, there were 70,000 Vietnamese with exit visas waiting for approval from host countries.

Of the 500,000 people currently on file in the American ODP office registered as wanting to leave Vietnam, barely 13,000 made it out in 1984, up from less than 10,000 in 1983. At that rate, just to clear every person in the current files would take forty or fifty years, not to mention all the new cases that come in among the 100,000 letters the ODP gets in a year. Many of the people trying to get out were committed to us, worked for us, risked their lives for us. When we left in such inexcusable panic, in 1975, we left them behind. The gate out of Vietnam could be closed any day, as the gate out of Berlin was, as gates everywhere else have been. Vietnam often gives exit visas to people who don't meet our entry requirements, and denies visas to some people who do. But for our part, the U.S. government continues to do the bureaucratic slow shuffle. We agreed to take more Amerasian children and their families, but then we reduced the number of other refugees from Vietnam we would accept. At Tan Son Nhut airport, in Saigon, when I was leaving Vietnam, I listened to Canadian ODP officials boast good-naturedly to their American counterparts that, not counting the special Amerasian program, Canada was on the verge of accepting more refugees than the United States was taking. It was one of the worst things I heard on my entire trip.

ANOTHER COUNTRY

PEACE IS BETTER THAN WAR, AND FOR THAT REASON alone the people of Vietnam are better off than they were when we were there. In the barren wastelands of free-fire zones crops are being planted and children go to school. People no longer live in caves and tunnels, their babies tucked away on shelves in the clay, to avoid bombs. Millions of refugees have returned to their villages. The air-raid siren no longer screams its call to shelters and anti-aircraft batteries. The cycle of rice planting and harvest again dominates the lives of the peasants.

But underneath the surface is another reality. A driver in Hanoi complains that he is sick but can't even get into the hospital unless he bribes the clerks and the doctors. A restaurant owner groans about his high "taxes." A woman in Da Nang grabs up her child and flees when I sit down, saying, "If they see me talking to you, they'll kill me." Police-men at a ceremony designed to inspire young people to patriotism casually beat back uninvited young people with bamboo sticks, as if they were shooing away stray dogs. Foreigners who work in Vietnam tell endless stories about their employees reporting on them, and each other, to the police, and their fears that they will be sent away to re-education camps on the slightest suspicion. The refu-

gees who have fled the country since reunification have their own stories of corruption and repression, to which the hardships they braved to get out are eloquent witness.

Vietnam has no independent news, no freedom of speech; information is much more rigidly controlled than in the more liberal Soviet satellites of Eastern Europe. One crusading newspaper, however, regularly publishes stories about corruption and mismanagement, about abuses of the peasants and the people, about failures of the government and the Party. It is, oddly, *Nhan Dan*, the Party newspaper. In each issue its readers learn about kick-

backs and bribes, about insensitivity and brutality, about mistakes in ideology, policy, and practice. Case studies of the problems of establishing cooperatives and collectives openly discuss opposition from peasants and failures of leadership. There are stories of zealous tax collectors seizing personal property, of Party members running smuggling rings, of payoffs for jobs, exit visas, apartments.

Two themes run throughout these accounts. The first is that the power of the central government is far from absolute. A Party member confirmed this for me. "The old saying that the power of the emperor stops at the gates of the village is still true. Even on the province level they basically do what they want to do. Cables get 'lost,' orders get 'misunderstood.' In most cases of practical government we cannot simply give orders and expect that they will be followed; we have to persuade. At the level of the village and the cooperative that is even more true. We cannot command allegiance; we must earn it." The second theme is that the transformation of the South into the socialist model of the North has been far more difficult than the regime ever expected. Ten years have passed since liberation, and still the North and the South might well be two countries. "The politburo believes that so far as the South goes it's now or never," a senior diplomat told me. "And they've decided that it's never."

In Vietnam, ideology has always come in by the back door. "The Communist Party inspired the people to fight out of patriotism," said Xuan Oanh, one of Hanoi's leading authorities on America. "Then, when we had their allegiance, we could persuade them of our ideology." That worked against the French, and it worked against the Americans. The goals were transcendent: drive out the foreigners, unite the country. If Communist ideology was the price that had to be paid for that—and if it would get rid of the landlords too—then the people would pay it. But today no more epic battles for independence and freedom are left to be won. Now the only incentive is the Party's own authority: you will follow this ideology not because it is the only way to liberate the country but because we say so. "After the war," I was told, "we expected the same spirit of patriotism to continue. We expected it to pervade the South. We overestimated the fervor. It was a serious mistake."

Having organized the Vietnamese in a heroic effort to drive out the foreigners and unite the country, the leadership seems less capable of inspiring its people to improve their lot. Part of the problem is the legacy of one of the longest and most destructive wars in history. But the single biggest stumbling block to mobilizing the country's naturally industrious and entrepreneurial people has been the bankrupt Marxist ideology, which has little to offer a country wishing to create a modern economy. This problem has not escaped the Party leadership. Without the drama of Deng Xiaoping's headlong dash away from Marxism in China, they have begun to disengage themselves from the centralized, state-planning approach to economics that is the Soviet model. The talk is still of three incentives: for

THE FAITHLESS

Sleep, you jade smooth liar,
you promised to come
to me, come to me
waiting here like a cut
open melon ripe as summer.

Sleep, you black velvet
tomcat, where are you prowling?
I set a trap of sheets
clean and fresh as daisies,
pillows like cloudy sighs.

Sleep, you soft-bellied
angel with feathered thighs,
you tease my cheek with the brush
of your wings. I reach
for you but clutch air.

Sleep, you fur-bottomed tramp,
when I want you, you're in
everybody's bed but my own.
Take you for granted and you stalk
me from the low point of every hour.

Sleep, omnivorous billygoat,
you gobble the kittens, the crows,
the cop on duty, the fast horse,
but me you leave on the plate
like a cold shore dinner.

Is this divorce permanent?
Runneled with hope I lie down
nightly longing to pass
again under the fresh blessing
of your weight and broad wings.

—Marge Piercy

the state, for the collective, and for the individual—but almost all the attention is going to the last two. The pragmatists have discovered that the desire for personal betterment—the capitalist vice of acquisitiveness—is a much more effective motivation for hard work and economic growth than exhortations about social good. The evidence is undeniable: the countryside is better off than the cities, because the peasants have been allowed more opportunity to produce for themselves; the South is better off than the North, because in the South the desire and the ability to create wealth still exist. But once the leadership committed itself to improving the lot of the people, and accepted that only with more individual motivation would it bring that about, it got more than it bargained for. The loosening of economic ties to allow individuals to produce more has inevitably loosened social ties as well.

To the casual visitor North Vietnam seems almost a religious state. Public morality influences all behavior. And although there is a ubiquitous network of informers, much of the behavior seems not imposed but internal, built in. At the same time, there is a good deal of evidence that even in the North the belief that society is more important than the individual is no longer universal.

There are robberies in Hanoi now; even five years ago they would have been virtually unthinkable. The black market is rampant. High officials try to insist that this is a problem only in the South, but even they have trouble keeping a straight face as they say so. From clerks to ministers, every government worker must sell his rationed food, cigarettes, and clothing on the black market in order to survive. A government worker makes about 300 dong (roughly \$1.30 at the black-market exchange rate) a month; a doctor about 400 dong (\$1.70). A bowl of soup is 30 dong, a grapefruit 20 dong, a pack of cheap cigarettes 35 dong. If a worker buys one of each of these a day, as most workers seem to do, he will have spent his entire month's salary in less than four days. And so everyone holds several jobs—sweeping out pagodas, teaching night classes, weaving mats, stringing beads; and everyone has to work the black market, often selling rationed rice on the black market and going without even a basic level of food to do so.

Vietnam is a society accustomed to sacrifice on the verge of having sacrificed enough. To ease those sacrifices the country must grow economically, but that means opening the door to all the Western social effects that old Party members find so threatening. So far the Westernizers like Communist Party leader Le Duan are winning, but the purists are watching and waiting. On several occasions I heard people mutter, "Did we fight the war for this?" Until the leadership can answer the question of what comes after independence and freedom, until they can truly convert their warrior culture to peace, their victory will remain bittersweet.

HILL 10

AS WE APPROACHED HILL 10, WE CAME UPON A DITCH cut through the road. Beyond the ditch, where the base had been, was only a red scar on the hilltop. I got out and walked up to it. I could remember perfectly how it had been: where everyone had lived and worked, where everything in that little world had happened. I walked over to where the command post had been, where the Filipino bands had sung, where the PX and the enlisted-men's club had stood, where the showers and the mess hall had greeted us when we came in from the bush. This hill had been a little piece of America, our connection to the world, to reality. Now there were only the paddies, the mountains beyond, and the silence.

Hien, the former Viet Cong company commander, my old enemy, the man we had built all the Hill 10s in Vietnam to kill, walked quietly up to me and stood at my side as I stared toward the mountains. With a stick he drew diagrams in the dirt of how his company could have attacked Hill 10. I watched with interest, but there was really nothing left to say. In the end he didn't have to attack it; all he had to do was survive until we left, and then the country was his.

Four months before my trip to Vietnam, Americans of another generation revisited their battlefields on the beaches of Normandy. President Reagan spoke, his voice quavering. The veterans and their relatives cried. The American flag flew over a cemetery where crosses stretched as far as the eye could see. It was a powerful, patriotic moment. I thought of that moment as I stood on Hill 10. I did not feel patriotic; I simply felt sad.

"It is easier to start a war," the North Vietnamese general had told me, "than to end one." A valuable lesson, seldom learned. The cost of that lesson is beyond calculation: the long black wall in Washington, with all its names of young Americans who died so far from home; the cemetery just down the road, with its headstones bearing the word *hero*; the grief of the woman whose husband I might have killed, the grief of every family who had lost someone here. There are times when such costs must be paid: we had to fight the Nazis. We did not have to fight here.

I looked around this deserted hill for one last time. I could imagine a line of Marines making their way across the paddies, bound for the hill. The images were from a dream I still have, fifteen years later. My old platoon is returning to Hill 10 from the mountains. In the shadow of the base we are ambushed. No one comes to help us. We are cut to pieces. . . . But this time there was no ambush. The men just kept coming, headed for home, together.

As I turned to go, I noticed an old empty sandbag lying buried in the dirt. I picked it up and took it back, as a souvenir. When I returned to New York, I washed the sandbag over and over, but I could never get it to come clean. □

BEAUFORT NUMBER 12

BY GUY BILLOUT



One on One

There's no passing the ball in one on one. Basketball buffs know it as a game that pits two players against each other in a strenuous match of dribbling, feinting, shooting, and guarding. The players take turns on offense and defense. As they maneuver around the backboard, panting and perspiring, each strengthens his skills, his grasp of the game, and his understanding of his opponent's capabilities.

The U.S. government is fostering the concept of one on one in an effort to heighten understanding among peoples through international exchange programs. Government officials, students, teachers, artists, writers, and others go abroad to link up with their counterparts. Here at home, Americans play host to similar visitors from other countries.

In a world of diverse cultures, clashing ideologies and economic competition, the person-to-person approach nurtures an appreciation of the host nation's basic philosophy, its way of life, and the values and aspirations of its people.

Young people are leading the way. Each year, thousands of American and foreign high school students participate in exchange programs. Most of them are housed with host families. Through the President's International Youth Exchange Initiative, the U.S. Information Agency and the private sector have worked together to double the number of exchanges between the United States and our major economic partners in Western Europe and Japan over a three year period. The program is now expanding to other parts of the world.

In addition, a U.S.-sponsored international visitors program brings established or future leaders to the United States to learn about our institutions and to meet our people. These visitors come from government, the media, the arts, education, science, and labor. In the past they have included the late Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, and former Austrian Prime Minister Bruno Kreisky. All came here during their formative years in politics.

People are crossing the oceans in ever-growing numbers through a variety of exchange programs, both government-sponsored and private. All have the effect of creating better understanding. The programs have a ripple effect.

American teachers with exchange experience are better equipped to teach foreign affairs because they acquire an intimate knowledge of a foreign country, its language and customs. The programs help provide a pool from which can be drawn the foreign service officers of the future. American business and industry, too, are benefiting by sending representatives abroad to learn the business practices and traditions of foreign nations by way of exchange programs.

Individual Americans can contribute to the growth of the exchange movement by applying for study abroad, by playing host to foreign students, or by contributing to private efforts to expand the opportunities for exchange students.

Want to learn more? Write to the U.S. Information Agency, Washington, D.C. 20547.



MUSIC

POP NOSTALGIA: A COUNTERREVOLUTION

BY STEPHEN HOLDEN

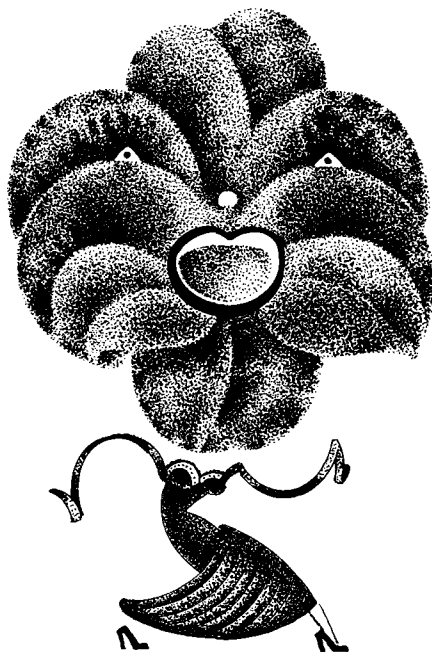
ROCK-AND-ROLL, which is celebrating its thirtieth anniversary, give or take a year or two, is showing signs of dreaded age. Pete Townshend was only in his twenties when he proclaimed, "Hope I die before I get old," in The Who's 1965 anthem "My Generation." It's one of a number of rock standards that shouldn't be sung by anyone over thirty-five who isn't crazy or suicidal. If the most aggressive forms of rock can be said to have a philosophy, it has always been a kamikaze-like urge to storm the barriers of human possibility through heroic or demonic self-assertion. But by thirty-five most people have begun to sense the biological limitations of life.

The generation gap proclaimed by The Who barely existed in the forties and fifties, and once more its boundaries have blurred. The most popular song of 1951, "Too Young," was a wistful little ballad about the longing to grow up and enjoy adult sexual experience. In the number-one single of 1984, Prince's "When Doves Cry," the sexually precocious singer, contemplating his parents' marital strife, worries that he'll grow up to be just as miserable.

In this climate of ambiguous generational tugs—ex-radicals in their forties joke, "Don't trust anyone under thirty"—the ghosts of "Too Young" have returned to haunt American pop. Middle-aged ex-counterculturalists are discovering the charms of the dreamy, sexually sublimated music they grew up vehemently rejecting, and many of their children like it too.

The first stirrings of pop retro-chic came in the early seventies, when the thriving New York cabaret scene spawned Bette Midler, the Manhattan Transfer, and other acts that resurrected vaudeville, swing, and doowop styles with a campy knowingness. In 1973 Harry Nilsson teamed with Gordon Jenkins to record an album of standards—A

Little Touch of Schmilsson in the Night—but it was ahead of its time. Five years later, on *Stardust*, Willie Nelson, country music's most resilient symbol of rugged individualism, keened and growled through a collection of minimally arranged pop chestnuts, which sold more than three million copies. And in 1981 Carly Simon released *Torch*, an opulent



mixture of original songs and oldies like "Spring Is Here."

But the most spectacular and revealing of several recent conversions from rock to pre-rock values has been Linda Ronstadt's, on two beautiful torch albums recorded with the veteran arranger-conductor Nelson Riddle. *What's New* and *Lush Life* feature songs associated predominantly with Frank Sinatra and Billie Holiday, done up in the lavish, impressionistic torch-swing idiom of Frank Sinatra's Riddle-arranged masterpiece, *Only the Lonely*. *What's New* was a labor of love that achieved unexpected success, selling nearly three million copies. *Lush Life*, its successor, has also done very well. One of the fascinations of these

records is that Ronstadt, who has never married and is famous for her romantic independence, sounds like someone who has decided to become a sweet, old-fashioned girl after spending a sinful adolescence in the arms of rock-and-roll.

Following Ronstadt's example, Toni Tennille and Barry Manilow have made fifties-style torch albums. On Tennille's plushly orchestrated *More Than You Know* the singer sounds as ripely seductive as the young Polly Bergen. Manilow recruited an all-star jazz combo, along with Sarah Vaughan and Mel Tormé as guest vocalists, to make a live-in-the-studio record of lovelorn saloon songs, titled *2:00 AM—Paradise Cafe*. Like Ronstadt's torch albums, Manilow's record makes for pleasant listening. But he too sounds more like a student of than an authority on the past, and the songs are abstract, generic glosses of Harold Arlen.

The Mediterranean dream lover, personified in the forties and fifties by Frank Sinatra and Vic Damone, has made a striking comeback, in the figure of Julio Iglesias, the forty-year-old Spanish pop star whose second English-language album, *1100 Bel Air Place*, has sold nearly three million copies. In contrast to feminized "love men" like Johnny Mathis, Barry Manilow, and the Bee Gees, he is a symbol of unabashed machismo.

Not all of today's pop nostalgia tries to bring back fifties archetypes. Among white middle-class Yuppies and their Baby Boomer siblings, one of the most popular forms of nonvocal background music is an eclectic mélange of styles that in the fifties would have been called semiclassical but that today goes by many different labels, from "folk-jazz" to "world music." The swirling "head" music of the Swiss electro-acoustic harpist Andreas Vollenweider and the piano Americana of George Winston are currently two of the most favored brands of middlebrow mood music. Winston is the best-selling artist on the phenomenally successful Windham Hill Productions label, in northern California, which was founded in 1976 by the guitarist William Ackerman. Windham Hill's folkish, mostly acoustic music and the coffee-table graphics of its album covers evoke an idyllic greeting-card vision of genteel American rusticity—the American frontier as imagined by ex-hippies who believe in peace and love and the simple life, and who have the money to buy an unobstructed view of the mountains on prime real estate.

Stephen Holden is a music critic for The New York Times.

Whether rustic or urban, the impulse behind all this ingratiating and essentially conservative music is the same. It augurs a generational yearning for security rather than adventure. Even if Ronstadt redux is a restless musician momentarily infatuated with the past, the fact that her two albums have turned her recording career around indicates that her adoption of pre-rock musical decorum has answered a deep public longing. The records symbolize a decision to settle down to nest after a long frolic.

THE PROLIFERATION of pop nostalgia coincides with the disintegration of the rock culture's sense of itself as a monolithic, progressive movement. Until fairly recently the tradition that extends from Little Richard through the Beatles to Bruce Springsteen seemed self-perpetuating. The rock-and-roll pioneers of the 1950s were primitive wild men, intuitive geniuses who brought American roots music to the surface of pop culture. In the sixties the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and Bob Dylan infused rock with intellectual and social content; the singer-songwriters of the 1970s refined rock's studio techniques and vocabulary into what looked to be a new tradition of sophisticated pop designed for records. But the movement faltered in solipsism. At the end of the seventies million-dollar albums by Fleetwood Mac, Stevie Wonder, and the Eagles put forward a studio pop-rock of almost symphonic self-importance. The Eagles, whose music summed up the harmonized tradition of southern-California rock, took as their main theme the failure of rock's ethic of self-gratification—"Life in the Fast Lane."

Just when rock became most inflated, the Baby Boom consumers began to outgrow the market, and the record industry hit a slump. At the same time, rock's first generational schism announced itself with the snarl and spit of punk. The initial reaction among rock's ruling elite was to try to hold on to the emerging young audience by catering to its tastes. Linda Ronstadt went punk, clipping her hair and making a pink-and-black-jacketed album of feisty new-wave songs.

Ultimately, it took the cold eye of television to draw pop music's new generational lines and codify a post-punk musical mainstream, one dominated by mechanized synthesizer-pop and a chilly, high-fashion look to match the sound. Twenty-four-hour video rock on MTV offered to the adolescent audience

that had grown up with television a new breed of entertainer: the video rock star.

To the generation that had formulated vague dreams of ultimate rock-and-roll cool from the radio, TV rock was an affront to the imagination. Heard on car radios, rock had evoked indescribable adventures to be tasted while traveling a mythical distance along the American highway. By bringing these dreams into the living room, TV pop domesticated them and made them banal.

As time and TV packaging have combined to undermine rock-and-roll's mystique, increasing numbers of performers have dipped into the past to retrieve it. The Stray Cats, from Long Island, became the most successful of a number of groups reviving rockabilly in straight-out imitations of Elvis Presley, Carl Perkins, and Gene Vincent. Neil Young, after dabbling in synthesizer music, put out a quickie parody album of rockabilly nostalgia. One of the surprise hits of 1984 was *The Honeydrippers, Vol. 1*, a mini-LP featuring Robert Plant, of Led Zeppelin, singing obscure rhythm-and-blues songs with tacky period arrangements.

In a commercial coup comparable to Linda Ronstadt's *What's New*, Billy Joel made an album of original old-style rock-and-roll songs, *An Innocent Man*, that skillfully glossed half a dozen pop idioms from the early 1960s. Joel created a romantically idealized portrait of urban teenage life in 1963 or thereabouts, just before rock discovered drugs and politics. If the fantasy figure at the center of Linda Ronstadt's albums is a teenaged girl waiting breathlessly to be escorted to the prom, in Billy Joel's *An Innocent Man* it is a love-smitten greaser who's got everything a teenaged boy needed back then—a girl, a car, and a pocket comb. Engaging though much of this rock-and-roll nostalgia may be, it is, like all nostalgia, secure in its rose-colored re-imagining of the familiar.

CODDLED AND flattered as the best and brightest generation in American history, the Baby Boomers grew up with a unique sense of their capacity for self-realization. Rock-and-roll songs like "Roll Over Beethoven" and "Rock and Roll Will Never Die" proclaimed the immortality of the Baby Boomers' favorite art form along with belief in their own invincibility. But today, for many in that generation, sixties nostalgia is mixed with embarrassment over the hubris of such attitudes.

Because it was invented to break rules

and tear down cultural barriers, rock never formulated a rigorous tradition of workmanship that could be used to create time-resistant artifacts. Rock endorsed spontaneity and resisted craft. It championed physical prowess and emotional free association over literature and ideas. It was an adolescent language of signs—riffs, squeals, sneers, and drum rolls—that turned its back on a grown-up culture of fine art.

The music of risk-taking and self-invention, rock is for the young. The veteran rock stars who are exhuming rock-and-roll's past are themselves no longer under thirty. Age brings with it a desire for order and comfort. Piles of rock memorabilia accumulate, book after book about the Beatles, the Stones, Elvis Presley. Packaged as nostalgia, the revolutions of the sixties have become as innocuous a game as Trivial Pursuit.

The sexual revolution, which was supposed to deliver a generation from repression, also delivered it from the secular religion of romantic love that culminated in holy matrimony. The rock generation had envisioned something hipper and headier—"sexual freedom." But it didn't bargain on the failure of sex as a panacea, the susceptibility of sex to boredom, or the erosion of desire. As Baby Boomers reach middle age, religion of all kinds has become more appealing. "Christian" music—mainstream studio pop with evangelical lyrics—has grown in popularity in the past fifteen years and captured roughly seven percent of the American record market. Rituals and traditions that once seemed bothersome now seem like assurances of continuity and community.

It's no accident that the retrograde tendencies in American pop coincide with the Reagan presidency, which has brought to the White House a vision of America that was invented half a century ago, in Hollywood. The love scene, the family portrait, and the cozy landscapes evoked by the new nostalgia all reflect Hollywood dreams designed to bind us together in a blissful, yearning innocence, a patriarchal togetherness. Whether or not this ethos is as much a fantasy as rock's kamikaze ethic, it is still what increasing numbers of people seem to want. Looking for a solid center, a spiritual nub, a true love scene that will fade us into the sunset of life, more and more Americans are being born again—if not in Jesus, then in a popular culture that sings us back to whatever we imagine to have been our endless good old days. □

AUDIO

ONE-STEP STEREO

BY PETER W. MITCHELL

HI-FI AUDIO is in the same situation in which 35mm photography used to be—it's confined to a small population of hobbyists. The arrival of the fully automatic 35mm camera, a "point-and-shoot" instrument nearly as simple to use as an Instamatic, made the 35mm camera a mass-market product while preserving its ability to deliver superior pictures. What hi-fi stereo needs is the equivalent of the fully automatic 35mm camera—a package combining superior performance with simplicity of installation and ease of use.

Oddly, during stereo's first decade such packages were available: the KLH compacts. These were simple, complete stereo systems that required no technical knowledge and no assembly, were easy to use, and sounded great. But they disappeared from the market during hi-fi's boom years (the mid-seventies), and no comparable product has been available since then for the consumer who wants good sound without confusion.

In the late sixties hi-fi stereo grew into a billion-dollar-a-year business. But when the Baby Boom population matured and college enrollments began to decline, the market for good audio equipment declined too, and it became clear that audiophilia had failed to infect

the rest of the population. In the most recent study made, barely one household in eight had an audio-component system of sufficiently high quality to be described as "high fidelity," meaning that it attempts to produce a replica of the real sound of music.

The audio industry has not found a way to provide good sound in a form suitable for the mass market. An obstacle course confronts anyone who musters the courage to enter a hi-fi store. Audio salesmen, with their faddish jargon, are second only to computer retailers in their ability to confuse, intimidate, and alienate potential customers. Product designers make the situation worse by covering every front panel with a complicated array of controls bearing a mysterious assortment of engineering language (Dub, Subsonic, MPX) and chemical formulas (CrO_2), giving the impression that playing a tape correctly is only slightly less arduous than flying a plane. The average consumer doesn't want to undertake exhaustive research into amplifiers, tuners, turntables, tape decks, and loudspeakers.

The large Japanese electronics companies have decided that the way to take the fear out of hi-fi buying is to pre-assemble audio components in complete systems, mounted in "racks," open cabinets with glass doors that let you gaze upon the impressive array of knobs and switches within. That approach does al-

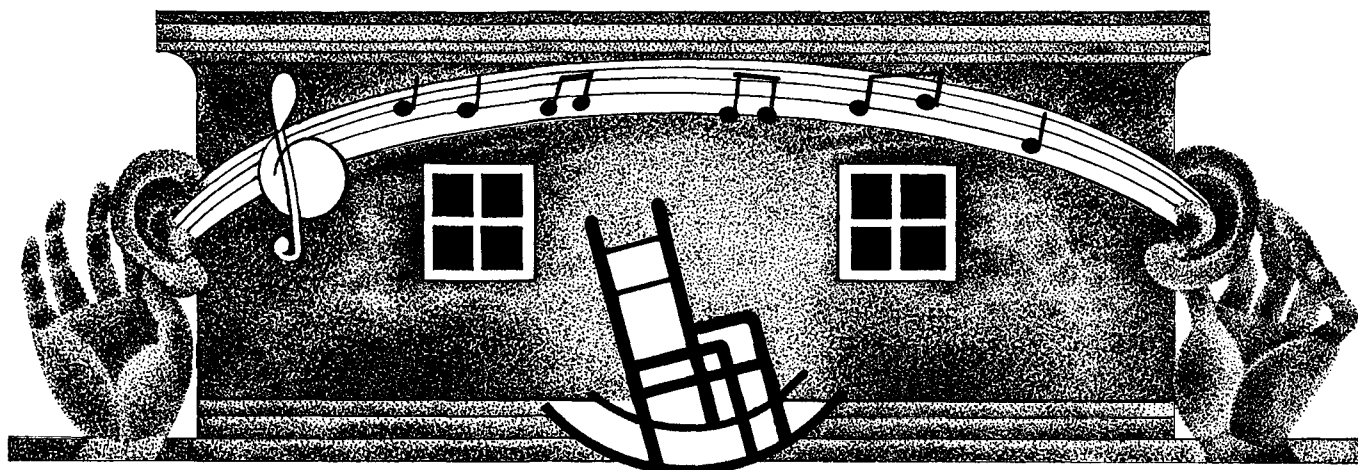
low a one-decision purchase, but all those controls are just so many ways to maladjust the sound, unless you really want to take the time to learn how they work—and the owner's manuals aren't much help. Moreover, too much of the budget of the typical rack system is allocated to the electronics and too little to the mechanical transducers (phono cartridge and loudspeakers). You can invariably get better sound for the same price by choosing less-costly electronics and better speakers. But if you had the technical expertise to make those choices, you would have assembled your own component system in the first place.

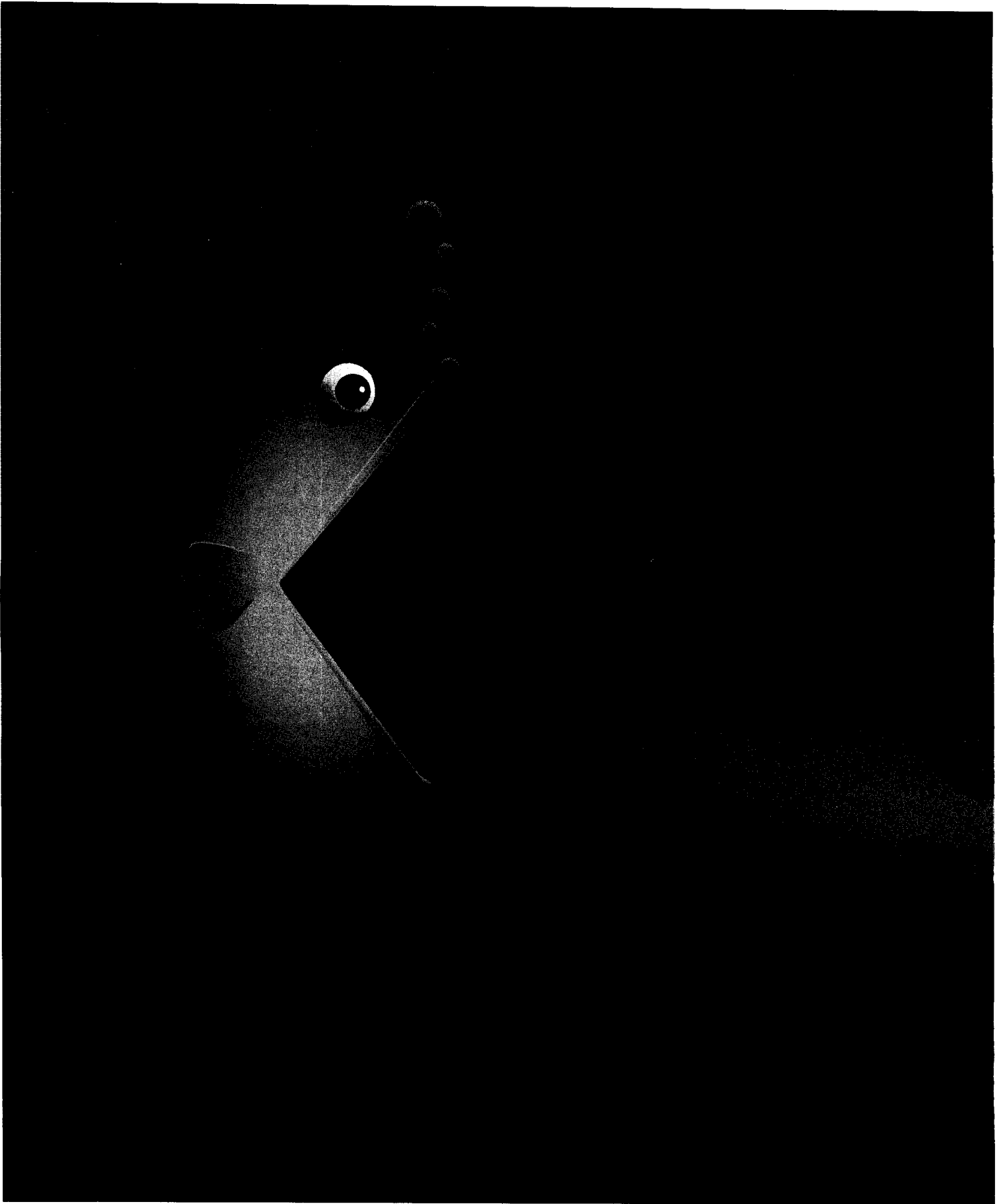
IF A RADICALLY simpler product that delivered great sound did exist today, would people buy it? One major hi-fi company is betting that the answer is yes: the Bose Corporation, of Framingham, Massachusetts. The company's confidence is based on the remarkable success of the four-speaker Delco-GM/Bose sound system for cars.

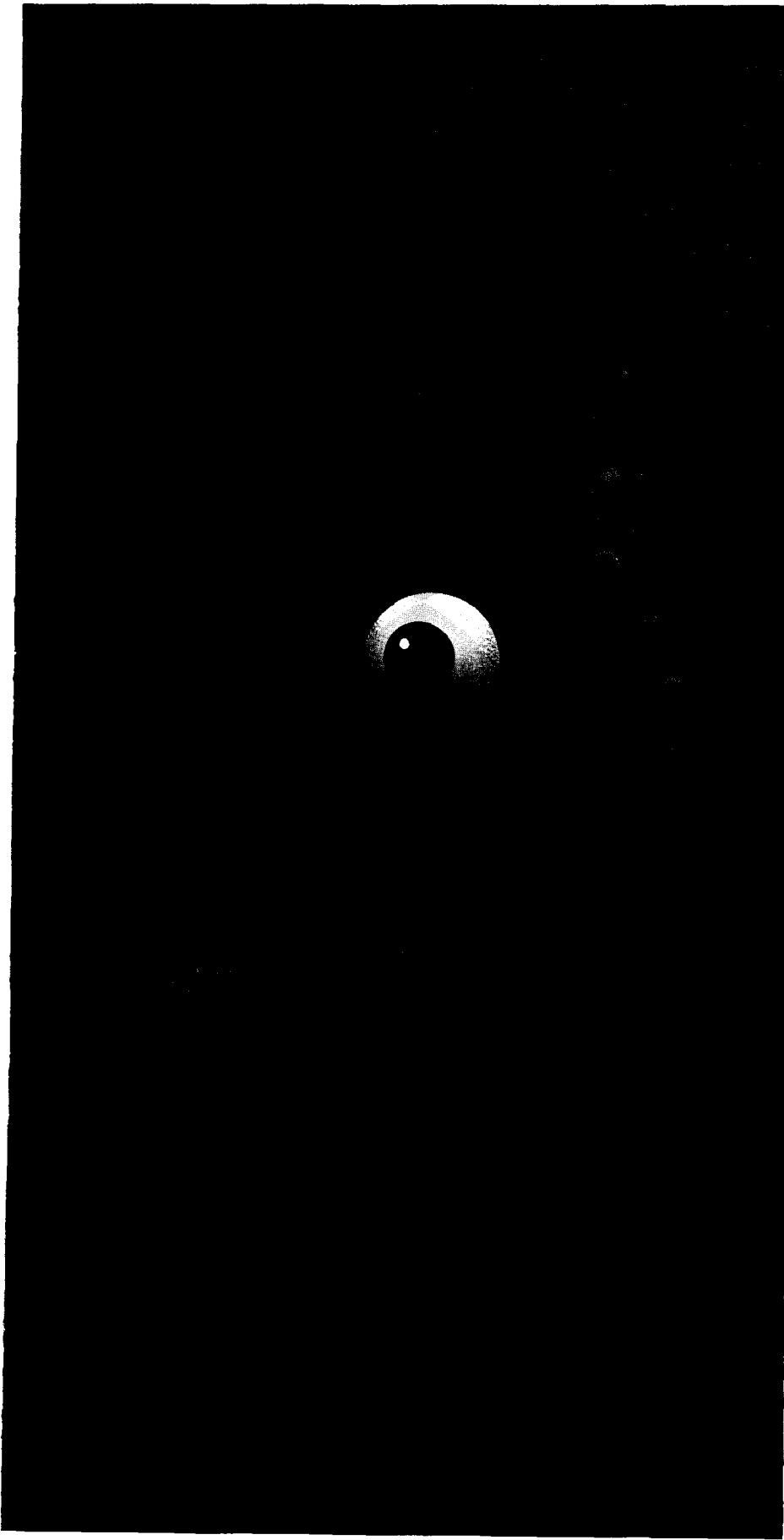
Several years ago Bose embarked on an elaborate computerized study of the interior acoustics of automobiles and succeeded in designing a superb-sounding audio system, which is available as a \$900 option on some of the more expensive General Motors cars. When customers are told about this option, few are interested. But—the discovery that Bose found significant—virtually every auto buyer who actually sits in a demo car and hears the system proceeds to order it, even if he doesn't have any sort of stereo equipment at home.

This confirms the view of Amar Bose, the company president, that enjoyment of good musical sound is not confined to an elite class of golden-eared listeners; it is a universal pleasure. If the majority of people don't listen to good sound at

Peter W. Mitchell is a recording and product-design engineer who also writes on audio, video, and computers.







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—continued on next page—

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*A handful of companies
are rewriting the
business school casebooks
by using information
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“

*Business imperatives
have a nasty way
of evolving right out from
under expensive,
just-installed systems.*

”

industries.) In our opinion, too many companies keep their “Systems” people and their “Business” people in separate, watertight compartments.

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home, it is because they haven't been presented with the right opportunity—an opportunity that Bose is now offering in the form of a \$650 product called the Acoustic Wave Music System.

It is a compact package: a foot and a half wide, a foot tall, and six inches deep, housed in gray plastic with a wide, brass-colored waistband. The stereo sound emerges from small openings in the four corners of the front panel. Recessed in the top are a digitally tuned AM/FM stereo radio (with push-button pre-sets for your five favorite stations on each band) and a stereo cassette recorder. Upon seeing it, you might be tempted to dismiss it as a boom-box for Yuppies—but when you turn it on, the room fills with stereo sound of volume, solidity, and clarity that would normally be produced only by a thousand-dollar stack of electronics and loudspeakers.

The choice of cassette as the playback medium reflects the fact that recorded cassettes now outsell LP records and are more convenient to store and carry. Bose plans to produce an accessory turntable containing the required pre-amplification, so that people can play records on the system. The Bose box is an ideal companion for a Compact Disc player like Sony's low-cost but jewel-like Model D5, which is barely larger than the silver 4.7-inch discs it plays.

An important part of the success of the Delco-GM/Bose car system is that its technology, though formidably sophisticated, is invisible to the user. The system looks and behaves like any other car tape player. Its controls are few and obvious in their operation; the only difference that you notice is the gorgeous sound. Similarly, the Acoustic Wave Music System employs remarkably clever engineering inside but is simple and unimposing outside, with essentially the same buttons that an ordinary radio and tape player have. Built in are separate amplification of lows and highs, Dolby-B noise reduction for tape (but no confusing switches), automatic sensing of tape type (again, no switches to forget or mis-set), dynamic equalization that produces consistently rich tone at all volume levels, and an automatic recording-level circuit that really works, so that you don't have to worry about getting the recording level right.

The phrase "acoustic wave" in the product name is no mere advertising car-price. It refers to the fundamental breakthrough in loudspeaker design that made the box possible. All speaker de-

signers, however artful, face physical limitations. To get powerful, deep bass normally requires that the loudspeaker be physically large; if small, it requires a large and power-hungry amplifier. Bose has discovered a new approach that permits a small amplifier and a small speaker to achieve astonishing bass output.

The new design uses a long, narrow tube as an acoustic amplifier—in the way that an organ uses a pipe to amplify a small vibration into a powerful sound wave that can fill a cathedral. Ordinarily, a loudspeaker cannot work this way, because the pipe would resonate strongly at only one frequency, producing thumpy, "one-note" bass. Bose found that by mounting the speaker partway along the tube and using both halves of



the tube as an acoustic waveguide, it could amplify a broad range of frequencies. The waveguide in the Bose box is three inches square and six-and-a-half feet long, folded back on itself ten times to fit the eighteen-inch width of the box.

The system is particularly timely, because the television industry is now in the midst of a costly conversion to upgrade the quality of television sound. Most of the accompanying publicity has to do with the conversion from one-channel (monophonic) TV sound to two-channel stereo, but theater-quality sound is the real object—without the boomy bass, squeaky highs, noise, and distortion that have been endemic in TV sound in the past. The obstacle to improved TV sound is the speakers that are

needed to hear it. A tinny little speaker next to the screen was all right when TV sound was barely better than telephone-quality; but if you want to hear the soundtrack of *Star Wars* as it was in the theater, you'll need something a lot bigger and better. It's a safe bet that most people cringe at the idea of wiring up a separate amplifier and full-sized stereo loudspeakers to a TV. The Acoustic Wave Music System could be built right into a standard nineteen-inch TV chassis, to produce excellent stereo-TV sound without external clutter. So far Bose has been unwilling to license the new system, however. It evidently prefers to manufacture the speakers, as it does for Delco.

Unfortunately, enthusiasm for good sound in the car may not translate into a corresponding desire for wide-range musical sound at home. Americans spend a great deal of money transforming their cars into smooth-riding, air-conditioned palaces or sporty projections of the personalities that they would like to have. The small interior of a car gives stereo a more dramatically spacious quality than it is likely to have in a living room (unless you wear headphones). Besides, the hours spent commuting to work in the car are the only hours most people have available for the focused enjoyment of music.

The conveniently small size of the Bose box may be its undoing. Whatever a one-brand stereo rack may lack in sonic value, the four-foot-tall stack of silver or black control panels is an impressive thing to show to friends. The Acoustic Wave box is just the opposite—a great-sounding stereo system that takes up virtually no space, fits on a bookshelf, and looks much cheaper than it is. In sound quality the \$650 Bose box equals any \$1,000 rack system that I know of. But it looks like a glorified table radio that ought to sell for \$249. It is also a tough sell; its virtues are hard to demonstrate in a large showroom. It needs to be heard in a living room or a bedroom to be appreciated. Bose is hoping that once you hear the Acoustic Wave Music System in its intended environment, you'll want to keep it.

I keep comparing the Bose Acoustic Wave Music System to the Apple Macintosh, "the computer for the rest of us." It will be sneered at by hi-fi buffs (as the Mac is sneered at by computer hobbyists) unable to comprehend its appeal to people who want technology to serve them, and not vice-versa. □

FOOD

PARLOR PIZZA

BY CORBY KUMMER

PIZZA, ONE OF the great pickup meals, is being claimed by gourmets and faddists. Restaurants under the influence of California are putting goat cheese, sun-dried tomatoes, and onion confit on pizza and calling it nouvelle. So are trendy cooks, who are kneading exotically flavored doughs and declaring war on salty tomato sauce and stringy mozzarella. Is pizza actually better left to the familiar corner restaurants that satisfy late-night cravings with the contents of steaming, grease-spotted boxes? No. Whether you choose to copy an old favorite or go nouvelle, pizza is best when you make it at home.

Perhaps the main reason that home-made pizza is catching on is that even a klutz can make a good crust. Yeast dough invites abuse. It takes time, though, so it's a good idea to make a lot and freeze it in individual portions. If you remember to defrost a package, you can pick up a few groceries or use leftovers and assemble a great pizza in a half hour. Or using another recipe you can start from scratch and in a half hour have a less-than-perfect pizza that's still better than one from a store.

Even if you decide to stick to the last-minute version, it's worth knowing how to make the classic kind. The standard pizza-dough recipe for one eighteen-inch or two nine-inch pizzas calls for between three and three and a half cups of flour and one envelope of dry yeast or one cake of fresh. If you've never worked with yeast before, you'll be surprised at how cooperative it is. Begin by "proofing" the yeast: sprinkle or crumble it into a quarter cup of lukewarm water, mix it, and let it stand uncovered for about ten minutes, when it should start to smell slightly beery. If the yeast clumps at the bottom and nothing happens, it's probably not because the yeast is too old (do check the date on the package) but because the water was too cold or too hot. The ideal temperature is 85° for compressed yeast and between 90° and 120° for dry yeast.

Corby Kummer is an associate editor of The Atlantic.

Several recent books on pizza would have you stir into the proofed yeast a small amount of flour—between a half cup and a cup—and let the mixture (called a sponge) stand, covered, in a warm place for thirty minutes to an hour before adding the rest of the flour and kneading. Evelyn Slomon's *The Pizza Book*—the best introductory text—omits this step from the basic dough recipe, and I don't miss it. The sponge method produces a fine crumb, but I like the uneven texture that Slomon's fast-rising method produces. Slomon mixes the yeast with all of the additional water she calls for—a cup—and stirs in half a teaspoon of salt and two cups of all-purpose flour.

I never understood what an effective outlet kneading is for any frustration until I made a dozen batches of different pizza doughs. One good way to knead is to push hard into the dough with both heels of your hands and then pull the top edge toward you, so that it looks like the crest of a wave. When the dough is too stiff to be stirred, it's ready to be kneaded. Cover a flat surface and your hands with flour, keeping track of how much you use by taking it from the remaining cup or so. Knead more flour in by tablespoons, adding it as the white powder disappears. You may not have to use all of it: flour is harder or softer in different parts of the country, and it requires more or less water to make a dough that fights back a little, which you want, instead of a tough and lumpy one. A dough scraper will help you take the dough off the board. Stop adding flour when you can knead the dough into a ball without using the scraper. After ten minutes of kneading—don't cheat—your arms will hurt and the dough will be smooth and elastic.

You can both mix and knead dough in a food processor fitted with the steel blade. Put three cups of flour and half a teaspoon of salt in the processor bowl. Dissolve the yeast in three quarters of a cup of water, and add it in a thin stream while the machine is running. The dough is ready when it forms a ball over

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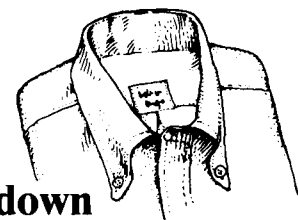
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the blade and isn't sticky to the touch. Add more water if you need to. This order, the reverse of Slomon's, allows you to adjust water to flour. Letting a processor do the work feels like cheating, but machine-made dough tastes fine.

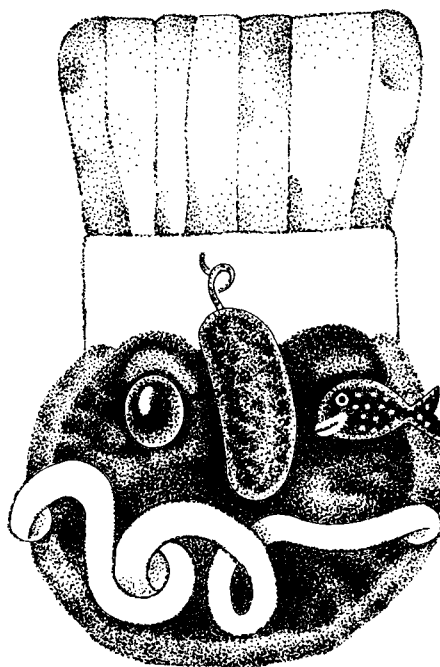
Many recipes instruct you to knead in one or two tablespoons of oil or a tablespoon of milk at the end. I don't like either addition. Both make the dough softer and easier to stretch, and help to keep it fresh longer, but they take away from the chewiness I spend all that time kneading to achieve. Do, however, brush vegetable or olive oil on the bowl into which you'll be putting the dough to rise; choose a bowl big enough to allow the dough to double in size. Turn the ball over so that it is coated. The oil will keep a skin from forming. (You can't take off a skin without losing half the dough, and once you've tried stretching dough with crust scabs all over it you'll remember the oil.) Cover the bowl tightly with plastic and set it in a warm place. A gas oven with the pilot light on is ideal. You can achieve a similar effect in an electric oven by turning it to its lowest setting for five minutes and then shutting it off. If the oven is hot the dough will rise too fast and the texture will suffer. Worse, you'll ruin the bowl. Scraps of melted plastic don't wash off, as several bowls in my kitchen attest.

Slomon's dough rises only once, for between forty-five minutes and an hour. Julia Child, in *From Julia Child's Kitchen*, gives a recipe that calls for two long risings. Her crust has a delicate texture and tastes like flat French bread. Slomon's is less elegant but somehow seems more appropriate for pizza, and it has the advantage of being faster. If you want variety, avoid novelty doughs (whole-grain flours don't make good pizza) and instead look for semolina, hard-durum wheat flour, or pasta flour. These are different names for the same thing—flour made from a hard variety of wheat. Both Marcella Hazan, who uses it straight in her *More Classic Italian Cooking*, and Slomon, who mixes it half-and-half with white flour, give good recipes for semolina dough. It makes my favorite crust of all—crackly and golden, with a nutty flavor.

STRETCHING DOUGH is the glamour part. For the daredevil and showoff Slomon has instructions on how to flip it in the air. Or you can stretch it with your hands after patting it out to a thickness of a half inch. The best way is to put

both fists under the blanket of dough and pull them apart slowly. This method stretches the edges the least, so they form a thick rim, but it may also tear the dough (you can easily cut off a corner and patch holes) and it sometimes yields a very peculiarly shaped pizza. A rolling pin won't be as much fun but it will give you a lot more control.

Your pizza can be whatever shape you like. What's important is thickness, and here's where you're likely to start family fights. Most pizza parlors roll their dough at least a quarter of an inch thick. A version of Sicilian pizza first made popular in Chicago has a crust half an inch thick; it resembles bread. I like to stretch dough until it is paper-thin. You can't put a heavy topping, such as sau-



sage chunks, on it, and it is less chewy than normal pizza. But I love the crispness of it and the elasticity that sets it apart from flatbread crackers. Eating wafer-thin pizza with a glazing of browned cheese and slivers of sun-dried tomatoes (all right—I like them, for their fruity, intense flavor, both sweet and salty) is a whole new order of experience.

You must work fast with the topping ingredients, so have them all ready. It comes as a surprise to many people that in Italy cooks often omit tomatoes or cheese on their pizzas in favor of, say, seafood. I recommend, though, that you start with tomatoes, mozzarella, and basil—pizza Margherita, the quiche Lorraine of pizza—because their flavors will tell you unmistakably that you've made

pizza and that it's better than what you're used to. Slomon's tomato sauce is a thirty-five-ounce can of imported tomatoes simmered with two tablespoons of tomato paste. I think that cooking tomatoes gives an acrid taste to a sauce that should be fresh and summery. To avoid it don't use tomato paste and don't cook the tomatoes: instead drain and press them through a sieve. Or, better yet, ask your fancy-food store for a carton of *passata*—crushed, strained tomatoes. Two Italian food manufacturers have just started exporting it: Parmalat (under the brand name of Pomí) and Cirio. It's terrific stuff. You snip off the end of the carton and pour out what you need; it keeps for ten days in the refrigerator and for months in the freezer. (Freeze it in an ice-cube tray and store the cubes in a plastic bag.) Paula Wolfert, the author of *The Cooking of Southwest France*, who has moved on to the food of Sicily, uses *passata* as a base for a fast tomato sauce known as *pic-pac*. She adds an onion sautéed briefly in olive oil, and herbs such as basil and parsley.

Try to avoid supermarket mozzarella—it's salty and tough. Most cheese shops now stock fresh mozzarella, which is the size of a billiard ball and is kept in water. The cheese is too soft to grate, so cut one ball into quarter-inch cubes and distribute them an inch apart over the tomato sauce (always leave a half-inch border uncovered). The cubes will melt and give the lovely spotted appearance that distinguishes Italian pizza Margherita from the American version, which is speckled with low-grade shredded cheese. (If you can't find fresh mozzarella, Marcella Hazan offers a way of making packaged mozzarella palatable: soak it in olive oil for an hour.) If fresh basil is available, put on a few torn leaves as the final step. If it isn't, use parsley. Dried basil is a last resort.

Any vegetable or meat makes a plausible topping, as long as it is in small pieces and well drained. Watery ingredients will make the crust soggy; thick sauces spread sparingly over the dough won't if they don't sit for long. Unfortunately for calorie counters, a final drizzling of olive oil is almost required on pizzas without cheese. Vincenzo Buonassisi gives by far the most imaginative pizza toppings in his book *Pizza*, which you should consult after studying Slomon. His ideas take little work and are unexpected and good. Besides simple and appropriate combinations of greens, peppers, onions, and seafood, he sug-

gests, for example, a topping of grated apple and sweet gorgonzola, which is excellent. The ideas in *Chez Panisse Pasta, Pizza & Calzone* are unexpected, too, but they require exotic ingredients (quail eggs, crawfish tails) and a lot of work. The outré suggestions will get you thinking, though. You'll soon formulate your own rules for which combinations of ingredients—dry and wet, pungent and sweet, heavy and light, crunchy and runny—make the best pizza.

THE GOAL IN facing through the dispersal of ingredients is to get the pizza in the oven as soon as possible. What it bakes on and how it gets there are the most important issues in making pizza. Dough baked on metal isn't nearly as crusty as it could be, and if it contains any oil it tastes fried and greasy. A stone surface, which absorbs liquid from the dough instead of trapping it, makes for a dramatically better crust. You can buy a pizza stone at a kitchen-supply store, but if it isn't as wide as your oven it will be hard to work with. I think it's worth going to a flooring or tile store to track down quarry tiles—six-inch squares of unglazed terra cotta about half an inch thick. (Get enough to cover your oven rack.) I don't make this suggestion lightly. My resistance to space-taking tools that do only one thing has prevented me from buying a peel, or wooden paddle. Even though I know that it would make getting a pizza onto the tiles easier, the idea of displaying it in my kitchen is no more appealing to me than the idea of displaying a three-foot-high pepper grinder, so I make do with a big sheet of corrugated cardboard.

Sliding a pizza onto hot tiles (set the rack on the oven's lowest rungs, and preheat the tiles for an hour at 500°) is heart-stopping. You're doomed if the pizza sticks to whatever you use to transfer it: peel, cardboard, or cookie sheet. Avoid trouble by sprinkling cornmeal and, if you like, black pepper on the sheet and jerking it as you top the pizza to make sure that the dough isn't sticking. Position the far end of the sheet at the back of the oven. A quick pull is all it takes for an expert to transfer a pizza, beautifully intact, onto tiles. If you can whisk a tablecloth off a table without disturbing filled wine-glasses, you won't have any trouble with this maneuver. I still ruin all my efforts to distribute the topping evenly, by folding a flap of crust in the middle against itself or by deposit-

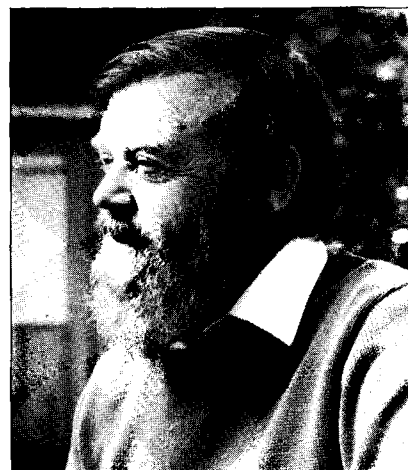
ing the whole thing lopsided so one corner hangs over the oven rack. But I recoup easily: the hot tiles set the crust immediately, and I am able to move the pizza back where it belongs. Even if topping spills onto the tiles through a hole in the crust, it comes off easily once the pizza is done.

A pizza baked on preheated tiles will be ready in ten to fifteen minutes. A pizza baked on a metal sheet will be ready in fifteen to twenty minutes, because the pan must heat before the pizza can start to cook. Pizza is done when the edges begin to brown and lift slightly from the tiles or pan, and when the cheese, if you've used it, is completely melted.

Use a serrated knife to cut the pizza. Start eating immediately, and critique. Is the crust too elastic? Next time, when you mix the water and flour, add some oil to the dough and it will be crunchier and stiffer. Do you want it to be more breadlike? Try a dough that requires two risings, and roll it thicker. Is the crust too dry? Next time spread a tablespoon or two of *passata* on the dough, or sprinkle more oil on the pizza just before it goes in the oven. You might find yourself springing up after two bites to roll out dough you'd planned to save so that you can try one more variation while the oven's still hot.

Few people are organized enough to have frozen dough waiting to be thawed, or frozen pizza (you pre-bake it without any cheese) neatly labeled and ready to be heated. Slomon's showpiece recipe is her 30-Minute Pizza, which calls for the new fast-rise yeast sold by both Fleischmann's and Red Star. When I tried the recipe, using a processor and, against my will, a metal pan to save time preheating, I really did get pizza on the table half an hour after laying out the ingredients. If I'd kneaded by hand, it still would have taken only thirty-five; everything in the recipe is speeded up. The crust was properly chewy and breadlike. It had everything it was supposed to except character. More than any other I made, it reminded me of commercial pizza crust. The topping—*Chez Panisse's* onion *confit* and toasted walnuts, which I loved despite my vow to be Italian and not Californian—was a lot better than that of commercial pizza, though, and I'll make the compromise any time if the alternative is ordering out. I've found what amounts to a new kind of food, and I don't plan to go back to the old kind. □

April report on ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS



JOHN DE VISSER

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MOVIES

ROOMS WITH VIEWS

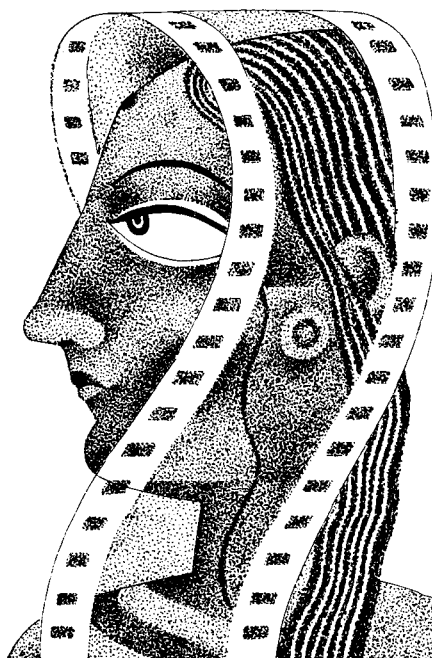
BY TERENCE RAFFERTY

THE MOVIES OF the Indian director Satyajit Ray tell stories the way faces and houses and landscapes do. Ray's narrative methods are like the time-lapse photography that's sometimes used in nature films, showing us almost imperceptible processes like growth and erosion as a sequence of images captured at precisely metered intervals and then projected at normal speed: the changes that in life we would notice only after the fact, in Ray's films seem to happen before our eyes. Ray's new film (his twenty-fifth) is *The Home and the World*, an intimate epic set in Bengal in the early twentieth century, when nationalist movements were gathering force and ancient traditions were beginning to lose their strength. The director first planned to film Rabindranath Tagore's novel thirty years ago, and the movie he has now made seems to link all the stages of his career in one elegant and continuous motion—to arrange in sequence three decades of images of characters wandering through the familiar rooms of their homes and along the intricate roads of the world, looking for a place in themselves where the two dissimilar geographies might coincide.

Like *Charulata*, an earlier Ray adaptation of a Tagore story, *The Home and the World* is about a triangle that's as much philosophical as it is romantic. Nikhil, a rich, liberal landowner (played by Victor Banerjee, best known to Western audiences for his splendid Dr. Aziz in *A Passage to India*), encourages his wife, Bimala, to come out from behind the screen of purdah—the traditional seclusion of the Indian wife—and enter the world. The first person she meets is his old friend Sandip, now the leader of the *swadeshi* movement to boycott foreign goods. She is attracted by the radical's ideas and his forceful personality, which seem to her more worldly than her husband's sensitive, ambivalent temperament. Sandip manipulates her easily,

both for his cause and for himself, and Nikhil can only watch as his wife grows further away from him and the tenuous political harmony of Bengal is disrupted.

Although Ray makes an occasional gesture toward reproducing the novel's multiple-narrator technique—a few brief scenes in which the three main



characters express their thoughts in voice-over—for the most part he tells the story straightforwardly. The meanings emerge, as always in his films, from looks and gestures and the movement of people within spaces that are rigorously defined—emotionally as well as physically.

In the first part of the film Ray explores the geography of Nikhil's mansion, where most of the action takes place, and we always know exactly where we are—in the sitting room, in the *zenana* (the apartments where women in purdah spend their days), in the corridor between the *zenana* and the outer apartments, or in the couple's bedroom, which opens onto that corridor. Little events keep accumulating in these rooms, in a leisurely, apparently

aimless way, until at some point we realize that the spaces have been charged with all the sparks of awareness we've seen in the characters' faces.

In the later scenes Ray hardly needs dialogue to tell us what the characters are feeling, because the house is radiant with associations. We're always aware that the sitting room, where the wife and the revolutionary meet, is a kind of neutral territory, neither Sandip's world nor fully Bimala's; every scene in the *zenana* carries the memory of Nikhil's early attempts to educate his wife and the disapproving glances of his conservative, widowed sister-in-law. The corridor between the inner and outer apartments seems to vibrate, throughout the film, from the force of the early scene in which Bimala takes her first steps out of the *zenana*—her pace momentarily slow, fear and pride mixed in her eyes. And the scenes in the bedroom—reserved but intimate early on, chilly and tense later—build to a moving sequence of reconciliation followed abruptly by separation, and a final scene in which the world appears for the first time from the perspective of the house: a tableau framed, with heartbreaking plainness and clarity, by the bedroom window. The last act of this tragedy is played out according to a kind of moral choreography in which every entrance and exit is thrilling, significant, in which even the most delicate movements expand to fill the room, the screen, the mind.

THE HOME AND THE WORLD isn't one of Ray's masterpieces; for all its grace, it can't always get out from under the philosophical weight of Tagore's original. But it's a fully characteristic example of the director's narrative means, and of the complicated effect his films have on Western audiences—often puzzling us with their cultural remoteness yet seducing us with their extreme emotional accessibility. In a Ray film we don't know the names of the trees but we seem to know the most intimate thoughts of the people strolling among them; we couldn't say, perhaps, what a rupee is worth, but we're able to measure the weight of every transaction—the exact value of what's been bought and the spiritual price that's been paid.

These films make sense, even to Western viewers, because the director gives each character a dense, detailed history, and because Ray's storytelling has a history too—a continuity with

Terrence Rafferty is a writer in New York who specializes in film.

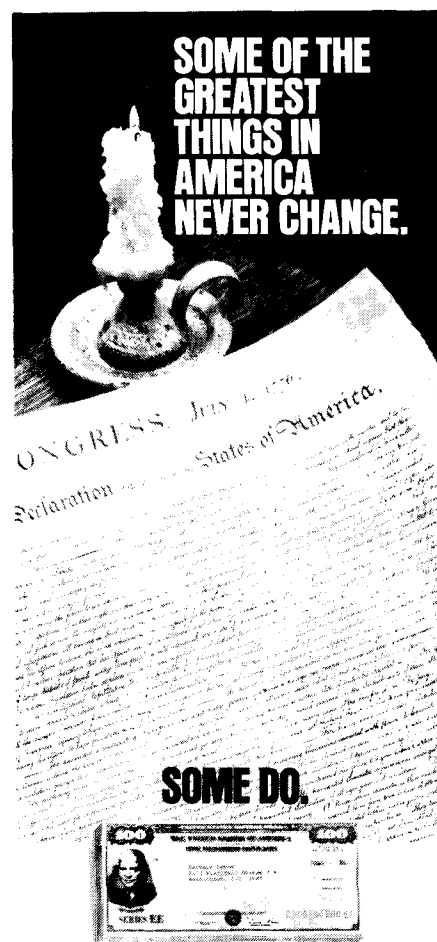
Western forms of narrative. The Apu trilogy—*Pather Panchali*, *Aparajito*, and *The World of Apu*—is the cinema's purest *Bildungsroman* (the nineteenth-century novel form that tells the story of a young man's education in the ways of the world). Many other films have used the classic plot elements—the provincial boyhood, the adolescent schooling, the move to the city, the poverty and the idealism of the beginning writer, the first love. But the pace of Ray's trilogy is distinctive and surprisingly apt: a reflective unfolding of action and consequence which seems novelistic without being self-consciously literary. The long stretches without dialogue, the many scenes of people just walking around (especially in the last and richest film of the trilogy, *The World of Apu*) frame the story's action in an almost discursive way. Like the passages of analysis in a George Eliot novel, they give us images of both the expectation before an event and the reflection after it, images that complete the human significance of the action: Apu's slow walk across the railway after a series of dispiriting job interviews; his buoyant crossing of the same tracks after receiving a letter from his absent wife, as he anticipates seeing her again; his wandering in the forest after her death, his face in close-up, so that the leaves around him seem to pass by in a blur.

That blur reappears in the opening sequence of Ray's superb *Days and Nights in the Forest*, made eleven years later. This time it's a Bengal forest seen from a speeding car whose occupants, four well-off, Western-educated young men from Calcutta, are on their way to a holiday in the country. The men are laughing, bantering, in weekend spirits, but the flowing, indistinct shots of the forest are vaguely melancholy. Though the patterns are lovely, they aren't clear, because the car (whose driver, Ashim, is played by Soumitra Chatterjee, the Apu of the trilogy's final film) is going too fast: they suggest the passengers' murky awareness of the world and therefore of themselves. Once the men arrive at their rural guest house, the film adopts a strolling rhythm, a pace at which the individual features of things can be made out and patterns become more lucid and more complex. Real characters begin to emerge from a forest of types, and new people—two vacationing Calcutta women, the reserved, ironic Aparna and her brother's young widow—are added to the initial four. The forest itself, while

losing none of its density, takes on a shining clarity, each leaf catching the light as a mirror would. *Days and Nights in the Forest* is about the gradual reawakening of sensibility, of attentiveness to the world, and it builds to a series of small, piercing revelations in which the characters seem to be moving, hesitantly, toward one another from behind their screens.

There's a slow, beautiful scene near the end, in which Aparna discloses to Ashim the suffering that is the source of her cool, protective irony. The distance between them varies, and they never do quite touch, but they have at least remained still long enough to get a good look at each other. Ray's composition includes a huge, solitary tree, whose leaves and intricate bark become by the end of the scene as familiar and memorable as a beloved face.

In his three decades of moviemaking Satyajit Ray has slowly revealed more and more of his own face to the audience. From the stark, neo-realist beginnings of *Pather Panchali* and *Aparajito* Ray's work has grown to include elaborate dissections of the Hindu aristocracy (*The Music Room*, *Devi*), ferociously pointed contemporary morality plays about Calcutta's commercial middle class (*Company Limited*, *The Middleman*), and even lighthearted detective stories for children (*The Golden Fortress*, *The Elephant God*). Over the years he has assumed more and more of the diverse tasks of filmmaking: since his seventh movie, *Two Daughters*, he has composed his own scores, and he now operates the camera as well. As far as it is possible in this complex art, Ray's films are the expression of a single sensibility—one that combines what V. S. Naipaul has called the "passionate introspection" of Anglo-Bengali culture with the probing attentiveness to experience of the nineteenth-century European novel. Just as the young men from Calcutta are vaguely disturbed by the ancient Bengali customs they come upon during their days and nights in the forest, audiences in this country may be jarred, and moved, by the "Western" characteristics of Ray's art, by our uneasy recognition of a moral and aesthetic territory that was once a more prominent feature of our own cultural geography. His work has the qualities—the patient analysis of character, the scrupulous and sympathetic way of understanding the world—that our own art seems, at times, to have simply speeded past. □



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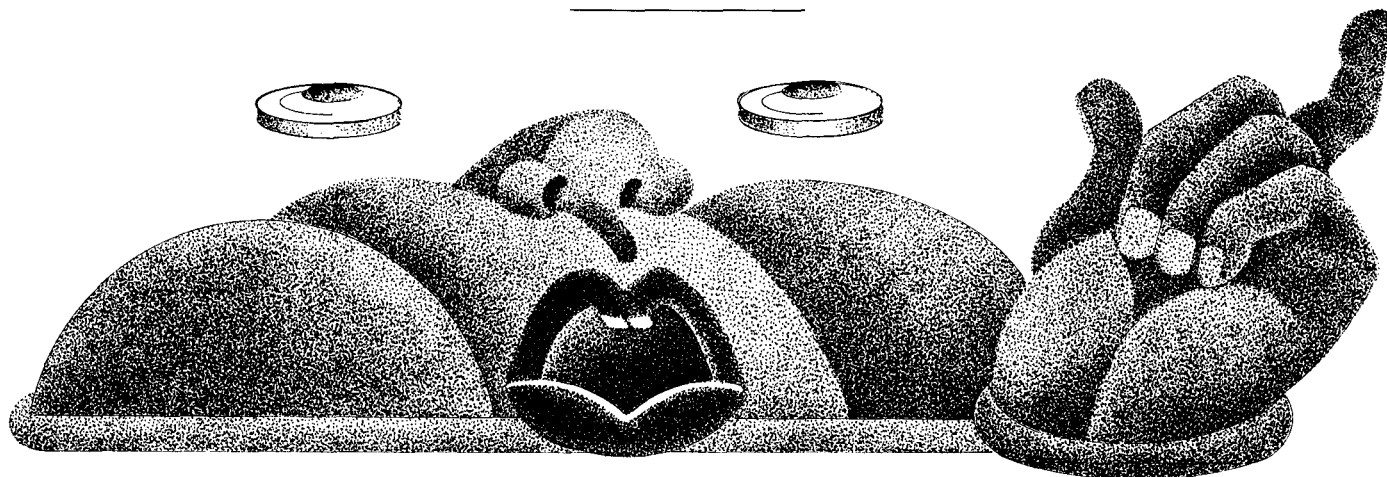
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BOOKS



SUPER THOUGHTS

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

THE GREAT THOUGHTS
compiled by George Seldes.
Ballantine, \$12.95.

AMONG THE Great Thoughts of the world there is no Great Thought that states what a Great Thought is. This truth may conceivably stand as a Great Thought.

What is a Thought? The product of thought, or of the lack of it. When is it Great? When it is memorable, plausible, apparently authoritative, but not necessarily true or even sane. In Mr. Seldes's anthology Adolf Hitler appears, shouting in a speech to the Reichstag in 1936: "I believe today that I am acting in the sense of the Almighty Creator. By warding off the Jews I am fighting for the Lord's work." The presumed Greatness there lies in the fact that an irrational popular prejudice, once encapsulated in a kind of aphorism, was able to find expression in genocide. Great can mean enormous, and it can be applied to an enormity. Anyone intending to buy this book ought not to assume that Greatness necessarily has anything to do with moral probity, democratic vision, universal charity, utopian egalitarianism, or any of the other shibboleths of a free and progressive society. Beware even of this:

This is an institution of Chivalry, Humanity, Mercy, and Patriotism; em-

Anthony Burgess's most recent book is *Endorby's Dark Lady*.

bodying in its genius and its principles all that is chivalric in conduct, noble in sentiment, generous in manhood, and patriotic in purpose.

That is the manifesto not of King Arthur's Round Table but of the Ku Klux Klan.

Mr. Seldes, who is ninety-four, has been working on this compilation for the past fifty years. In 1960 he published an *Ur*-volume, entitled *The Great Quotations*, which has sold 1,100,000 copies, but he felt it was incomplete. This magnum opus that supersedes it is also incomplete, for there is no room for Shakespeare, Buddha, Christ, or Mohammed. They are well taken care of in other compilations, and for those who have time for that sort of thing, there are always the works themselves. But not many searching for an epigraph, a book title, or a peroration for a Rotary luncheon speech care to plow through original texts. Mr. Seldes, a great American pressman, has fought long for the freedom of the press. Though he has read John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* and John Milton's *Areopagitica* many times, he has nevertheless needed, in his polemical writings, quick access to a shining Millian or Miltonic nugget. Sometimes the books we produce are the books that we ourselves need. Mr. Seldes needed *The Great Thoughts*.

When I was young and innocent, I believed that Ernest Hemingway had found his title *For Whom the Bell Tolls* after long poring over John Donne's devotional writings. The idea, when you come to think about it, is highly improbable, but I was disappointed when I discovered that he got the title from the *Oxford Book of English Prose* (as he got *A Farewell to Arms*—Sir Arthur Quiller-

Couch's title for a poem by George Peele—from the *Oxford Book of English Verse*). Probably the Donne passage in question is in Mr. Seldes's book because it has been consecrated by an American best seller. I do not altogether like the shortcut that masquerades as hard-won erudition. Lord Byron was candid enough to admit that he got his show of classical learning straight from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (not very well represented in Mr. Seldes's book). But to beautify oneself with filched feathers is always unworthy. If you haven't read the book, don't quote from it.

Mr. Seldes has done so well here by Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas Aquinas, and Saint Sigmund Freud that some browsers will feel absolved from tackling the great sacred texts, but to cull from a great text is often to misrepresent it. To hear Saint Augustine (though not here) affirming that hell is paved with the bodies of unbaptized infants is to be shocked—but only outside the context of a piece of rigid logic that is eventually to be exploded by the concept of divine mercy. Dr. Johnson says something about Shakespeare that Mr. Seldes rightly cites:

He that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in *Hierocles*, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

The bricks of Mr. Seldes's magpie mansion are presented, in a subtitle, as "the ideas that have shaped the history of the world." Since the history of the world is a record of large achievements but tremendous wrongs, it is right that there should be a sufficiency of Great Thoughts that are evil or stupid or both.

Thus, when August Strindberg, who was mad rather than evil or stupid, says, "The present attempt to liberate women is a revolt against nature," we know at least that in 1884 the dialectic of the libertarians and the beasts of reaction was throbbing away nicely. The history of the world is, one supposes, Hegelian—sound or unsound thesis meets unsound or sound antithesis, and an acceptable synthesis is generated—but it is of no use to look up Hegel here to learn about the dialectical process. A process does not constitute a Great Thought. Hegel here is the philosopher who says, "The State is the Divine Idea as it exists on Earth" and "The people is that part of the State that does not know what it wants."

You may have been brought up to be scared of Karl Marx (who boasted that he put Hegel's dialectic right by transposing it from the world of ideas to the world of things), but you cannot deny that he helped to shape the world as we know it. Thus he deserves as much space as Jefferson or Lincoln. You may shudder at "The theory of the Communists may be summed up in the single sentence: Abolition of private property," but you can be comforted by "The policy of Russia is changeless. . . . Its methods, its tactics, its maneuvers may change, but the polar star of its policy—world domination—is a fixed star." That was written in 1867. You can quote Marx back at the Marxists. But it is safer to read Marx first, rather than a bundle of Marxisms. Groucho Marx, who was a far better aphorist than Karl, is not, alas, represented, but surely his "I wouldn't want to belong to a club that would have me as a member" is one of the profoundest philosophical statements of our time.

Perhaps the most truly significant mover of the world's history here presented is Niccolò Machiavelli. In him there are no false pieties, no hypocritical smirks, only an out-and-out realism that has made Machiavellianism a synonym for evil and Old Nick a nickname for the devil. Mr. Seldes has made an admirable selection of Machiavelli's dicta. "He who usurps the government of any state should execute all the cruelties which he thinks material all at once, that he may have no occasion to renew them often" (a more humane policy than the one carried out in modern totalitarian states). Or, if you want soulless brevity, "How perilous it is to free a people who prefer slavery" and "For our country, wrong is

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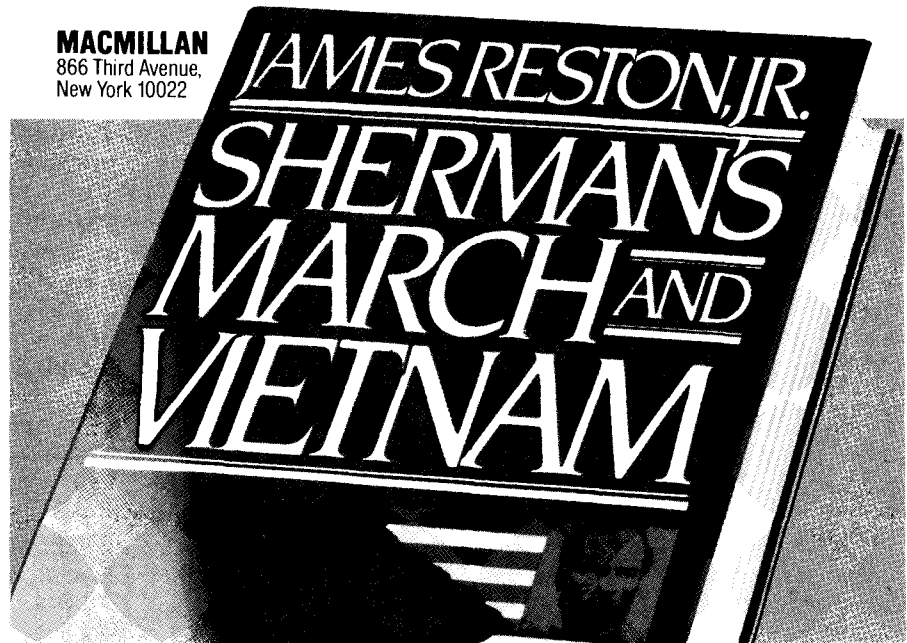
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right." Which President will stand up and declare, "Politics has no relation to morals"? But which President, stowing his teeth away for the night, would deny it?

Have the poets helped to shape the history of the world? Shelley thought so: "Poets are the trumpets that sing to battle; poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Mr. Seldes apparently thinks so too, but he sometimes commits the error of supposing that poets, like philosophers, politicians, and moralists, are capable of great thought or Great Thoughts. They are not: thinking is not really their job. Their job is to put words together memorably. This makes them both unparaphrasable and untranslatable, and Mr. Seldes lets down too many of his foreign poets by putting them into English. Horace did not say, "The man of upright life, unstained by guilt." He said, "*Integer vitae, scelerisque purus*." It is significant that Mallarmé is not here. Dégas told Mallarmé that he had many good ideas for poems but he just couldn't write the poems. Mallarmé replied that poems are made not with ideas but with words. You will not find a Great Thought in Mallarmé, but he helped to shape modern literature—which presumably is an aspect of the world—as much as, say, Rainer Maria Rilke, who, shamefully, gets in here only through a quotation from *Time* (May 2, 1969): "Once there was God, now there is no God, some day there will be a God again." If Rilke said that, the less Rilke he.

Hard work deserves the tribute of praise. Mr. Seldes has worked tirelessly here and to some purpose. He acknowledges help, particularly from the late Aldous Huxley, who, suspecting that Mr. Seldes equated Great with "good," suggested that he incorporate into the anthology "utterances of pure nonsense, pollyanna uplift, anti-intelligence and anti-liberty." Huxley always distrusted the weighty Emersonian pronouncement (plenty of those here); with him "Great Thoughts" was a pejorative term. In *Point Counter Point*, you will remember, Mr. Sita Ram says, "Sometimes one reads a whole book without finding a single phrase one can remember or quote. What's de good of such a book, I ask you?" There is progressive but as yet unliberated India rifling great texts for justificatory apothegms. Free but busy America, with no time to read, is lucky to have as expert a rifler as Mr. Seldes. □

OVER THERE

BY DAVID M. KENNEDY

WOODROW WILSON AND
WORLD WAR I

by Robert H. Ferrell.
Harper & Row, \$17.95.

AS THE FOURTH winter of the Great War congealed over Europe, in early 1918, the Western Allies staggered on the brink of disaster. Mutinies had erupted in the battered French army. The Italians had been driven back in pell-mell retreat seventy miles from Caporetto, with 275,000 soldiers taken prisoner. The British had slogged to a sickening halt in the mud of Flanders, after a three-month campaign that had advanced their line only 7,000 yards at a cost of some 400,000 casualties. More ominous, the revolutionary Bolshevik government decided to take Russia out of the war, signing a peace settlement with the Germans at Brest-Litovsk on March 3, 1918. Germany could now shift its forces from the Russian to the Western front, and concentrate them for a final enormous blow.

The German general Erich Ludendorff loosed his enormous assault in the west on March 21, 1918, thrusting his armies down the scarred French valleys of the Somme, the Oise, and the Aisne rivers, in a herculean last effort to rupture the Allied front and win the war. He nearly succeeded.

Striking first along the Somme, Ludendorff's troops penetrated almost forty miles, threatened the important rail link at Amiens, and brought Paris under bombardment by long-range guns. On May 27 Ludendorff suddenly shifted his attack to the southeast, along the Chemin des Dames, in the Aisne valley. The Allied lines buckled, and the road to Paris lay open. The French Chamber of Deputies seriously considered requesting an armistice—as did, simultaneously, civilian elements in the German government. The British War Cabinet discussed abandoning the Channel ports and withdrawing from France. General John J. Pershing, com-

David M. Kennedy, a professor of history and the associate dean of the School of Humanities and Sciences at Stanford University, is the author of Over Here: The First World War and American Society.

mander of the American Expeditionary Force, issued secret orders to prepare for evacuation, while trucks waited outside the American Embassy in Paris.

Then, on June 6, at Belleau Wood, right in the teeth of the German advance, as Robert H. Ferrell writes in the most dramatic passage of this richly informative and often moving book,

something electrifying happened, for suddenly the roads . . . filled with endless streams of Americans, an "inexhaustible flood of gleaming youth in its first maturity of health and vigour." It was the huge American Second Division, really a corps, mile after mile of singing Americans, trucks [driven, incidentally, by Vietnamese] hurling dust high in the air, bumper to bumper, on they came. . . . Here was one of the great moments of our century.

In the nick of time, Winston Churchill later reflected, the Allies had gained "a new giant in the West to replace the dying titan of the East." Green American troops fought with a madcap bravado not seen in Europe since the war's beginnings. This spirit was exemplified by one sergeant's pugnacious exhortation to his platoon: "Come on, you sons of bitches, do you want to live forever?"

The Germans were stopped at Belleau Wood, though at an appalling cost. Of the 8,000 Marines engaged, 5,183 were killed or wounded. But what the Americans lacked in martial prowess they made up in innocent enthusiasm and, especially, in the prodigiousness of their numbers. Through the summer of 1918 the giant of the West was disembarking 10,000 men a day at French ports. When Pershing launched his own offensive in the Meuse-Argonne area, in September, he flung more than a million men into the battle, with hundreds of thousands more available to his rear and more millions in training in America. The simple addition of this reserve of manpower to the Allied side crushed the Germans beneath its weight.

For Ferrell, that June day at Belleau Wood was a pregnant moment. "We are provincials no longer," Woodrow Wilson had announced in March of 1917, even before the American declaration of war. Those singing American troops swinging down a dusty French road marked the fulfillment, in Ferrell's view, of Wilson's promise to march his countrymen into the arena of world affairs. They were now at center stage, but, Ferrell says, "destiny then posed a question to the

people of the United States—would they accept world responsibility?" Or would they merely be transient bit players in the great drama of the war and the complex political re-ordering that would ineluctably follow?

WILSON'S OBITUARY for American provincialism in March of 1917 was surely premature, at least from a military standpoint. For nearly three years the United States had maintained neutrality in what Americans still called the European War. When the United States at last became a belligerent, in April of 1917, the full dimensions of its unpreparedness were breathtaking. The Army numbered only 5,791 officers and 121,797 enlisted men. The War Department still relied on a table of organization devised by John C. Calhoun in 1817. The military significance of the United States, the German minister of marine plausibly advised the Reichstag, was "zero, zero, zero."

The country seemed in no hurry to move from its ocean-moated safety into the thick of the fray. Ferrell oscillates between amazed admiration for the Wilson Administration's mobilization policies and nagging criticism of its bureaucratic malfeasance. The truth is that no sense of urgency motivated American war managers until the spring crisis of 1918 loomed. Though orators beat the air with patriotic effusions, for many months mobilization proceeded at an almost casual pace. Nearly a year after the American declaration of war the Army chief of staff was still leaving his office for home at five o'clock every afternoon and only a single code clerk inhabited the vast War Department building at night. Wilson himself, largely for reasons of health, throughout the war played solitaire for an hour each morning

and spent virtually every afternoon on a pleasure drive or on the golf links.

With a near-total breakdown of the country's overburdened transportation and production systems in the winter of 1917-1918 behind him, and the mushrooming German threat before him, in the spring of 1918 Wilson at last nudged the American war machine into forward gear. Yet in the end Pershing's troops were mostly transported in British ships, and they fired French artillery, flew French and British aircraft, and, when they drove tanks at all, drove French and British ones. (The Americans had sixteen light tanks in their final offensive in the Meuse-Argonne; more than 450 tanks spearheaded the British attack near Amiens in the summer of 1918.) Owing to deficiencies in training, American troops suffered casualties in far higher proportions than their Allied comrades-in-arms did in 1918. British observers found whole American rifle companies lying dead in regular lines, having been cut down by machine guns they had not been trained to counter. For Pershing's caroling doughboys, provincialism had its price.

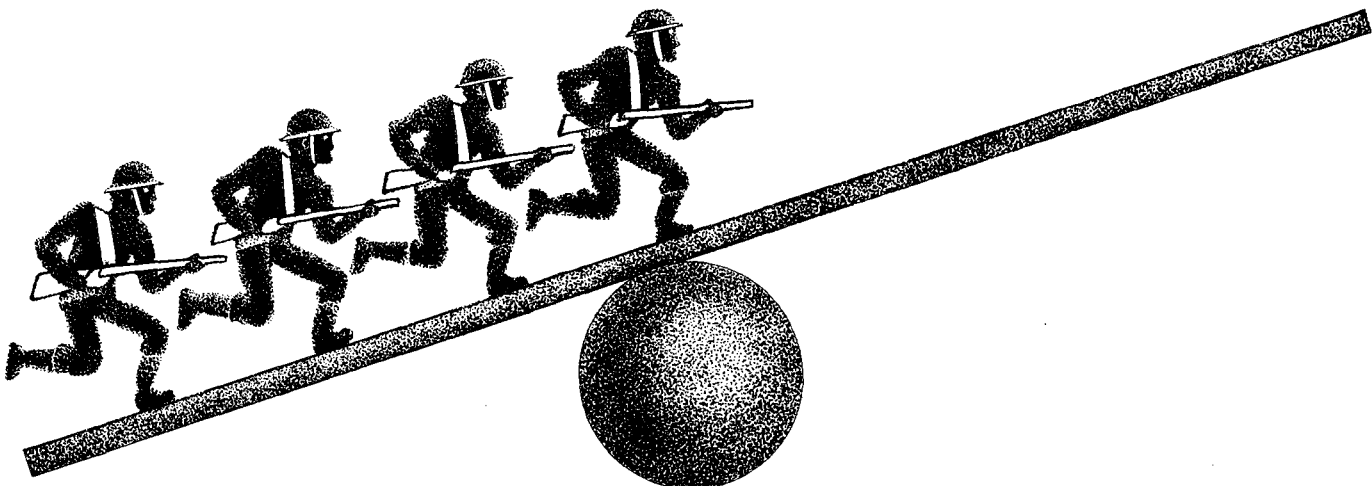
Despite his rhetoric, Wilson himself behaved like a provincial statesman. In 1916 he professed to be "not concerned" with the objects and the causes of the war in faraway Europe. "The obscure foundations from which its stupendous flood has burst forth," he declared, "we are not interested to search for or explore." Suspicious of all the Old World states, friends and foes alike, he refused to become formally an "ally," insisting instead that the United States was an "associated" power in the coalition against Germany and Austria-Hungary. He concocted his peace program in splendid isolation, consulting neither Congress nor the Allied governments

before he announced his famous Fourteen Points, on January 8, 1918. Sometimes his naiveté was startling. Having embraced Thomas Masaryk's movement for an independent Czechoslovakia, he was surprised to learn that many ethnic Germans lived in the proposed new country. "Why," he exclaimed, "Masaryk never told me that."

Wilson's insularity reinforced a sometimes mulish dogmatism in his diplomacy. He flourished his filigreed phrases at Europe, evoking the French premier Georges Clemenceau's infamous retort: "God gave us the Ten Commandments, and we broke them. Wilson gave us the Fourteen Points. We shall see." Doctrinaire and defiant, he locked himself into uncompromising confrontation with Henry Cabot Lodge and the Republican Senate in 1919, ultimately failing to win American ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, with its covenant creating the League of Nations.

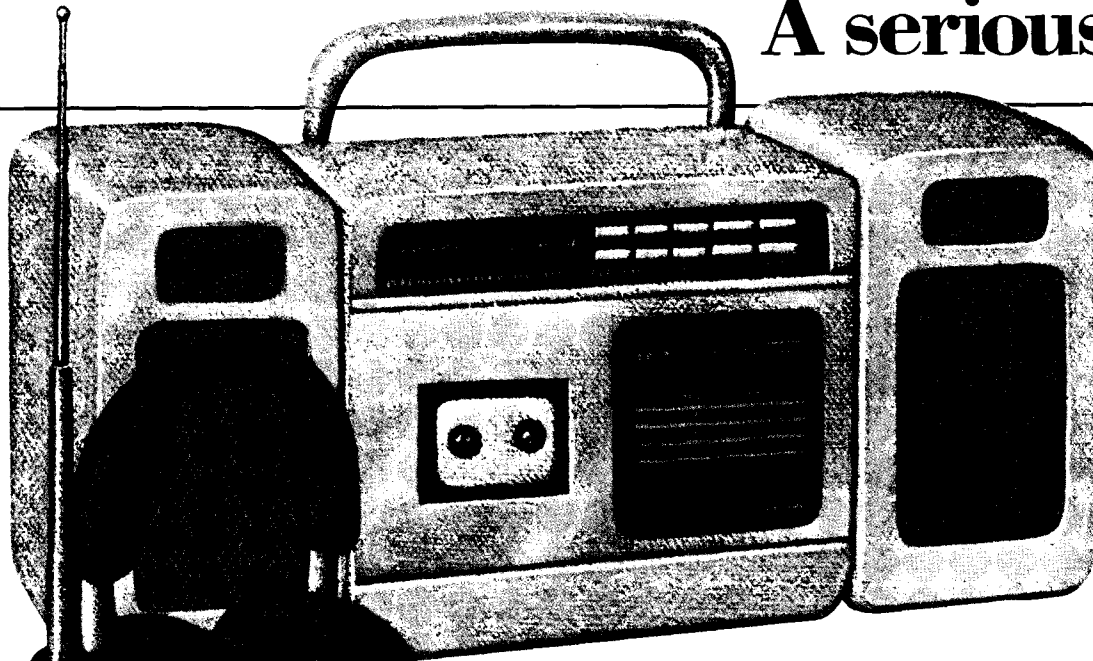
Ferrell judges Wilson harshly for that failure, believing that "the United States should have joined the League in whatever form was possible." He blames Wilson's stubbornness for re-establishing "the international anarchy of prewar years" and calls Wilson for that reason the "Great Architect of World War II."

FERRELL IS NOT alone in wishing for a different outcome of the First World War, and he is in familiar scholarly company when he identifies America's spurning of the League of Nations as a root cause of international instability in the 1920s and 1930s. But the eventually explosive tensions of those decades may have had their origins further back in time than the moment when the Senate repudiated Wilson's treaty. The true point of origin of the Second World War



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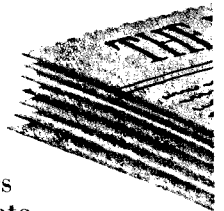
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may have been precisely that moment Ferrell so vividly describes—the June day in 1918 when the miles-long columns of American troops rolled up to the front at Belleau Wood, putting their untutored but immense bulk into the hammerhead that would conclusively flatten Germany. By bringing about that result, the American intervention effectively upset the balance of power that had ensured a precarious but enduring peace in Europe for a century before 1914. The stalemate of the Great War bloodily demonstrated the essential stability of that historical equilibrium. The Europeans themselves were on the verge of realizing that fact in the spring of 1918—as is illustrated by the armistice discussions in almost all the European chancelleries at the time of the last German offensive. But the arrival of the fresh and huge American Army nullified any prospect of a negotiated peace.

Nullified, too, was Wilson's call, in January of 1917, for "peace without victory." A "peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished," he had said, "would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest . . . as upon quicksand." Ironically, Wilson therewith predicted the very peace that American intervention on the side of the Allies made possible, even inevitable.

The British foreign minister Lord Grey acknowledged after the war that the world would have been better off if the Europeans had collapsed into a negotiated peace of exhaustion before the Russian Revolution and the American intervention. Germany would then perhaps have realized the futility of its military ambitions and might well have developed along democratic lines. Similarly, George Kennan reflected some years ago that the world has fought two horrendously costly wars in this century with the purpose of changing German behavior. Yet, he wondered, "if one were offered the chance of having back again the Germany of 1913—a Germany run by conservative but relatively moderate people, no Nazis and no Communists, a vigorous Germany, united and unoccupied, full of energy and confidence, able to play a part again in the balancing-off of Russian power in Europe—well, there would be objections to it from many quarters . . . but in many ways it wouldn't sound so bad,

in comparison with our problems of today."

From this perspective one glimpses the true measure of American provincialism in the First World War and the irony of Wilson's ill-conceived internationalism. Willfully unconcerned with the causes of the war, Wilson proved tragically unable to manage its consequences. Filled with New World confidence, he vainly sought not merely to

redress the balance of the Old but to remake that world entirely. Those singing doughboys in lilting files at Belleau Wood symbolized the dangerous dimensions of this audacity—full of energy and good will, they were fatally ignorant of the past, of the battle that awaited them, and of the future that their very presence was molding. By now, perhaps, their descendants have learned a different tune. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



SMALL WORLD by David Lodge. *Macmillan*, \$15.95. Mr. Lodge's novel is subtitled "An Academic Romance," a phrase that turns out to be, like the tale as a whole, a double-edged joke. Mr. Lodge's characters are those scholars—usually of considerable reputation—who flit from one international conference to another delivering, but not necessarily hearing, papers. These pedants errant are a wonderfully comic crew of blabbermouths, with the exception of a young and innocent Irish poet named Persse McGarrigle. McGarrigle, hired by mistake in Limerick, is seeking to consolidate his position by attending the annual conference of University Teachers of English Language and Literature at Rummidge, a place "very central," according to a resident faculty member. "Since they opened the M50 I can get to Tintern Abbey, door to door, in ninety-five minutes." In the midst of all the polysyllabic hot air emitted by the assembly McGarrigle falls in love with Angelica, who, although lacking apple blossoms in her hair, is definitely a glimmering and vanishing girl. She is a chronic conference-hopper, and McGarrigle's pursuit of her leads him from one scholarly shebang to another, each involving the same collection of learned chatterboxes, connivers, debauchees, and frauds. They are all mercilessly satirized by Mr. Lodge, who is himself a professor of modern English literature and knows his enemies hilariously well.

HURRAH FOR THE NEXT MAN WHO DIES by Mark Goodman. *Atheneum*, \$14.95. Hobey Baker, Princeton '13, was a glittering star on the football field and the hockey rink and was killed in the tag end of the First World War when he quite

unnecessarily tried out a plane that a junior member of the squadron had refused to fly on the grounds that the machine was defective. It was, and Baker died at the age of twenty-six. Mr. Goodman, in converting Baker's story into a novel, has avoided lament for an athlete dying young and concentrated instead on the question of what an undergraduate hero should do when all the games are over and the honors fade. Baker continues attempts to "pluck up drowned honour by the locks," while his friend Runcible, the book's narrator, comes to understand that honor will not "set to a leg" or "take away the grief of a wound." The growing divergence of opinion between Baker and Runcible provides narrative tension, and the music, the manners, and the naive idealism of the period are deftly employed as background. There is, perhaps, a bit too much of the girls—but who can imagine Princetonians without girls?

THE SPOILS OF TIME by C. V. Wedgwood. *Doubleday*, \$19.95. "A World History From the Dawn of Civilization Through the Early Renaissance," and in a single volume at that, is a staggering undertaking but one that the author evidently enjoyed tackling. Her pleasure in the work is recognizable; how much a reader can benefit from it is debatable. The scope of the enterprise has necessitated the omission of certain disagreements among historians, and the violent, although unquestionably very skillful, compression of the entire narrative.

FLAUBERT'S PARROT by Julian Barnes. *Knopf*, \$13.95. When a charmingly written book contains literary scholarship, scholarly detective work, biographical

speculation, pseudo-autobiography, social commentary, and even a few bits of fantasy, what is it to be called? A novel, of course—the novel is an obligingly elastic genre, which Mr. Barnes has stretched to intriguing length. Flaubert and his parrot are present as promised, but much else in the work is unforeseeable.

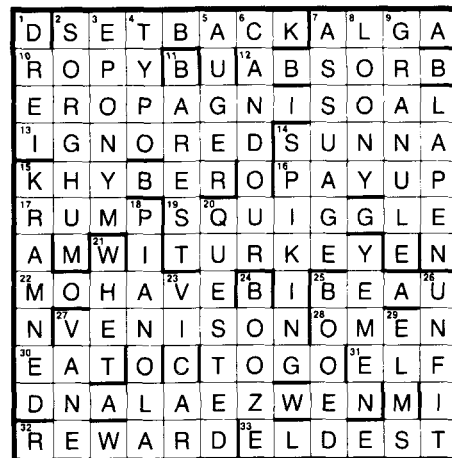
PROOF by Dick Francis. Putnam, \$16.95. Literally through deadly accident the novel's peaceable narrator blunders across skulduggery that, as is usual with Mr. Francis's best thrillers, is highly exciting and alarmingly plausible.

THE LAST ROMANTIC by Hannah Pakula. Simon and Schuster, \$19.95. By the time she died, in 1938, Queen Marie of Roumania had become a slightly comic figure to the world at large—a superannuated beauty dripping pearls from vaguely Byzantine headgear and publishing chatty accounts of royal relatives. (As a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, she reckoned those up by dozens.) Ms. Pakula's biography of Marie is designed to remind modern readers that she was an intelligent, courageous, and influential woman who did the best she knew how to do (and it was often better than anything she had been educated to do) for the country into which she had unwarily married. The plots and counterplots endemic to Balkan history are an indispensable part of Marie's story, and their vicious presence provides something of an antidote to Ms. Pakula's mild tendency toward adulation of her heroine.

THE INVISIBLE CHILDREN by Gitta Sereny. Knopf, \$17.95. Ms. Sereny spent two years interviewing child prostitutes, their families, their pimps, and any other connections available. She worked in America, West Germany, and Great Britain. The histories she reports vary in nasty detail but are monotonously similar and familiar in overall pattern. Unable to endure their parents or step-parents (often, but not always, for very sound reasons), children run away and, having neither money nor any possibility of legal employment, become easy victims of sexual exploitation. None of the governments involved has, so far, devised any reliable scheme for helping such youngsters. Ms. Sereny's suggestion of severe penalties for men (she learned of no women) who employ juvenile prostitutes is probably idealistic. As she herself points out, the majority of judges are men.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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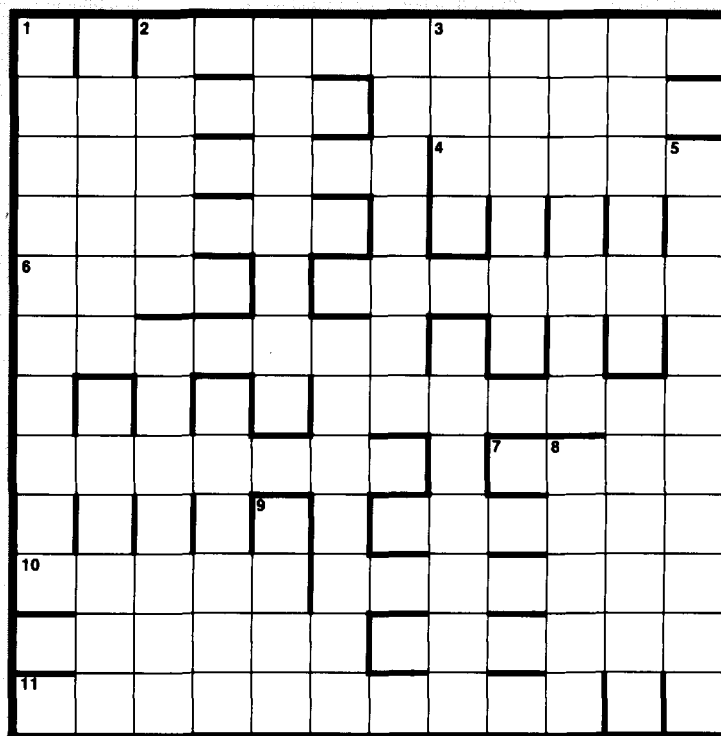
BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

SIXES AND SEVENS

(Acknowledgments to Zander of *The Listener*)

Clues to all six- and seven-letter words have been listed in haphazard order. Solvers must determine the location of these answers by using the other (normal) clues as guides. Answers include six proper nouns.

*The answers to last month's
Puzzler appear on page 141.*



ACROSS

2. Half the world is covered with grass now (10)
4. People in Pennsylvania like the morning? (5)
6. Aware of wheel not spinning (4)
7. Arab country has female beheaded (4)
10. Halos flickering in low waters (5)
11. African spot split by northeast winds (10)

DOWN

1. Holy man enters tower while in TV melodramas (10) (*two words*)
2. Search around a hangout (5)
3. Softly bump into a stroller (4)

5. Near-cruel rule in China (10) (*two words*)
8. Yours truly, General Donnybrook (5)
9. Clobber sloth (4)

SIX-LETTER WORDS

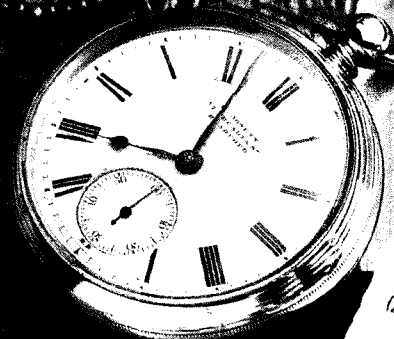
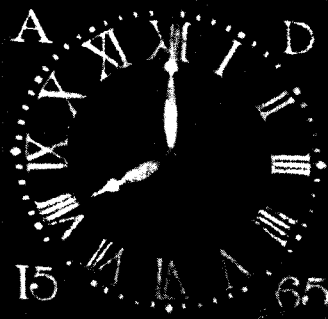
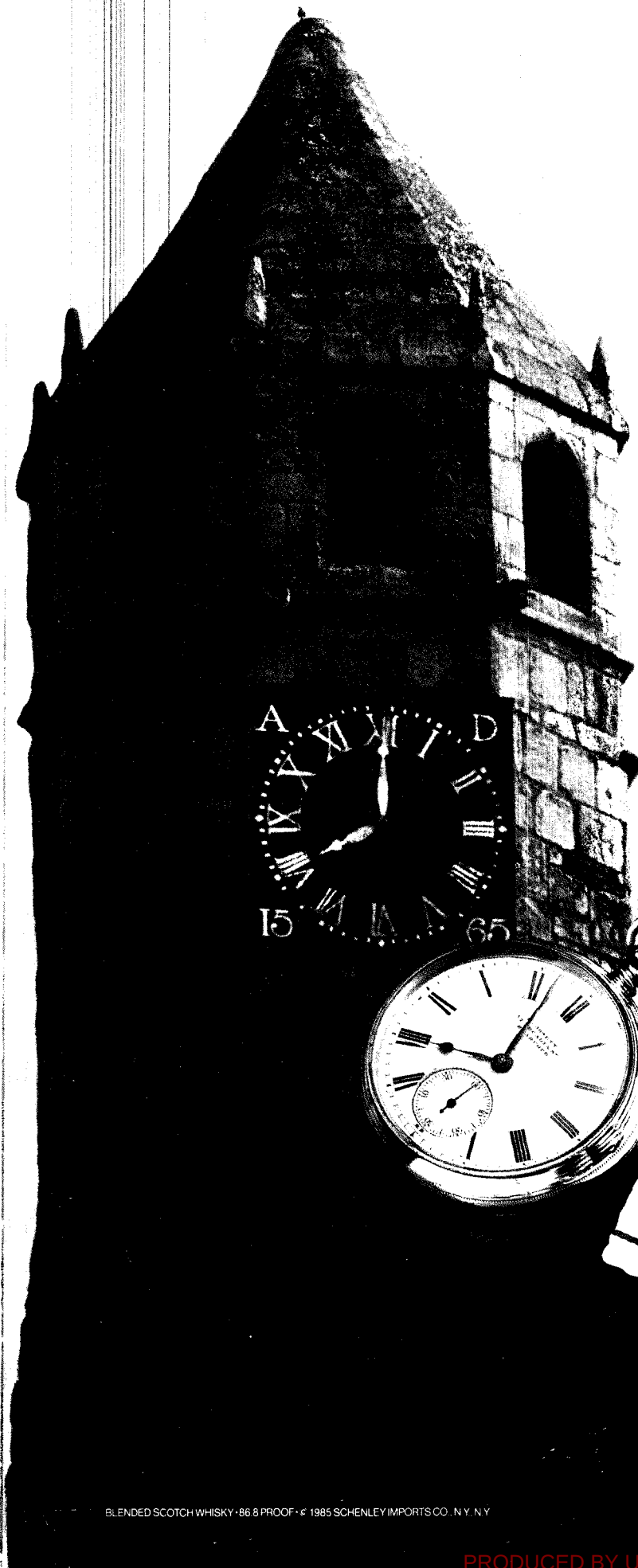
- a. Infuriate a green cuckoo
- b. Love deserves talks
- c. A more reasonable backing for sports facilities
- d. Finger pastry filled with dark fluid
- e. Avenge wrong for city
- f. British rascal's accent
- g. Affirm a lock turned
- h. Insure tumbling of bears
- i. Organized cheer about university game
- j. Mind keeping thousands trapped

- k. Bacon is less advisable?
- l. Reverend goes back into brown inn

SEVEN-LETTER WORDS

- m. Called "operator" continuously in Asian city
- n. A red sun blown apart
- o. Ballplayers in the cellar, almost
- p. Maybe President altered phrase
- q. Pardon bad men locked in a pen
- r. Jogging nun moves in circle
- s. Sticks holding 550 lights
- t. Maine call rounds up 100 of doctors
- u. Harshly criticize expert with a cure-all
- v. Scathing remarks, as "Scram, stupid"
- w. Mad scene in *Smoke*
- x. Riddles unraveled in games

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.



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